WEEK ENDING MAY 19, 1928

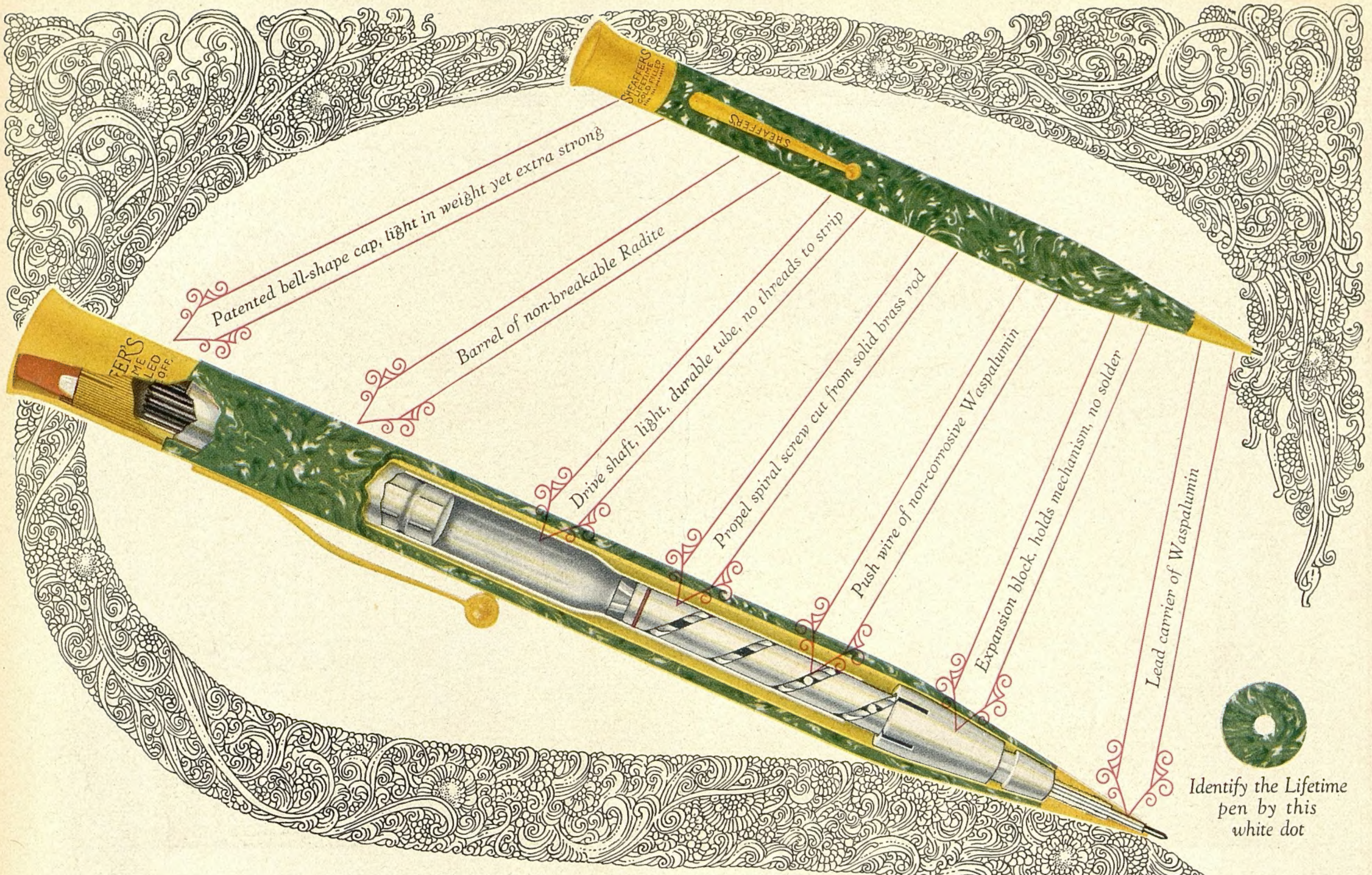
5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

The Prisoner's Song

DELMAR ~ RADZIWILL ~ CHAMBERS ~ SPRINGS ~ McEVOY



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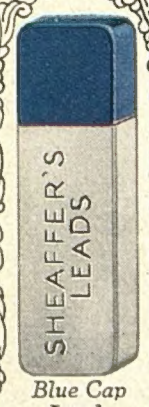

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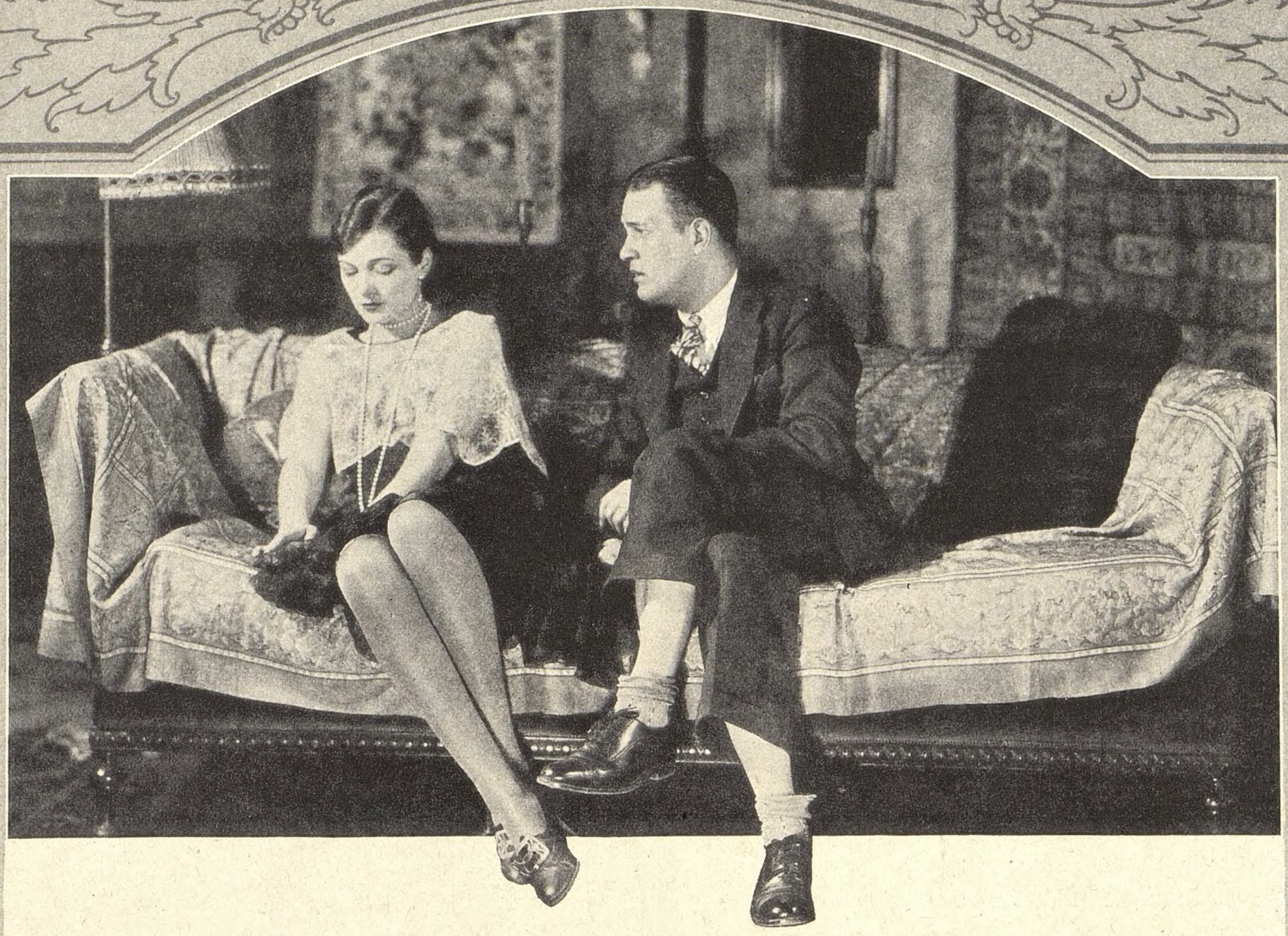

—and he wonders why she said "NO!"

Could he have read her thoughts he would not have lost her. A picture of neatness herself, she detested slovenliness. And not once, but many times, she had noticed his ungartered socks crumpling down around his shoe tops. To have to apologize to her friends for a husband's careless habits was too much to ask. So she had to say "NO"—and in spite of his pleading couldn't tell him WHY.

Dress Well and Succeed

PARIS GARTERS

Give Yourself Sox Appeal

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

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A. STEIN & COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO

More than half confess to dry scalp

Need anybody have it?

IF YOU were to question the next ten people you meet, more than half of them would tell you they have dry scalps and hair. If all ten were men, the percentage would be even higher. For investigation among over 1,300 people has proved that men especially are troubled with dry scalps.

Yet this condition is the simplest thing in the world to correct. All you need to do is buy a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and use it faithfully these two ways:

First: Keep your hair absolutely clean by a weekly shampoo, preceded by a "Vaseline" Hair Tonic massage. Part the hair lock by lock and apply the Tonic directly to the parting. Then massage the scalp with a rotary motion until it feels loose and tingly. Leave the Tonic on for several hours—over night if possible. Follow with your regular shampoo. You'll find "Vaseline" Hair Tonic washes out easily. Be sure to dry the hair thoroughly.

Second: Shake a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic into the palms of the hands. Rub them over the hair. Then brush it vigorously. This treatment gives back the lustre to the hair, makes it pliable and soft.

Dry scalp is a forerunner to *falling hair and baldness*. The surest way to correct this condition is to give yourself these daily and weekly treatments with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic.

Men find "Vaseline" Hair Tonic ideal as a hair slicker. Dampen the hair slightly. Rub a tiny bit of the Tonic in the palms of the hands and apply to the hair. It gives the head a sleek, well-groomed look.

If you want to shape your bob in the smart close style, apply a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic with the palms of the hands and then brush the hair into shape. Women find it helps wonderfully to hold a wave in the hair, and keeps a permanent wave from getting too dry and fluffy.

88% of the men—50% of the women are afflicted with thin hair. Regular massage twice a week with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic will do much to help this condition. The massage stimulates circulation, thus encouraging stronger growth—(like all other body tissues, the hair roots receive their only nourishment through the blood stream). The Tonic relieves dryness and tightness, keeps the pores of the scalp open, cleanses without destroying the necessary oil supply that Nature provides.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 1928

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is on sale at all good stores. In bottles with a shaker top—for your convenience. Get some today while you think of it. And do keep up the treatments. You'll soon see the difference.

Vaseline REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. **HAIR TONIC**

MAY 19, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 20

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

PRIZE FIGHTING, ETC.

A while ago we printed an editorial about horse racing. Now we have a few remarks to make about prize fighting.

Prize fighting is atavistic. After all, in the old days it was something to talk about when there was a conflict between physical giants. Men fought with their hands in the earliest times, before they learned the advantages of a good club, and muscular strength was a matter of vital importance.

But now that Smith & Wesson have made all men equal, prize fighting puts competition between men back on the lowest and most primitive ground—brute force, the undershot jaw, heavy frontal bone, and thick neck.

We know that the best fighters are gorilla-like people with thick skulls—the best *real* fighters, like Joe Walcott and Sam Langford. This is not saying anything against Joe and Sam. Fighting was the best thing they did, so they fought. But, as Mr. Brisbane frequently points out, a gorilla could do it better.

In other words, we don't believe in prize fighting.

We do believe in physical perfection, but we believe young men do better when they play baseball or football, ride horses, swim, or fly airplanes than when they put on padded gloves in a roped circle which isn't a circle at all, and have their brains jolted up until, as often happens, they get the "fighter's dance" and walk on their heels, half goofy.

We believe the ideal examples of physical perfection today are types like Lindbergh, Chamberlin, Richthofen, and the rest—men of slender physique but lots of bodily vigor and stamina, who use their beans instead of offering them to be punched. They are the physical masters of life.

Prize fighting is practiced in general by the lowest type of people, and attended by those who, when they go, are indulging their lowest instincts. There is indeed not much to be said for the sport. Nevertheless, in our opinion it is not a thing for the Federal government to meddle with.

To be sure, Congress passed some fool legislation putting *pictures* of prize fights in the same category as fornicators and adulterers. Like such persons, prize-fight *pictures* are forbidden to cross State lines. So that, though prize fights are now legal in New York and in New Jersey, it is illegal for *pictures* of a fight held in New Jersey to be shown in New York, and illegal for pictures of a fight held in New York to cross the river to Jersey. That legislation is just as goofy as the fighter who has absorbed too many punches in the head.

Of course there is a moral underlying this. It is for the Federal government to do less butting in to what are properly State affairs. If we had let the States handle the liquor question as we have let them handle other things, it would have been far better. There would have been more respect for human liberties and less flouting of the law by those communities which don't believe in prohibition and have decided not to practice it.

"THE 14th, 15th, AND 18th AMENDMENTS"

Page 59 of this issue contains a significant letter from Senator Walter F. George of Georgia concerning Sidney Sutherland's recent articles in LIBERTY on the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Eighteenth amendments. We requested Senator Carter Glass of Virginia to expound his views on the articles, and he, too, writes that he was misquoted in them.

Senator Glass' letter will be published next week, together with an interesting statement of the exact circumstances under which Mr. Sutherland's comment-evoking interviews were obtained. They have caused a great stir all over the country, and we propose to have more to say about them.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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White Australia, a timely article by Lothrop Stoddard

May 19, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 20

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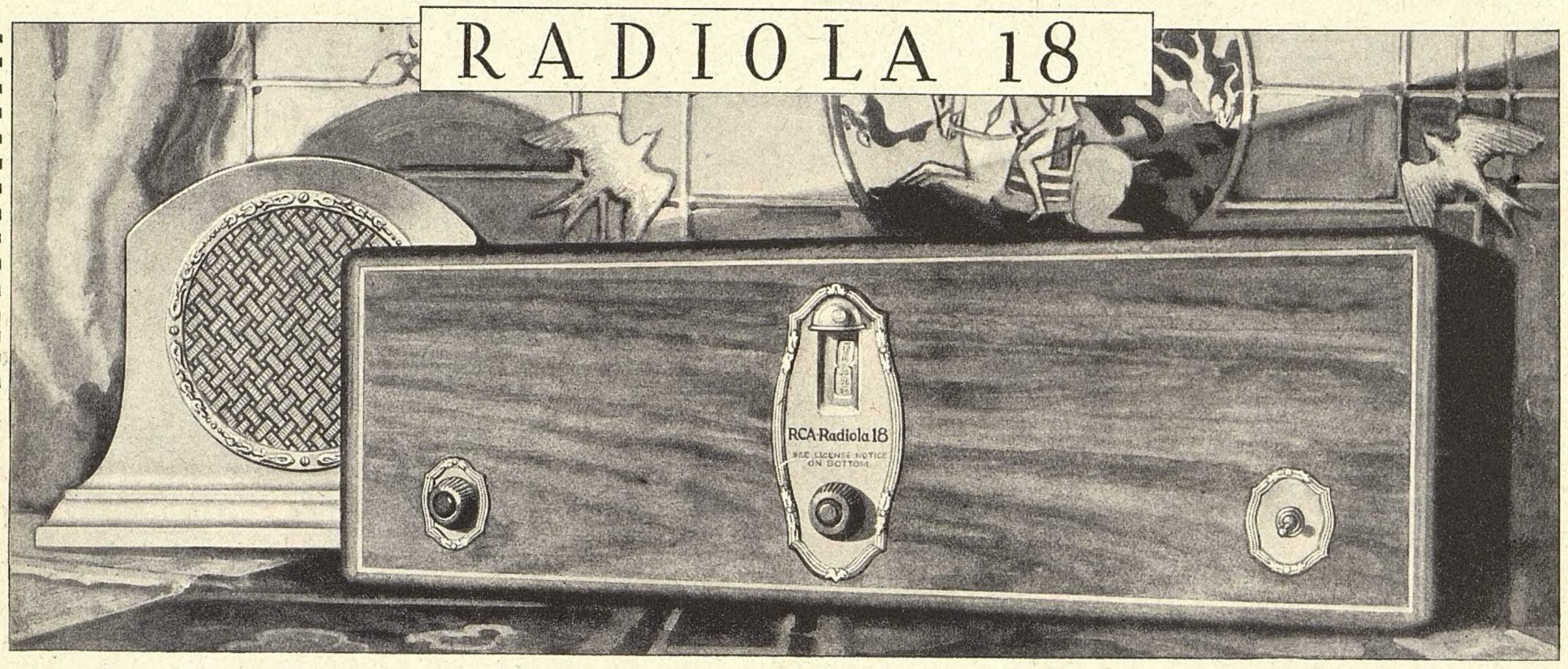

AN even finer broadcasting receiver than the wonderful "17," of which more than $27,000,000 worth have been sold since October.

Everything that made the "17" the most popular of all Radiolas—the sensational pioneer of the new era in radio—has been incorporated in the new "18."

Simplified operation direct from the electric light outlet—rugged construction of the finest materials—amazing volume and realism of tone—finely balanced sensitivity and selectivity—they are all in the new instrument—

And more—

The laboratory engineers of RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse have further improved selectivity so that there is still sharper tuning. The cabinet makers have designed a handsomer case (solid mahogany in walnut finish)—and the great public demand for RCA lighting current operated Radiolas has made possible a substantial reduction in cost.

In conformity with the well-known RCA policy, economies effected through quantity production and improved manufacturing methods are again passed on to the public.

A finer instrument—at a lower price—that's the new Radiola 18 in a nutshell.

RCA Radiola 18 with RCA Loudspeaker 100A

Radiola 18 operates directly from the electric light circuit (110 volt 60 cycle AC). Employs high power Radiotron rectifier and 6 alternating current Radiotrons—3 stages of radio-frequency amplification, detector and 2 stages of audio-frequency amplification. Finely balanced selectivity, sensitivity and tone fidelity. Solid mahogany cabinet, walnut finish. Ready to plug in after connecting with aerial and ground. *Price announced in newspapers.*

RCA Loudspeaker 100A is the ideal reproducer to use with the "18."

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Buy with confidence Authorized Dealer RCA *where you see this sign*

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

IT was too late for pretense now and she no longer had the strength to give Mack a fight.

COMPANIONATE

The Story of a Woman Who Wanted a Husband

By VIÑA DELMAR

(Reading time: 23 minutes 32 seconds.)

JESSICA remembered a morning long ago when it had been her mother's birthday. Mother had stood in the kitchen drying the breakfast dishes and Jessica had run to her and demanded, " Mother, how old are you today? "

Mother had picked up a saucer from the tub and had responded, " I am twenty-nine."

Jessica had fled from her, startled and dismayed. Twenty-nine. Infinitely old. Twenty-nine!

And now Jessica was twenty-nine.

Other women were twenty-nine, of course, and it was quite a satisfactory age if you had begun something. If one had a home and a child one was a young matron. If one had achieved something one could be happy without matrimony. But twenty-nine, unmarried and unsuccessful, one was just twenty-nine; a year from thirty.

Jessica thought of Miss Lawrence down at the office. Miss Lawrence was forty. She had nobody. She lived in a furnished room. She spent her evenings there reading or sewing. Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve had been no different to her than any other night. Jessica shuddered and closed her eyes as though to save herself the sight of some dread thing coming toward her.

Forty, childless, and alone. What could be more awful? She had no talent of any kind. It had taken her twelve years in the Bergen & Newell firm to work herself up to the position of Mr. Newell's secretary at thirty dollars a week. She was not the well known stage and fiction secretary who did her boss' thinking for him. She was competent and conscientious, but not amazingly so. Yes, this was the apex of her career as a wage earner.

What, then, remained but a man to marry her? A man who would give her a home and a child and make a young matron of her. It was cruel to have to plan so cold-bloodedly, but could one bear to be forty and childless and alone?

She looked about her home. It was the hall room in Mrs. Ballard's respectable rooming house. Six dollars a week. Meals in near-by tea rooms. Jessica had hung yellow voile curtains at the window. She had put a bookshelf on the north wall. It looked more like home.

Other girls took furnished rooms as they found them. Was that because they knew that their period of occupancy was to be short, while she—

Jessica found her heart pounding with a frightened, irregular beat.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[COMPANIONATE
Continued from page seven]

Her eyes wandered to the letter on her dresser. That was what had started her thoughts galloping down this fearful road. Her mother had written to say that Erminie had become engaged.

Erminie was Jessica's half-sister, Jessica's junior by ten years. Mother had managed to suggest that had Jessica stayed in her own home town she would be safely and well married by now.

She jumped from her bed where she had been resting. It was Thursday night and she had a date with Gaynor Larned. She had meant to rest till fifteen minutes before the time of the appointment. It never took Jessica long to dress. Now she was fired with a sudden desperation.

Gaynor Larned was comfortably established in his business. He was not past thirty-five and not repulsive. Why shouldn't she— He had taken her out twice before and had seemed to like her.

True, he had not rushed her, nor had he seemed terribly exhilarated by her company. Well, that was her own fault. Tonight she would be different, amazing. She would win, by fair means or foul, security for the forty-year-old Jessica.

SHE went to the mirror and considered the materials with which she had to work. She was tall and not too slim for her height. She looked well in evening clothes. That was lucky, for the silver dress was not new enough to carry off a situation without strong co-operation.

Her hair was coal black. She had never bobbed it. She wore it parted in the middle and pulled down tightly over her ears. Her face annoyed her. It was a face that had not one faulty feature and still lacked beauty. The eyes were clear and blue. The nose straight. The lips well shaped.

Jessica thought gloomily that perhaps it was a perfect face, but not the sort that launches even one mean little canoe.

Jessica heard the water splashing in the bathtub next door. She smiled. She'd fooled little Mrs. Smythe this time. She'd had her bath the minute she'd arrived home.

Jessica fumbled in her bottom drawer for her silver stockings, drew them over her long, firm legs, and stuck her feet into a pair of old slippers. The silver ones hurt quite a little. She wouldn't put them on till the last minute.

Now, there *was* a pair of step-ins— She found them. The whitening fluid for her neck and shoulders came next. She would spend a lot of time on this. Men hate a blotchy whitening job. The little sponge flew about its business. Jessica looked again at herself in the mirror. She suffered a moment of doubt. Even to be ugly was better than this inane, uninteresting regularity of profile, unrelieved by any distinctiveness.

She added more rouge to her lips and changed the shape of them.

That upper lip must be a flaming, brazen arc, a little coarse, a little suggestive of an exhilaration which she had hitherto withheld.

Mrs. Smythe opened the door an inch or two. "Going out, dear?" she asked.

That was Mrs. Smythe's way. She knew quite well that Jessica was going out.

"Yes," Jessica responded. "For goodness' sake, be a dear and let me borrow your earrings."

All the girls in Mrs. Ballard's house borrowed from Mrs. Smythe. Jessica never had before.

As Mrs. Smythe dashed for the earrings, it occurred to Jessica that this wasn't like her—to borrow. She had been taught since childhood that there was nothing more vulgar than the practice of borrowing. She shrugged her shoulders. This was only the beginning of things that she would do this Thursday night that were foreign to her teachings.

The earrings arrived. Jessica adjusted them. They were two and a half inches long. She consulted the mirror again. Presto! Her coiffure had taken on an exotic tang.

"They look nice," said Mrs. Smythe. "Be careful of the one you have on your left ear. It slips sometimes."

She stood by while Jessica slid into the silver frock.

"Want you all to stick around and go with us," Gaynor said.

Jessica opened her drawer. There was a half ounce of perfume there which had never been uncorked. One of the buyers had given it to her for Christmas. It breathed strange tales of beautiful, evil women and warm, star-splashed midnights. She hesitated about the uncorking, but at last it was there. A drop of fragrance on her hair, a lovely, sinister fragrance.

Mrs. Smythe sniffed. "Now you smell like a fast woman," she said.

JESSICA smiled wearily as she forced her feet into the silver slippers. A fast woman? Perhaps. Still, if one went down the icy, wind-blown lane of middle age alone and unloved, did it bring warmth and contentment to remember that in every detail one had always been a perfect lady?

She reached for her wrap. It was the same evening wrap she had bought six years before in honor of her first dress-up date. She drew it about her; looked at herself once more. There was a scrap of encouragement to be snatched from the piquant manner in which the fur collar nestled against her face. Perhaps she didn't look twenty-nine.

Gaynor Larned would meet her outside the door. There was no place to

" Wedding party. Soon as City Hall opens.

entertain a man at Mrs. Ballard's. Jessica ran down the three flights of stairs and stationed herself in the vestibule. Through the glass section in the door she watched for him.

" Oh, Lord, let me not be forty and without someone to love me! Oh, Lord, I'm twenty-nine—"

HE had on other occasions chosen the place to dine. Jessica had always been thoughtful of money. She was not familiar with many places about town, and she had been fearful of naming a place which perhaps she'd seen advertised, lest the prices be too exorbitant.

Tonight she smiled into Gaynor Larned's face as they shook hands.

" I'm famished," she said. " Let's have dinner at the Villa Venezuela. They have marvelous things."

As a matter of fact she didn't know whether the Villa Venezuela had marvelous things or not. She had read comments on the place in some newspaper column. It was expensive and dress clothes were essential. Perhaps it would occur to him that this was no ordinary girl who chose the Villa Venezuela.

He approved and drew a taxi out of the air with a wave of his cane. Once settled in the slightly frigid dark of the cab, Jessica began to regret her choice of restaurants. Her frock was shabby.

" Whew! " said Gaynor Larned. " This has been a terrible day. I'm moving the office, you know, and I couldn't find the files I needed, and that blockhead fellow who handles the stuff didn't know—"

That was the way it had been before. He had talked about his office. Impersonal talk. The man who was going to marry Ermihie could not have acted this way. He must have talked of her.

" Yes, moving is dreadful," Jessica said in a languid tone which was meant to convey her polite regrets that she could not possibly be interested. Then, with a sudden brightening, " Don't you just love those cards they put in cabs, about notifying the police if the driver doesn't look like his picture? " She giggled hopefully.

Gaynor Larned looked a little surprised. " Yes," he said absently.

Three blocks from their destination Jessica whipped out her compact and made brazen lines with her lip stick. " I'm a mess," she said gayly. " Tell me, am I utterly impossible? "

Now here was a thoroughly workable lead. Jessica fancied that other women said things like that. She never had before.

" You're all right," Larned told her.

THE Villa Venezuela was amber lit and rich looking. There was an atmosphere of warm, comfortable content, not of vulgar coziness.

Gaynor Larned sat across from Jessica, smiling expectantly at her. He was a nice looking man, she thought. Maybe twenty pounds too heavy; maybe a few generations away from gentility. Still— Oh, Lord, twenty-nine already!

She urged him to order for her. She added that he always did things so satisfactorily. Men liked to be flattered.

Every time he looked at her she smiled. She said everything that came into her head, hoping it would sound smart and amusing. He rewarded her with a puzzled expression. He was not acquainted with a Jessica who veered away from all references to office routine and who laughed and said the most idiotic things imaginable. She knew what he was thinking. Perhaps he didn't even know that this was the sort of woman a man married. A gay, frivolous woman.

When they left the restaurant he seemed the same as usual. She was not discouraged. It would take a while to convince him that the Jessica who talked business and real estate was no more.

They went on to a show. They missed half of the first act. Jessica was sorry for that. Last night she would have said she was sorry, but she didn't say so now. It was, after all, a provincial way of looking at a thing.

Gaynor was bored with the play. Jessica grew frightened. It was not good to have him bored, for when the evening was over he would remember only that he had been bored while with Jessica. She sought to brighten the hour they remained in the theater. She poked fun at the important actor who was playing the lead. She made Gaynor laugh once or twice.

At last he said, " Heavens, let's get out of this! "

They went, and Jessica bravely refrained from gazing backward at the climax of the second act.

" Now what shall we do? " asked Gaynor as they stood on the pavement outside the theater.

" I don't care," said Jessica. " Anything."

She smiled invitingly and hoped that she looked vivacious.

" Well, I'd like a drink," Larned began thoughtfully; " but I don't know just where—"

" Oh, innocent man! " Jessica's laughter was that of a contemptuous sophisticate.

Gaynor Larned frowned. " I didn't mean that I don't know where to get one," he explained. " I meant that I wasn't acquainted with a place that sold drinks where you would feel comfortable."

" Oh, goodness, I'm not fussy," Jessica said in an emphatic tone.

She was thinking of Billy, who had never asked her out again after the time she had " ritzed " the overfriendly proprietor of his favorite speakeasy.

" Well, if you're not fussy," Gaynor said, " we'll go to Callahan's. They know me well there."

Callahan's proved to be on Broadway just south of Times Square. It was below street level; a long, low-ceilinged café packed with people. It was cheap and garish and very noisy. The waiters sang and balanced trays precariously as they stooped to retrieve the silver which had been flung to them.

Gaynor Larned was acquainted with the place. He and Jessica were led to a table on the dance floor. Jessica felt alone and frightened. Gaynor was not with her. He had become one of the denizens of Callahan's. She found it hard to remember that he was a perfectly ordinary business man with whom she had been out before. He suddenly seemed of a piece with the bootleggers, touts, and procurers that haunt the cheap Broadway dives.

" What are you going to drink? " he asked her.

She wanted to say ginger ale, but he would not like that. Men liked good sports.

" I'll have a highball," she said.

" Good for you! " cried Gaynor, and Jessica felt elated.

She looked out at the dance floor. Only a few of the dancers were in evening dress. One girl wore a short plaited skirt topped with a sweater. Her companion was a pale, slim youth who danced like a professional. Jessica was fascinated by his casual, effortless grace. He felt her eyes

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[COMPANIONATE
Continued from page nine]

upon him. Their glances met and he smiled. His partner, the girl in the sweater, fetched him a smart slap on the cheek and turned to glare at Jessica.

Jessica felt cold and frightened. She sipped her drink and tried to look unconcerned.

"Were you flirting with him?" asked Gaynor amusedly.

Jessica wanted to laugh carelessly and assume a nonchalant guess-what-you-will attitude, but she was afraid of the girl in the sweater.

"I certainly was not," she said in a loud, convincing tone.

Gaynor laughed then.

It was while they were drinking their second highball that Gaynor's crowd arrived. Three couples who giggled and shouted and made a great to-do about getting settled. Their arrival made a great difference in Gaynor. He seemed to be happier and more at ease.

These people disturbed Jessica. They were not hostile, but frankly curious about her. She sensed that she was a sort of mystery woman. How would she show up in contrast to them? Would she seem ladylike or dull?

She decided to continue in the rôle she had chosen for herself. She had before this night always been a dignified, ladylike person and she had remained single. The most boisterous, reddest lipped girl in this crowd of Gaynor's was married to the man with the blond hair. That was an answer for anybody.

"Let's go up to Mack's apartment," Jessica heard one of the women say. "He's got rye and I just love rye."

In a moment the table seethed with requests for Mack's apartment and its hidden treasure. Mack and Jessica were the only ones who did not clamor. Gaynor Larned was frank in his desire to ravage Mack's cellaret, but Jessica knew that he would be happier in the ravaging if she were not along. After all, he did not know that she was determined to be a good sport at any price. Men love good sports.

PRESENTLY she found herself on the way up to Mack's apartment. She and Gaynor were in a taxicab with another couple. The couple were Jack and Mary. They had been divorced but didn't look it. They amused Gaynor, so Jessica laughed too.

In Mack's apartment Jessica settled herself on a lounge and lit a cigarette. The other girls circulated about, shouting for drinks and freshening their beauty in Mack's bedroom.

Jessica wondered if it seemed old-maidish to sit quietly by. Mack came over to speak to her. He was a heavy-set, dark-haired man with a rather fun-worn look.

"That's right," he said. "Get comfortable. You'll be here a long while. My parties break up at dawn."

"And where do people go from here?" asked Jessica.

Mack laughed and moved away to talk to somebody else. Jessica felt that she had pulled a fast one on Mack.

An hour passed. Jessica still sat on the lounge and smoked quietly. There was very little attention paid to her. She managed to keep smiling, however. Gaynor would be sure to notice it if she appeared bored with his friends.

There was a scrap of encouragement to be snatched from the piquant manner in which the fur collar nestled against her face.

Mack kept the glasses filled. Jessica had drunk too much. She knew she had. On other occasions she had never taken more than two or three drinks. Tonight it was important that she should be a good sport. The liquor had not muddled her thoughts.

Gaynor Larned, on the other hand, had grown rather silly. Jessica felt a little disgusted with his asinine antics. Still, he could be broken of that sort of thing when they had their home somewhere in a nice quiet suburb.

Twice Gaynor came and sat beside her. Each time he told her that she was his best friend. The first time she felt that he had mistaken her for somebody else. The second time she knew better. He was calling her his best friend. That was not what a man said to a woman who attracted him. She pushed her drink away from her. She felt that she was relinquishing a rôle which she had played very badly.

Mack came over to her.

"Gaynor's pretty drunk, I guess," he said in a low voice.

Gaynor looked up at him, suddenly assuming the desperate expression of sobriety so often used by people in Gaynor's condition.

"I'm all right, Mack," he said. "Don't you worry about me. You go tend to your business. I'm tending to mine."

"What's your business?" asked Mack.

"I'm proposing marriage," Gaynor announced, "to Jessica here. If she'll say the word we'll be married right away."

Jessica gave a little start. Had he actually said that? She looked at Mack. He was laughing.

"What does anybody want with you?" Mack asked.

"I'm a good fellow, Mack. I don't get drunk often and my business is good for fifteen grand a year."

"Don't marry him," Mack said to Jessica. "He's the worst pain in the neck I know."

Mack left them. He was still laughing as he went to pour out some more drinks, but Jessica knew that some of Mack's careless irresponsibility was gone for the night.

"What do you say, sweetheart? Will you marry me?"

Gaynor Larned was fixing her with an adoring though unsteady gaze. Jessica looked away from him. He was drunk. He didn't know what he was saying. How could anyone take advantage of him at such a time? Could anyone actually stoop so low? Pictures drifted through Jessica's mind. A home of her own with a glittering white kitchen, a warm and dainty bedroom, and perhaps a tiny somebody who would track mud through the kitchen and disturb the daintiness of the bedroom. Security and companionship. Love and anchorage. Miss Lawrence, bitter and barren. Conscientiously kept files, typewriters, golden-oak desks, and at night the hall room in Mrs. Ballard's. Forever.

IN the huge chair by the fireplace one of the girls was kissing the blond man. Jessica turned and kissed Gaynor.

"When will we be married, dear?" she asked.

His arms went around her and held her in a tight embrace. Thickly he murmured maudlin endearments. Jessica felt a sickish sensation in her stomach. She thought of items she had read in newspapers of pickpockets and sneak thieves who had robbed drunken men.

Gaynor's lips closed tightly over hers. She thought of something unimportant that had not occurred to her in years—she was the direct descendant of an Englishwoman who had faced the terrors and privations in young America.

"Let's get married right away," said Gaynor in her ear. "I'll tell you what, Jess: if you marry me right away I'll buy you a—I'll buy you the swellest automobile in town."

"I don't want an automobile, Gaynor; I want—"

Oh, it seemed so ridiculous to even mention it under the circumstances. She wanted a house, a little brick one with a window seat.

"Come on; let's get married right away."

Jessica looked at the clock.

"It's four o'clock," she said. "We couldn't be married now."

"Well, as soon as City Hall opens, we'll do it," Gaynor said. He buried his face against Jessica's neck and seemed to be sleeping.

Mack came over. His eyes looked searching and suspicious. He gave Gaynor a careless kick.

"How're the wedding preparations coming on?" he asked.

"Want you all to stick around and go with us," Gaynor said. "Wedding party. Soon as City Hall opens." He immediately buried his face in Jessica's neck again.

Mack's eyes shifted to Jessica. She met his eyes defiantly, proudly.

"Say, you didn't drink as much as he did," Mack said. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing."

"What are you doing? Giving the poor boy a line?"

"No. We're going to be married."

"Oh, yes?" Mack's question was put with lazy insolence. "How long have you known him?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Jessica.

"You heard me. Gaynor Larned's a friend of mine and he's drunk—"

Gaynor removed his face from Jessica's neck. "I'm not drunk," he said. "I've just had a little bit too much to drink. Jess and I love each other—"

"Even when you're sober?" asked Mack.

For testimony Gaynor again swept his promised bride into his arms. Jessica avoided his lips. She looked over his shoulder. She saw Mack with his determined, unpleasant eyes, the girls with their hair rumpled, their rouge streaked and glaring. Sticky glasses, a litter of cigarette butts disfigured the apartment.

She would have to fight Mack if she was to have Gaynor Larned. She admired Mack for his loyalty to Gaynor, his unwillingness to see his inebriated friend roped by a designing woman in a tarnished silver dress.

"Let's all have another drink," said Gaynor.

"You've had enough," Mack answered tersely.

"Come on, Jess, let's go where there's something to drink." Gaynor pulled Jessica's hand and made a futile effort to arise.

"You won't get out of this apartment till you're sober," Mack announced. "Not if I have to knock you cold to keep you here."

"All right; don't get mad," Gaynor replied, and he settled himself back against the cushions and dozed.

Some of the others had heard Mack's ominous threat. They gathered around the couch for further information. Jessica sat very straight and still while Mack told the others briefly of Gaynor's matrimonial inclination.

The crowd looked at her. They did not see a helpless, futureless woman of twenty-nine grasping eagerly at a chance for security. They saw a full-lipped, brazen adventuress seeking hasty marriage and a slice of alimony. She would have preferred it that way. It would have been terrible to have them know that tonight she had received her very first proposal.

Jack and Mary said good night. They remarked that it was getting late. In fact, it was now after 5 o'clock. Mary had a 12 o'clock luncheon date. Mack permitted them to go without objections. The others remained. Somebody suggested coffee. Mack made coffee and the red-lipped girl toasted many slices of bread. Mack tried to awaken Gaynor. He shouted and pinched and kicked and pounded. Gaynor had gone to the Never-Never Land. Jessica remained on the couch. Somebody brought her coffee.

A pall had fallen over the company. They were very quiet. Nobody spoke to Jessica. Once Mack looked at her. There was a light of battle in his eyes.

AT 6 o'clock Gaynor sat up suddenly. He was still terribly drunk. Mack handed him a cup of coffee. Gaynor tried to drink it. Most of it spilled on the lounge.

"Where's Jack and Mary? I wanted them to come see us get married."

"They're gone," said Mack shortly.

"Aw, hell! Well, the rest of you folks will come with us, won't you?"

"You're not going anywhere," Mack told him. "I'm going to take you home after a while. When you're sober, if you want to get married, then that's up to you."

"You're not very flattering to Jessica," said Gaynor.

"I didn't mean to be," Mack replied.

Jessica wanted to say something, but she couldn't. She had no answer to Mack's arguments. He saw her rushing his drunken friend into what appeared to be a marriage which could net him nothing but trouble. She didn't blame Mack. He couldn't know that she wanted to make a home for Gaynor, bear him children, and go down into old age with him. She sat stiff and silent. The minutes ticked by. Everybody fell asleep but Mack and Jessica.

"Gaynor is my dearest friend," said Mack.

"How intensely interesting," said Jessica.

Mack said no more. His eyes spoke volumes of what he thought of her.

Jessica opened her compact and powdered her nose. She rouged her lips. She closed her eyes.

When she awakened it was a quarter past eight. Mack had fallen asleep. She shook Gaynor. He sat up and looked around. He was white and blank-eyed, but he still had the same obsession.

"Today is our wedding day," he said.

Mack leaped from his chair. The others stirred listlessly.

"Come on; we'll all go to City Hall!" Gaynor cried.

"No!" said Mack.

"Aw, come on."

"No; I won't see you roped into marriage."

"Mack, don't say such things about the lady or I'll have to sock you. The marriage was my own suggestion, wasn't it, my love?"

Jessica nodded.

"Well, it's not coming off. What do you think of that?" Mack glared alternately at Jessica and Gaynor.

"You talk like a child, Mack. I'm free, white, and over twenty-one. If you're not coming to City Hall with us, we'll go alone. Come on, Jessica."

She added more rouge to her lips and changed the shape of them. That upper lip must be a flaming, brazen arc.

Jessica shot a triumphant glance at Mack. He stood thoughtful and uneasy.

Gaynor reeled unsteadily as he went for his coat and hat. He brought Jessica's wrap back with him.

"Look here," said Mack, "why don't you go in the bedroom, Gaynor, and take a good sleep? After you've slept well, if you still want to get married, I'll go to City Hall with you."

Jessica saw Mack's plan. It was to have him sleep the day away—his day and her future. She waited for Gaynor's answer.

"No, Mack; we're going now."

The curve of triumph on Jessica's lips lingered. She and Mack eyed each other hostilely. At last Mack spoke:

"Gaynor, have sense. This girl made a play for you. She wanted you to propose to her. As long as you stayed sober you were too smart for her. But now you're drunk. You're putty in her hands—"

"And," asked Jessica, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Spoil your game, you ——!" Mack rapped out a harsh and ugly word.

Jessica stood tall and straight before him. She smiled in Mack's face. He couldn't possibly know, she reminded herself, that she intended to plant a little garden and have Dutch-blue furniture in the kitchen.

"Mack, I've known you a long time, but you're not going to call Jessica names without getting murdered." Gaynor had not moved, but there was that in his eyes which gave Mack pause. A change came over Mack.

"It's your own funeral," he said. "Go get married. I'll go with you."

IT occurred to Jessica that in later years she and Gaynor and Mack would sit around the fireplace and laugh over this night's conflict.

Gaynor and Jessica were deep in a kiss when Mack came back from the bedroom. He had changed into a business suit. He looked clean and clear eyed in comparison with his companions in their crumpled dress clothes. Jessica felt weak and tremulous. She had drunk too much and it had been a bitter battle. The other girls looked cheap and battered. She, too, must be a sorry picture in the early morning light.

"We'll get a couple of cabs and go right down to City Hall," said Gaynor as the party gained the street.

There was no cab in sight. They walked silently along. There was no sun. Jessica felt very cold. Gaynor said nothing. He had seen the vast structure of the Fisk Building looming in the distance. It meant the workaday world; sane, solid thinking.

Mack spoke: "Why don't you two try a—er—companionate marriage—privately? If it works out you can be married legally, and if it doesn't then no harm has been done anyone."

"Companionate marriages are good," somebody else commented. "Thirty days' free trial."

"Oh, no!" gasped Jessica.

"No alimony that way, eh?"—Mack, sneeringly.

Jessica looked at Gaynor. The Fisk Building had got in its work. He glanced questioningly at her. "Let's try that," he said.

For the first time Jessica felt utterly lost. A trial marriage!

They had stopped walking. She found herself with her back against the cold rocky wall of an apartment building.

"Why not, Jess? After all, in time you might be glad you didn't marry me."

"Go on, take a chance."

"She's after alimony, she is."

Jessica looked at them. She felt exhausted. Tears came just when Mack bellowed, "Just why won't you try a trial marriage?"

The tears ran down Jessica's cheeks. It was too late for pretense now and she no longer had the strength to give Mack a fight.

"Because I want a little home in the suburbs," she said. "I'm afraid of being forty and alone and childless."

She closed her eyes and tried to get control of herself. When she opened her eyes she was alone. The others had fled from her and her bold lips that had dared to speak her secret. She should not have spoken. Who wants to be reminded that there is more in life than petting, drinking, and dancing?

Around the corner they were laughing. She could hear them.

And now a taxi came. Jessica jumped in and spoke Mrs. Ballard's address to the driver. She would have time to change her clothes and be just a little late at the office.

THE END

Dodge

Stories of the Old Hell-Raising Trail's End Where Colt Was King

By

William MacLeod Raine

Picture by Will Perrin

Main Street in Dodge City in the old six-shootin' days, as seen from Boot Hill.

(Reading time: 15 minutes 20 seconds.)

IT was in the days when the new railroad was pushing through the country of the plains Indians that a drunken cowboy got on the train at a way station in Kansas. John Bender, the conductor, asked for his ticket. He had none, but he pulled out a handful of gold pieces. "I wanta—go to—he-hell," he hiccuped.

Bender did not hesitate an instant. "Get off at Dodge. One dollar, please."

Dodge City did not get its name because so many of its citizens were or had been, in the Texas phrase, on the dodge. The town was laid out by A. A. Robinson, chief engineer of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, and it was named for Colonel Richard I. Dodge, commander of the post at Fort Dodge, and one of the founders of the place.

Dodge was a wild and uncurried prairie wolf, and it howled every night. It was gay and young and lawless. Its sense of humor was exaggerated and worked overtime. The crack of the six-shooter punctuated its hilarity ominously. Those who dwelt there were the valiant vanguard of civilization. For good or bad they were strong and forceful; many of them generous and big-hearted in spite of their lurid lives. The town was a hive of energy.

There were three reasons why Dodge won the reputation of being the wildest town the country had ever seen. In 1872 it was the end of the track; the last jumping-off spot into the wilderness; and in the days when transcontinental railroads were being built across the desert, the temporary terminus was always a gathering place of roughs and scalawags. The pay roll was large, and gamblers, gunmen, and thugs gathered for the pickings. This was true also of Hays, Abilene, Ogallala, and Kit Carson. It was true of Las Vegas and Albuquerque.

A second reason was that Dodge was the end of the long trail drive from Texas. Every year hundreds of thousands of longhorns were driven up from Texas by cowboys scarcely less wild than the hill steers they herded. The great plains country was being opened, and cattle were needed to stock a thousand ranches, as well as to supply the government at Indian reservations. Scores of these trail herds were brought to Dodge for shipment, and after the long, dangerous drive, the punchers were keen to spend their money on such diversions as the town could offer.

Out of sheer high spirits they liked to shoot up the town, to buck the tiger, to swagger from saloon to gambling hall, their persons garnished

Picture by Ross Santee

Rivers fired so fast it sounded like a company discharging weapons.

with revolvers, the spurs on their high-heeled boots jingling. In no spirit of malice they wanted it distinctly understood that they owned the town. As one of them once put it, he was born high up on the Guadalupe, raised on prickly pear, had palled with alligators, and quarreled with grizzlies.

Also, Dodge was the heart of the buffalo country. Here the hunters were outfitted for the chase. From here great quantities of hides were shipped back on the new railroad. R. M. Wright, one of the founders of the town and always one of its leading citizens, says that his firm alone shipped 200,000 hides in one season.

He estimates the number of buffaloes in the country at that time at more than 25,000,000, admitting that many as well informed as he put the figure at four times that. Often he and others traveled through the vast herds for days at a time without ever losing sight of them.

The killing of buffaloes was easy because the animals were so stupid. When one was shot the herd would mill round and round. Tom Nixon killed 120 in forty minutes. In a little more than a month he slaughtered 2,173 of them. With good luck a man could earn $100 a day. If he had bad luck he lost his scalp.

To the plains Indian the buffalo was food, fuel, and shelter. He saw at once that this slaughter would soon exterminate the supply. He hated the hunter and battled against his encroachments. The buffalo hunter was an intrepid plainsman. He fought Kiowas, Comanches, and the Staked Plain Apaches, as well as the Sioux and the Arapaho.

Famous among these hunters were Kirk Jordan, Charles Rath, Emanuel Dubbs, Jack Bridges, and Curly Walker. Others even better known were the two Buffalo Bills (William Cody and William Mathewson) and Wild Bill.

THESE three factors, then, made Dodge: it was the end of the railroad, the terminus of the cattle trail from Texas, the center of the buffalo trade. Together they made it "the beautiful bibulous Babylon of the frontier," in the words of the editor of the Kingsley *Graphic*.

There came a time, later, when the bibulous Babylon fell on evil days and its main source of income was old bones. They were buffalo bones, gathered in wagons, and piled beside the track for shipment—hundreds of carloads of them—to be used for fertilizer. It used to be said by way of derision that buffalo bones were legal tender in Dodge.

But that was in the far future. In its early years Dodge rode the wave of prosperity. The streets were so blocked that one could hardly get through. Hundreds of wagons were parked in them, outfits belonging to freighters, hunters, cattlemen, and the government.

Scores of camps surrounded the town in every direction. The yell of the cowboy and the weird oath of the bullwhacker and the mule skinner were heard in the land. And for a time there was no law nearer than Hays City, itself a burg not given to undue quiet and peace.

Dodge was no sleepy village that could drowse

Brown Brothers photos

Some of Dodge's fighting marshals. Standing, left to right, Harris, Short, Bat Masterson. Seated, Bassett, Wyatt Earp, McLean, Brown.

along without peace officers. Bob Wright has set it down that in the first year of its history twenty-five men were killed and twice as many wounded. The elements that made up the town were too diverse for perfect harmony. The freighters did not like the railroad graders. The soldiers at the fort fancied themselves as scrappers. The cowboys and the buffalo hunters did not fraternize a little bit. The result was that Boot Hill began to fill up. Its inhabitants were buried with their boots on and without coffins.

Buffalo Bill Cody, sharpshooter de luxe, and at left Wild Bill Hickok, one of the deadliest gunmen in the old West.

There was another cemetery for those who died in their beds. The climate was so healthy that it would have been very sparsely occupied those first years if it had not been for the skunks. During its early months Dodge was a city of camps. Every night the fires flamed up from the vicinity of hundreds of wagons. Skunks were numerous. They crawled at night into the warm blankets of the sleepers, and bit the rightful owners when they protested. A dozen men died from these bites.

It was thought at first that the animals were a special variety, known as the hydrophobia skunk. The deaths were probably due to blood poisoning caused by the foul teeth of the animals.

In any case, the skunks were only one-half as venomous as the gunmen, judging by comparative statistics. Dodge decided it had to have law in the community. Jack Bridges was appointed first marshal.

Jack was a noted scout and buffalo hunter, the sort of man who would have peace if he had to fight for it. He did his sleeping in the afternoon, since this was the quiet time of the day. Someone shook him out of slumber one day to tell him that cowboys were riding up and down Front Street shooting the windows out of buildings. Jack sallied out, old buffalo gun in hand. The cowboys went whooping down the street, still firing, toward their camp. The old hunter took a long shot at one of them and dropped him. The cowboys buried the young fellow next day. In future the young Texans were more discreet.

The first wholesale killing was at Tom Sherman's dance hall. The affair was between soldiers and gamblers. It was started by a trooper named Hennessey, a bad man and a bully. He was killed, as were several others. The officers at the fort glossed over the matter.

One of the lawless characters who drifted into Dodge the first year was Billy Rivers. He quickly made a reputation as a killer.

Rivers was assistant marshal. It was the policy of the officials of these wild frontier towns to elect as marshal some conspicuous killer, on the theory that desperadoes would respect his prowess; or, if they did not, would get the worst of the encounter.

Abilene, for instance, chose Wild Bill Hickok. His fight with the McCandles gang is a classic of the West. Alone he fought ten of them and left only three alive. A marvelous shot, he probably killed more white men than any other gunman known to the plains. He was shot from behind at Deadwood—killed while playing cards by a man who wanted the honor of "getting" him. The murderer was hanged.

AUSTIN had its Ben Thompson. According to Bat Masterson, Thompson was the most dangerous man with a gun among all the bad men he knew—and Bat knew them all. Ben was an Englishman who struck Texas while still young. He fought as a Confederate under Kirby Smith during the Civil War, and under Shelby for Maximilian. Later he was city marshal at Austin.

Thompson was a man of the coolest effrontery. On one occasion, during a cattlemen's convention, a banquet was held at the leading hotel. The local Congressman, a friend of Thompson, was not invited. Ben took exception to this, attended in person, and shot the plates in front of the diners. Later, one of those present made humorous comment:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DODGE Cont'd from p. 13]

"I always thought Ben was a game man. But what did he do? Did he hold up the whole convention of us cattlemen? No, sir. He waited and got forty or fifty of us poor fellows alone before he turned loose his wolf."

Perhaps the most amazing escape on record was that of Thompson, who, when fired at by Mark Wilson with a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot, at a distance of ten feet, whirled instantly, killed him, and a second later shot Wilson's friend Mathews through the forehead, though the latter had ducked behind the bar to get away.

Ben was killed a little later, in company with his friend King Fisher, another bad man, at the Palace Theater. A score of shots were poured into them by a dozen men waiting in ambush. They had become so dangerous that their enemies feared to let them live.

El Paso in its wild days chose Dallas Stoudenmire for marshal, and, after he had been killed, John Selman. Both of them were noted killers. During Selman's régime, John Wesley Hardin came to town. Hardin had twenty-seven notches on his gun, and was the worst man-killer Texas had ever produced. He was shaking dice at a bar when Selman shot him from behind.

One year later United States Deputy Marshal George Scarborough killed Selman in a duel. Scarborough was slain soon after in a gun fight by Kid Curry, an Arizona bandit.

EVEN a partial list of Dodge's successive marshals reads like a fighting roster. In addition to Bridges and Rivers may be named Ed and Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, Billy Tilghman, Ben Daniels, Mysterious Dave Mather, T. C. Nixon, Luke Short, Charley Bassett, W. H. Harris, and the Shugree brothers; all of them famous as fighters in a day when courage and proficiency with weapons were a matter of course.

On one occasion the superintendent of the Santa Fe suggested to the city dads of Dodge that it might be a good thing to employ marshals less notorious.

Dodge begged leave to differ. It felt that the best way to "settle the hash" of desperadoes was to pit against them fighting machines more efficient; bad men more deadly than themselves.

The word "bad" does not necessarily imply evil. A man who held the epithet was known as one dangerous to oppose. He was unafraid, deadly with a gun, and hard as nails.

He might be evil, callous, treacherous, revengeful as an Apache. Some Western marshals fitted this description.

He might be a good man, kindly, gentle, never taking more than his fighting chance. Such was Billy Tilghman.

Bob Wright has set it down that Mysterious Dave Mather had more dead men to his credit than any other man in the West. Mather had a bad record. But his courage could blaze up magnificently. While he was deputy marshal at Las Vegas, word came that a cowboy gang of desperadoes was terrorizing a dance hall.

Into that hall walked Dave, beside his chief, Tom Carson.

Five minutes later out reeled Carson, both arms broken, his body shot through and through, a man with only minutes to live. When the smoke in the hall cleared away Mather might have been seen beside two handcuffed prisoners, one of them wounded. In a circle round him were four dead cowpunchers of the outfit.

SOME time ago Uncle Billy Tilghman died at Cromwell, Oklahoma, a victim of his own fearlessness. He was shot to death while taking a revolver from a drunken prohibition agent. If he had been like many other bad men, he would have shot the fellow down at the first sign of danger. But that was never Tilghman's way. It was his habit to make arrests without drawing a gun. He cleaned up Dodge during the three years that he was marshal. He broke up the Doolin gang, killing Bill Raidler and Little Dick in personal duels, and capturing Bill Doolin, the leader.

Bat Masterson said that during Tilghman's terms as sheriff of Lincoln County, Oklahoma, he killed, captured, or drove from the country more criminals than any other official that section ever had. Yet Uncle Billy never used a gun except reluctantly. Time and again he gave the criminal first shot, hoping the man would surrender rather than fight.

Of all the old frontier sheriffs none holds a higher place than Billy Tilghman.

After much diversion we return to Billy Rivers. My friend Emanuel Dubbs, an old buffalo hunter, records that late one evening in the winter of '72-'73, he returned to Dodge with two loads of buffalo meat. He finished his business, ate supper, and started to smoke a postprandial pipe.

The sound of a fusillade in an adjoining dance hall interested him. He had been deprived of the pleasures of metropolitan life for some time, and had had to depend upon Indians for excitement.

(Incidentally, it may be mentioned that they furnished him a reasonable amount of interest. Not long after this, three of his men were caught, spread-eagled, and tortured by Indians. Dubbs escaped after a hair-raising ride and arrived at Adobe Walls in time to take part in the historic defense of that post by fourteen buffalo hunters against 500 tribesmen.)

From the before-mentioned dance hall burst four men. They started across the railroad track to another dance hall, one frequented by Rivers. Dubbs heard the men mention the name of Rivers, coupling it with an oath. Another buffalo hunter named Fred Singer joined Dubbs. They followed the strangers, and, just before the four reached the dance hall, Singer shouted a warning to the marshal. This annoyed the unknown four, and they promptly exchanged shots with the buffalo hunters.

Suddenly Billy Rivers stood in bold relief in the doorway, a revolver in each hand. He fired so fast that Dubbs says the sound was like a company discharging weapons. When the smoke cleared, Rivers still stood in the same place. Two of the strangers were dead and two mortally wounded. They were brothers who had come from Hays City to avenge the death of a fifth brother shot down by Rivers some time before.

Rivers had a fondness for the fair sex. He and Browney, the yardmaster, took a fancy to the same girl. Captain Drew she was called, and she preferred Browney. Whereupon Rivers naturally shot him in the head. Perversely, to the surprise of everybody, Browney recovered and was soon back at his old job.

Rivers seems to have held no grudge against him for making light of his marksmanship in this manner. At any rate, his next affair was with Kirk Jordan, the buffalo hunter.

This was a very different business. Jordan had been in a hundred tight holes. He had fought Indians time and again. Professional killers had no terror for him. He threw down his big buffalo gun on Rivers and the latter took cover. Barrels of water had been placed along the principal streets for fire protection. These had saved several lives during shooting scrapes. Rivers ducked behind one and the ball from Jordan's gun plunged into it.

THE marshal dodged into a store, out of the rear door, and into a livery stable. He was hidden under a bed. Alas for a large reputation gone glimmering! Rivers fled to the fort, took the train from the siding, and shook forever the dust of Dodge from his feet.

How do I explain this? I don't. I record a fact. Many gunmen were at one time or another subject to these panics during which the yellow streak showed.

Owen P. White gives it on the authority of Charlie Siringo that Bat Masterson sang small when Clay Allison of the Panhandle, with a well notched gun, drifted into Dodge and inquired for the city marshal. But the old-timers at Dodge do not bear this out.

Bat was at the Adobe Walls fight. He scouted for Miles. He was elected sheriff of Ford County, with headquarters at Dodge, when only twenty-two years of age. It was a tough assignment, but Bat handled it satisfactorily.

I never met Bat until his killing days were past. He was dealing faro at a gambling house in Denver when I, a young reporter, first had the pleasure of looking into his cold, gray, fishy eyes. It was a notable fact that all the frontier bad men had either gray or blue eyes, often a faded blue, expressionless, hard as jade.

In any case, Bat was a most efficient sheriff. Dave Rudabaugh, later associated with Billy the Kid in New Mexico, staged a train robbery

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Pictures by Ross Santee

The Indians hated the hunter and battled against his encroachments.

Delightful variety in soups!

When to serve clear soups

ONE OF the most fascinating features about soup is its almost endless variety. Tomato and Vegetable are, of course, the favorite soups. In fact these two kinds have made soup so popular that the housewife is likely to find her family hoping for it and expecting it every day. So she is grateful that she can choose from nineteen different kinds of Campbell's Soups, in addition to Tomato and Vegetable. All blended and prepared, requiring only the addition of an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and a few minutes simmering before placing on the table!

PERHAPS you will be a little surprised to learn how useful and attractive the so-called Clear Soups—Consomme, Bouillon, Printanier, Julienne—are in planning your meals.

Clear soups, when included as a part of a meal, should be regarded as the introduction or forerunner to what is to follow. They are not to be depended upon to supply as generous a part of the nourishment as the thicker soups. Thus the clear soups are appropriate at the beginning of a hearty dinner and to give the first warm glow to the luncheon or supper when other dishes are to follow. At formal occasions—the fashionable dinner or luncheon—the clear soups are in special favor because of their charming appearance, their delicious flavor and their invigoration. For the same reasons they are prized for the longer meals on the family menu.

CLARIFIED broth of the choicest beef is the principal ingredient of these clear soups. They are therefore especially valuable as a tonic to the appetite and in inducing a free flow of the digestive juices. Remember this about them and serve them whenever the appetite needs coaxing and whenever your wish is mainly for the brisk invigoration of a bracing hot liquid food. Oftentimes, too, after exercising in the open air, a brisk motor ride, or before retiring at night, nothing "goes right to the spot" like a piping-hot cupful of clear meat soup. Of course, the value of Campbell's Bouillon for invalids and convalescents—adults and children—has long been recognized. Campbell's Printanier, Jellied, (you simply place the can on ice overnight) is a summertime favorite.

Your grocer has, or will obtain for you, these clear Campbell's Soups—Consomme, Bouillon, Printanier, Julienne. See the complete list of 21 different Campbell's Soups printed on every label. 12 cents a can.

I'm on my way with feelings gay,
My appetite is real.
For in my hand is Campbell's grand—
I'm headed for *some* meal!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

CURTISS

Baby Ruth

America's Favorite Candy 5¢

Tested and Approved by Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine 3669

Otto Y. Schnering PRESIDENT

3 Million

it must be good

eaten every day

Good Fun–Good Food

Mothers and fathers and all "good fairies" know there isn't any purer or more wholesome candy than BABY RUTH. It is just the healthful energy-food that children and grown-ups need for work and play. The Good Housekeeping seal on every package is a proof of purity. Dollar-a-pound candy for 5c—that's BABY RUTH. Treat yourself today.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO

OTTO Y. SCHNERING, President

Baby Ruth is sold on over a million candy counters. Tremendous sales assure its freshness everywhere.

© 1928, C. C. Co.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

at Kinsley, Kansas, a territory not in Bat's jurisdiction. However, Bat set out in pursuit with a posse. A near-blizzard was sweeping the country. Bat made for Lovell's cattle camp, on the chance that the bandits would be forced to take shelter there. It was a good guess. Rudabaugh's outfit rode in, stiff and half frozen, and Bat captured the robbers without firing a shot. This was one of many captures Bat made.

He had a deep sense of loyalty to his friends. On two separate occasions he returned to Dodge, after having left the town, to straighten out difficulties for his friends, or to avenge them. The first time was when Luke Short, who ran a gambling house in Dodge, had a difficulty with Mayor Webster.

Luke appears to have held the opinion that the cards were stacked against him, and that this was a trouble out of which he could not shoot himself. He wired Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp to come to Dodge. They did, accompanied by another friend or two. The mayor made peace on terms dictated by Short.

Bat's second return to Dodge was caused by a wire from his brother James, who ran a dance hall in partnership with a man named Peacock. Masterson wanted to discharge the bartender, Al Updegraph, a brother-in-law of the other partner. Bat arrived at eleven, one sunny morning, another gunman at heel.

At 3 o'clock he entrained for Tombstone, Arizona, with James beside him. The interval had been a busy one. On the way up from the station the two men met Peacock and Updegraph. No amenities were exchanged. Bullets began to sing at once. The men stood across the street from each other and emptied their weapons. Oddly enough, Updegraph was the only one wounded.

This little matter attended to, Bat surrendered himself, was fined three dollars for carrying concealed weapons, and released. He ate dinner, disposed of his brother's interest in the saloon, and returned to the station.

OWING to the habit of the cowboys of shooting up the town, they were required, when entering the city limits, to hand over their weapons to the marshal. The guns were left at Wright & Beverly's store, in a rack built for the purpose, and receipts were given for them. Sometimes 100 six-shooters would be there at one time. These were never returned to their owners unless the cowboys were sober.

To be a marshal of one of these fighting frontier towns called for chilled iron nerve. Tom Smith, one of the gamest men and best officers who ever wore a star, was killed in the performance of his duty. Nixon, assistant marshal at Dodge, was killed by Mysterious Dave Mather, who had once held the same post.

Ed Masterson, after displaying conspicuous courage many times, was mortally wounded April 9, 1878, by two desperate men, Wagner and Walker, who were terrorizing Front Street. Bat reached the scene a few minutes later and heard the story. As soon as his brother had died, Bat went after the desperadoes, met them, and killed them both.

The death of Ed Masterson shocked the town. Civic organizations passed resolutions of respect. During the funeral, the largest ever held in Dodge, all business houses were closed.

Among those who came to Dodge each season to meet the Texas cattle drive were Ben and Bill Thompson, gamblers who ran a faro bank. Previously they had been accustomed to go to Ellsworth while that point was the terminus of the drive. Here they had ruled with a high hand, killed the sheriff, and made their get-away safely. Bill got into a shooting affray at Ogallala. He was badly wounded and was carried to a hotel. It was announced openly that he would never leave town alive. Ben did not dare to go to Ogallala, for his record there had outlawed him. He went to Bat Masterson.

Bat knew Bill's nurse and arranged a plan of campaign. A sham battle was staged at the big dance hall, during the excitement of which Bat and the nurse carried the wounded man to the train, got him to a sleeper, and into a bed. Buffalo Bill met them next day at North Platte. He had relays of teams stationed on the road, and he and Bat got the sick man safely to Dodge.

Emanuel Dubbs ran a road house not far from Dodge about this time. He was practicing with his six-shooter one day when a splendidly built young six-footer rode up to his place. The stranger watched him as he fired at tin cans. Presently the young fellow suggested he throw a couple of the cans into the air. Dubbs did so. Out flashed the stranger's revolver. There was a roar of exploding shots. Dubbs picked up the cans. Four shots had been fired. Two bullets had drilled through each can.

U. & U. photo

Katherine Mayo.

WHAT about companionate marriage? The author of Mother India—a book that has shaken three continents—has spoken her mind in a provocative article that handles the topic without gloves. No up-to-date American will want to miss—

Companionate "Marriage"— and Marriage

By Katherine Mayo

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

"Better not carry a six-shooter till you learn to shoot," Bill Cody suggested, as he put his guns back into their holsters. Buffalo Bill was on his way back to North Platte.

Life at Dodge was not all tragic. The six-shooter roared in the land a good deal, but there were very many citizens who went quietly about their business and took no part in the night life of the town. It was entirely optional with the individual.

The little city had its legitimate theaters as well as its hurdy-gurdy houses and gambling dens. There was the Lady Gay, for instance, a popular vaudeville resort. There were well attended churches. But Dodge boiled so with exuberant young life, often inflamed by bad liquor, that both theater and church were likely to be the scenes of unexpected explosions.

THE killing of Miss Dora Hand, a young actress of much promise, was regretted by everybody in Dodge. A young fellow named Kennedy, the son of a rich cattleman, shot her unintentionally while he was trying to shoot James Kelly. A posse composed of Sheriff Masterson, William Tilghman, Wyatt Earp, and Charles Bassett took the trail. They captured the man, after wounding him desperately. He was brought back to Dodge, where he recovered and escaped.

The gay good spirits of Dodge found continual expression in practical jokes. The wilder these were, the better pleased was the town. Mysterious Dave Mather was the central figure in one.

An evangelist was conducting a series of meetings. He made a powerful, magnetic appeal, and many were the hard characters who walked the sawdust trail. The preacher set his heart on converting Dave Mather, the worst of bad men and a notorious scoffer.

The meetings prospered. The church grew too small for the crowd and adjourned to a dance hall. Dave became interested. He went to hear Brother Johnson preach. He went a second time, and a third. "He certainly preaches like the Watsons, an' goes for sin all spraddled out," Dave conceded.

Brother Johnson grew hopeful. It seemed possible that this brand could be snatched from the burning. He preached directly at Dave, and Dave buried his head in his hands and sobbed. The preacher said he was willing to die if he could convert this one vile sinner. Others of the deacons agreed that they too would not object to going straight to heaven with the knowledge that Dave had been saved.

"They were right excited an' didn't know straight up," an old-timer explained. "Dave he looked so whipped, his ears flopped. Finally he rose an' said, 'I've got yore company, friends. Now, while we're all saved, I reckon we better start straight for heaven. First off, the preacher; then the deacons; me last.' Then Dave whips out a big gun an' starts shootin'. The preacher went right through a window an' took it with him. He was sure in some hurry. The deacons hunted cover. Seemed like they were willin' to postpone taking that through ticket to heaven. After that they never did worry any more about Dave's soul."

MANY rustlers gathered around Dodge in those days. The most notorious of these was a gang of more than thirty under the leadership of Dutch Henry and Tom Owens, two of the most desperate outlaws ever known in Kansas. A posse was organized to run down this gang under the leadership of Dubbs, who had lost some of his stock.

Before starting, the posse telephoned Hays City to organize a company to head off the rustlers. Twenty miles west of Hays the posse overtook the rustlers. A bloody battle ensued, during which Owens and several other outlaws were killed and Dutch Henry was wounded six times. Several of the posse were also shot.

The story has a curious sequel. Many years later, when Emanuel Dubbs was county judge of Wheeler County, Texas, Dutch Henry came to his house and stayed there several days. He was a thoroughly reformed man.

After the battle with the Henry-Owens gang, rustlers operated much more quietly, but they did not cease stealing. One night three men were hanged to a cottonwood on Saw Log Creek, ten or twelve miles from Dodge. One of these men was a young man of good family who had drifted into rustling and had been carried away by the excitement of it. To this day the place is known as Horse Thief Cañon.

During its years of prosperity many eminent men visited Dodge, including Generals Sherman and Sheridan, President Hayes, and General Miles. Its reputation had extended far and wide. It was the wild and woolly cowboy capital of the Southwest, a place to quicken the blood of any man.

All that gay, hard riding company of cowpunchers, buffalo hunters, bad men, and pioneers has vanished into yesterday's seven thousand years. But certainly Dodge once had its day and its night of glory. No more riproaring town ever bucked the tiger.

THE END

Love and Farewell

Colman and Banky Pause, Ere They Part, for a Mild Historical Romance

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

The Duke of Alva (Noah Beery), Donna Lenora (Vilma Banky), and Inez (Helen Jerome Eddy) in Two Lovers.

(Reading time: 3 minutes 28 seconds.)

SAMUEL GOLDWYN, the one Hollywood movie producer who still believes in good, old-fashioned romance, has released a new film, Two Lovers, starring Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

This is a swashbuckling yarn of the sixteenth century, when, as the subtitle writer quaintly puts it, Flanders was being crushed under the iron heel of Spanish oppression. Two Lovers is based on Baroness Orczy's novel, Leatherface.

Leatherface is a debonair gent who wears a mask and goes about righting wrongs. Thus, when an amorous officer of the bloodthirsty *Duke of Alva* tries to kiss a serving maid in a wayside inn, *Leatherface* promptly kills him.

Alva suspects the identity of *Leatherface,* who is no other than the handsome *Mark van Rycke,* son of the bailiff of Ghent, and marries him to his niece, *Donna Lenora de Vargas,* the Flower of Spain no less. Thus he hopes to trap *Mark.*

Unfortunately, *Donna Lenora* comes to love *Leatherface,* an event you probably suspect in the very first reel. Incidentally, do not be confused by the title of bailiff. In those days he was no mere seedy court attendant. A bailiff was something like a lord mayor.

Two Lovers isn't a thing of terrific suspense. It is a mild, decorative, ingratiating little romance. You will like it because a real charm is caught by the gorgeous Miss Banky and the sad-eyed Mr. Colman. These two are expert mimes and they know how to vitalize their pantomime into pictorial interest. Too bad that this is their last co-starring effort.

There is a singularly lovely episode where *Leatherface* inveigles his bride to a lonely inn, there hoping to break down her hatred of the Flemish and to win her love.

The scene designed to be the knock-out of the production shows the irate Hollanders making their way through a swamp in order to surprise the unsuspecting Spaniards. The Hollywood extras are having a hard year. In The Trail of '98 they had months of snow trekking. Here they spent weeks in a murky, stagnant morass.

Otherwise Two Lovers is the routine roistering thing of drawbridges, taverns, post chaises, duels, and dire deeds. The *Duke of Alva* is done in colorless fashion by Noah Beery (who gives a good performance of Noah Beery). The *Prince of Orange* is just a pallid lay figure in the background. The Spanish "Court of Blood" is a mere gathering of ferocious looking extras. And the direction is not inspired. Two Lovers gets its agreeable qualities from the work of the co-starring principals.

Two Lovers was directed by Fred Niblo, the man who succeeded in completing Ben-Hur and the maker of Rudolph Valentino's best film, Blood and Sand.

Mark van Rycke (Ronald Colman) smiles tenderly as Donna Lenora (Vilma Banky) swoons.

Niblo has had an odd career. He was born fifty-four years ago in York, Pennsylvania. He adventured about the earth, became a vaudeville monologuist, married George M. Cohan's sister Josephine, and advanced to dramatic rôles under his brother-in-law's direction.

After his wife's death, Niblo in 1918 married Enid Bennett, an Australian who had been a member of the Niblo company on a tour of the antipodes. Miss Bennett became an Ince star. Niblo next played with her in several films; then he was advanced to the post of director.

Now the second Mrs. Niblo has retired from close-ups and Niblo has developed into one of the highest paid of Hollywood's directors. Besides, Niblo is always in demand as a master of ceremonies at the movie capital's de luxe film premières. Niblo introduces celebrities without hurting stellar sensibilities.

Niblo has been singularly lucky in his choice of wives. They shaped his future. Niblo's mother was French and one of his forefathers marched on Moscow with Napoleon. Only that quality of the Grand Army could have led Niblo to attempt the finish of Ben-Hur after so many failures to get the chariot race into effective celluloid.

Niblo's work on Two Lovers had its difficulties. It is hard to close-up a gadzooks or to back-light an odsbodkins. Hollywood always has had difficulties with historical drama. The result always looks more hysterical than historical.

P. S.—Will Hays just changed the name of the *Duke of Alva* to the imaginary one of the *Duke of Azar.* It seems that someone protested about the bloody *Alva* being shown as the Bloody Alva.

Do you know that—

Jesse Lasky says we are on the verge of a lot of screen melodrama done in the modern manner? . . . There are other outside-of-New York changes in current films? . . . D. W. Griffith has filmed a happy conclusion to Drums of Love?

May 19 1928

Borden's

A Drink for Everybody

Vol. 1 No. 4

WE SERVE Borden's THE IMPROVED MALTED MILK All flavors Delicious

Headquarters, The Borden Company. Service Stations—all places where the famous Diamond Sign is shown. This Diamond identifies fountains serving Borden's Malted Milk—the leading and most up-to-date fountains all over the country.

Address all communications to The Borden Co., 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.
or The Borden Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canada

"A malted milk is the American national drink today."
NORMAN S. HALL

SUCCESS A PRECIOUS JEWEL

Success is a most precious jewel of life. Lucky everybody that boasts it. Yet success is not just luck, not all chance.

Wisdom counts. Wisdom in leading a rational, wholesome life. In choosing simple, all-'round balanced foods. Easy to digest, yet which completely satisfy. Successful men and women are everywhere recognizing the advantage of rational eating.

In this connection, it is interesting to see how many up-and-coming business men daily drink Borden's Malted Milk with its happy blending of nut-sweet wheat, full-cream country milk, the best barley malt. Here, indeed, is a complete food. Ideal for the quick luncheon. Delicious between meals. Always good!

On sale everywhere. Look for the red Borden Diamond. It marks those better fountains that serve Borden's Malted Milk.

Drink Borden's. Be filled with its energizing qualities, its rational wholesomeness. Be a real candidate for success.

WHAT DOES HOME OFFER?

Lots of good people are attacking the younger generation. But while our boys and girls may have their "moments", they have not forgotten what home means. There's no advice like father's. No food like mother serves. And in millions of good American homes the midnight snack, the Sunday supper, is made merry and wholesome with the energizing goodness of Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk.

WHAT ATTRACTS OUR BOYS AND GIRLS?

Is their taste really so poor, after all? Are their habits so very foolish? Are they becoming physically inferior?

We refuse to believe it. We have practical evidence—every day—to the contrary. Youth is attracted by the best thing in the world. *Health!* Radiant, glorious health. The joy of being alive.

And they've found the secret. They've mastered the art of eating. No heavy indigestible lunches for *them*. No midday meal of too-heavy food that overworks the digestion and slows up their whole being.

Instead a daily glass of Borden's Malted Milk. Creamy-rich. Delicately flavored. Cramful of wholesome nourishment—the kind you get from full-cream country milk, abundant in vitamins, and hearts of wheat. Nourishment that's absorbed in the body without your ever realizing it. The barley malt accomplishes *that*. And a taste that "lingers longer" in goodness.

Take a tip from the youngsters. Order a daily glass of Borden's Malted Milk. For your lunch. Or between meals when you're feeling low. Drain the last delicious drop and feel yourself tingle with new energy and "aliveness".

Be sure you get Borden's. This name has stood for *quality* milk products for 71 years. Follow the lead of the boys and girls—stop at those fountains where you see the red Borden Diamond.

And as long as the Younger Generation is attracted by Diamond Signs and orders Borden's Malted Milk, there's nothing for parents to worry about.

IN THIS ISSUE

You've been reading in this advertisement the story of Borden's Malted Milk and its energizing goodness

But you should know more about other members of the Borden Family of Milks

Note carefully four interesting books and leaflets of Borden products listed below

Check any or all of them that you may wish to have

They will be sent promptly, free, to your home address

The Good Provider's Cook Book, an unusual new cook book on Borden's Evaporated Milk (unsweetened). ☐

New Magic in the Kitchen, the latest cook book on Borden's Condensed Milk (sweetened). ☐

No Substitute for Quality, a descriptive pamphlet about the advantages for home use of Borden's Malted Milk, glass package. ☐

Soda Fountain Ideas, a new edition of a well-known booklet of practical information to all fountain owners and dispensers. ☐

Address The Borden Company, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., or The Borden Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canada.

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

"Diamonds That Lead The Way to Health!"

In the June 23 number of Liberty magazine will appear another of the famous Carl Mueller illustrations. *A 2-page center-spread.* A sincere straightforward message on health and efficiency. Of how thousands of successful people—both men and women—are daily finding renewed energy and vitality in Borden's Malted Milk. Be sure to read the message in the June 23 issue of Liberty. *Of interest to all dealers.* The current Liberty series of Borden Malted Milk advertisements are all admirably designed for display purposes. In particular can the flashing 2-page center-spread, mentioned in this paragraph, be used to advantage for both fountain and window decoration. Display it. Make it easy for the army of Liberty readers to identify your fountain as serving Borden's Malted Milk.

Diamonds for Dealers

If you want to flash the message to customers that you serve Borden's Malted Milk, get one of the new Diamond Sign outfits and dress up your fountain with it. All kinds of novel and attractive material included. Order a set today "and make your fountain famous."

Write The Borden Company, 510 Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., *or* The Borden Co., Ltd., Montreal, Canada.

BENRUS

THE STRAP WATCH OF SPORTSMEN

This photograph shows how Babe Ruth treats his Benrus. He says: "I wear my Benrus watch almost all the time. Take my word for it, it's shock-proof, all right. I never saw a watch stay right on the dot the way my Benrus does."

"Babe Ruth"

The "Babe Ruth" Benrus (shown here ½ actual size) has the Shock-proof 15-jewel Benrus movement; the case is beautifully engraved with green-gold effect next the dial, and white-gold tone on remainder of case and wrist band. This cool, comfortable band is shaped to fit the wrist—easy to adjust. . $50.00

BABE RUTH—at bat—wears his *Shock-proof* BENRUS!

THE ONE PLACE in the world where it is hardest for a watch to remain accurate is on the wrist of Babe Ruth.

Yet, even there, a stock model Shock-proof Benrus watch shows amazing precision!

This Benrus shock-proof feature is the greatest contribution of recent years to fine watchmaking. It is a definite part added to the watch. You can actually *see* this vital protection, which is patented by Benrus—obtainable only in Benrus watches.

This shock-proof device in a Benrus watch works just like the shock absorbers on your car. It actually counteracts every ordinary jar or jolt. It is the latest triumph of Benrus craftsmanship,—an example of the painstaking skill and superfine materials that make each Benrus an accurate, dependable timepiece.

BABE RUTH is just *one* of the champions in every sport, who have chosen Benrus watches. Gene Tunney, Red Grange, Gene Sarazen, Earl Sande—the list is endless! The faithful service that *these* men get from Benrus Strap Watches is even more necessary to *business* men. Stop at your jeweler's—select *your* Benrus today! Benrus watches from $24.75 to $1500.

BENRUS WATCH CO., NEW YORK CITY
Also makers of "The Wrist Watch of Fashion"

An Empress in Exile

How Marie of Russia Looks at Life in the Evening of Her Days

By Princess Radziwill

(Reading time: 11 minutes 15 seconds.)

NOT far from Copenhagen there stands on the seashore a small white villa. In summer it is an ideal retreat, covered with creepers and built in a lovely garden filled with fragrant flowers. In winter it is one of the dreariest spots on earth, buried in deep snow and exposed to all the winds which sweep with such violence the Danish coast.

This lonely dwelling shelters the year round a woman who has known all the pomps and grandeurs the world can give, who has seen a whole nation on its knees before her, and had all the sovereigns of Europe at her feet, and who today, bereft of everything, is sadly ending an existence, which was once so brilliant, in exile, solitude, and sorrow.

Marie Feodorovna, formerly Empress of All the Russias, has returned to the scene of her childhood—the scene which she had left sixty-two years before, as the lovely Princess Dagmar of Denmark, to become the bride of the heir to one of the greatest thrones in Europe.

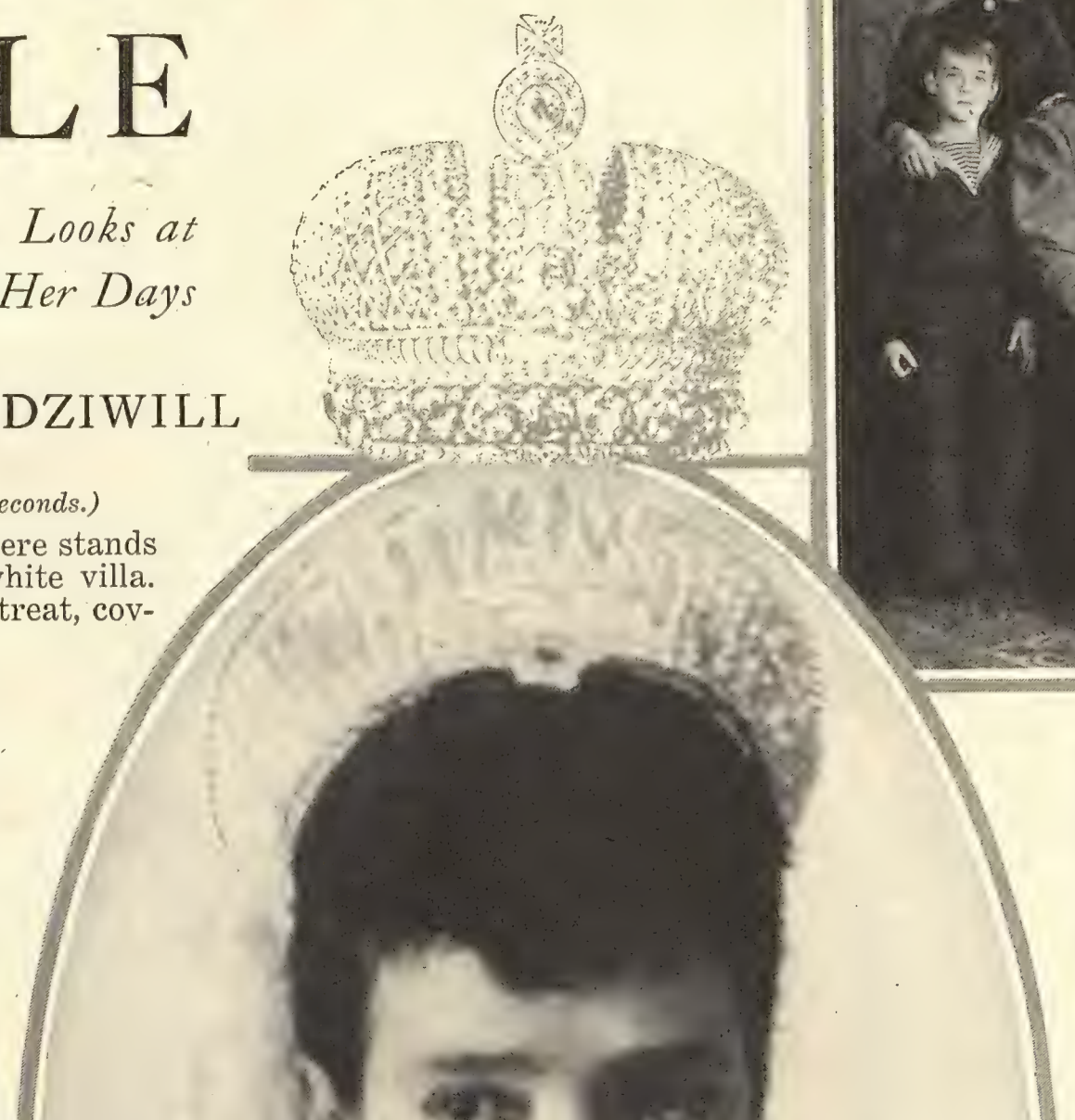
Since that memorable day how many things have happened! But the little Danish princess who had been transformed into an empress has remained all through her long and eventful life the same brave and sweet woman whom Danes remembered smiling through her tears her farewell to them.

For a few years—how short they must appear to her today!—she had possessed everything a human being could have or hope to have, and she had lost it all. But she bears her cross with humility and resignation. God has given; God has taken away.

All through her trials Marie Feodorovna has never ceased to bless His name.

© Int. Newsreel photo

A rare group photograph from the royal family album. Left to right, in the rear: Empress Marie Feodorovna, mother of Nicholas II; Nicholas II, the late Czar; Grand Duchess Xenia. Left to right, front: Grand Duke Michael; Emperor Alexander III, father of Nicholas II, shown with Grand Duchess Olga; Grand Duke George.



Marie Feodorovna as she looked when she ascended the throne of All the Russias.

© Brown Bros. photo

The Winter Palace in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad).

The modest house where she now resides had been built by the Empress and her sister, the late Queen Alexandra of England, a short time before the war. It was there that, after their widowhood, the two sisters used to spend a part of each summer in tender companionship. Now one of them is gone, while the other remains, the lonely survivor of a period in the history of the world which has passed into eternity. This villa is anything but a luxurious abode, and is furnished with the utmost simplicity. There are no pictures on the walls; only innumerable photographs everywhere, and a lot of flowers and books, but nothing more. During the winter season the principal living room is closed, and the Dowager Empress spends her time in a small library, from the windows of which she can look at the gray sea.

She generally sits in a large wing chair, beside which stands a round table, on which she lays down her knitting when her eyes, which have become very weak, feel too tired to allow her to go on with her work. And then she crosses her hands on her lap, and thinks and thinks, concentrating her memory on the remembrances of her brilliant past with all that it had contained of joy and luxury and magnificence.

BUT she is never heard to complain. She has accepted everything; she has bowed down her head under the crown of sorrows which has replaced the diamond diadem she wore so proudly on her Coronation Day in Moscow forty-seven years ago.

The household of the Empress is very small. One faithful lady in waiting, who has accompanied her in exile, the Countess Mengden; a chamberlain who cumulates his functions with those of a private secretary; two maids, the older of whom is past eighty and cannot do any work; a tall Cossack, who accompanies Marie Feodorovna when she drives out, sitting beside the chauffeur as he used to do in the old days in St. Petersburg; a Danish cook; and two Danish parlor maids—and that is all. In summer a gardener from Copenhagen comes twice a week to attend the garden. Nothing could be simpler.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Her sleek, shining Hair depends on Combing

To achieve the well groomed look—and to keep it, suggests regular care with Ace Hard Rubber Combs. It is the even smoothness of finely moulded and polished teeth of these well made Combs that means successful, safe and sanitary hair-grooming. By far the best plan is to use a large (9 inch) Ace Dressing Comb in the morning. It untangles and dresses the hair without danger of pulling it out. Then the Bobbed Hair Comb carried in the purse, is always ready to keep the hair smoothly in place.

ACE COMBS

A genuine Ace Bobbed Hair Comb, for example, may be purchased at toilet goods and notion counters everywhere, or if you are not able to obtain it send us twenty-five cents and we will supply one together with our book "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing".

{Tear Off Here}

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY
Dept. L-6, 11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.
Enclosed is 25 cents (stamps preferred) for book, "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing," and sample Ace Comb as mentioned above. Please send them to

Name .....

Address .....

The Ace Comb Cabinet is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere

[AN EMPRESS IN EXILE
Continued from page twenty-one]

Only one substantial meal is served during the day, at noontime, while in the evening tea with cold meat and a piece of cake is brought to the Empress upon a tray. For years she has been a complete abstainer, and drinks nothing but water, except upon certain solemn occasions, like Easter, the New Year, and her daughters' name days, when a bottle of claret appears, generally of a poor quality. The greatest economy is observed.

There is a garage adjoining the house, with one car in it, which was the last present given by Queen Alexandra to her sister, and every afternoon the Empress goes out for a short drive in it, while on Sundays it takes her to Copenhagen, to the Russian chapel built there by Alexander III, where she worships regularly.

© Brown Bros. photo

The Duchess of Cumberland.

THE Empress' bedroom is next to the library. On the first floor of the villa, the Grand Duchess Olga Alexandrovna, the youngest daughter of Marie Feodorovna, has her apartment, which she shares with her husband, Captain Kulikovski, and their two children.

It is mostly out of the earnings of her son-in-law, who is salesman for a large automobile concern, that the Empress lives and pays her expenses. He has shown himself wonderfully devoted to her, and without him it is doubtful whether the Empress would have been able to keep the Villa Hvidore, as her home is called.

When Marie Feodorovna had been allowed by the Bolsheviks to leave Russia, she had saved a few jewels. Among them was the famous pearl necklace which had been one of her wedding presents, of which she had been so fond. Now it is sold; but before parting from it forever, Marie Feodorovna had detached out of it one single pearl, which she wears constantly around her neck suspended by a silk cord. It is all that is left to her out of all the wonderful diamonds and precious stones which had once adorned her.

The Empress' greatest pleasure is to have her grandchildren around her, and the only expense she indulges in consists in buying presents for them. They are almost the only people whom she sees, outside of her daughter, the latter's husband, and the Countess Mengden, and, several times during the week, her brother, Prince Waldemar, and her sister, the widowed Duchess of Cumberland, who since her widowhood has also returned to her native Denmark.

From time to time a Russian exile arrives in Copenhagen and asks to be received by his former Empress, and there is also a small number of Russian refugees living in Denmark who have an opportunity to greet Marie Feodorovna every Sunday, after divine service, when she holds a kind of court reception in the vestry of the Russian chapel.

Among others, there came one, the other day, who in former times had been in command of the escort of Cossacks that had accompanied the Empress during her journeys to the Caucasus, which she liked very much and had often visited. He is a near relative of mine, now an old man and also an exile; but his person recalled so many memories to Marie Feodorovna that, as soon as she heard he was in Copenhagen, she asked him to come and spend a day with her in her retreat.

Before being shown into the presence of Marie Feodorovna, General R—— was received by the Grand Duchess Olga, with whom he had a few minutes' talk, during which she told him that there were certain subjects he must not refer to in the course of his conversation with her mother. Among them was reference to the fate of the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich. He had always been the Empress' favorite, and she still believed him to be alive somewhere in Siberia, from whence she was hoping he would be enabled to escape some day or other.

© Brown Bros. photo

Alexandra, wife of Edward VII, as she looked when Princess of Wales.

Left: A diamond corsage once owned by Russia's rulers.

© Wide World photos

One of the Seven Wonders of a vanished world: the Russian crown jewels.

IN regard to the fate of the Emperor Nicholas II and his family, the Grand Duchess said that, after having doubted it for a long time, her mother had at last come to the conclusion that they had been really killed by the Bolsheviks, but that she never spoke about it. The wound was too deep for that.

General R—— then asked the Grand Duchess what she thought of the young woman about whom the whole of Europe was talking, and for whom the claim was made that she was the Grand Duchess Anastasia, the youngest daughter of the murdered Czar. Without the slightest hesitation Olga Alexandrovna replied that she was convinced the woman was an impostor.

"I have seen her three times," she said, "and absolutely failed to recognize her. M. Gilliard, who had been her tutor, and his wife, who had been nurse to my brother's children, also failed to find any likeness between this person and Anastasia. Those who have said that they recognized her were people who had never been upon terms of intimacy with any of my nieces.

"You are aware that the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna never allowed her daughters to have friends and that they saw but very few persons outside of the members of their family. Apart from

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

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FREE—This remarkable new rouge. See offer below.

Before Retiring DO THIS

Give yourself the Ingram treatment best suited to your skin. If your skin is dry, do this: Before retiring wash your face in warm water—just a little warmer than body temperature. Use a soft cloth and a small amount of good soap. Dry your face thoroughly with a soft towel. Then spread a thin coating of Ingram's Milkweed Cream evenly over the entire face.

Leave this cream on all night. In the morning the dryness should be noticeably less. Before going out apply a little Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Wipe it off with a soft cloth before powdering. Just enough Ingram's will remain in your skin to protect it from the sun, wind and dust.

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Let us send you FREE purse-size package of this remarkable new rouge—Ingram's American Blush Rouge, and an interesting booklet on The Art of Rouging.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 462 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.; also Windsor, Ont., Canada.

[AN EMPRESS IN EXILE Continued from page twenty-two]

this, I cannot bring myself to believe that anyone, under no matter what circumstances, could forget one's mother tongue and suddenly speak a foreign language one had never been taught. In my brother's household only English and Russian were spoken, never German, which his children did not understand.

"Yet this so-called Anastasia does not know English at all, and the few words which she can say in Russian are hardly understandable. And when she speaks in general, which is not often, as her jaw is deformed, it is only in German."

The Grand Duchess stopped for a few minutes, and then went on:

"IF anyone had really been saved out of that awful slaughter at Ekaterinburg, it would have been the greatest joy and happiness for my poor mother to have been given back so miraculously one of her granddaughters, and she would have opened her arms to her with all the love and tenderness of which her heart is so full.

"It was with my own head filled with the thought of what this joy would have meant for her that I journeyed to Berlin to see the woman who claimed kinship with us. I would have given anything to be able to say truthfully that I recognized in her my lost niece. But she was a complete stranger to me, and there was nothing in her speech and attitude which could have given either myself or M. Gilliard, who accompanied me on one of my visits, the conviction, or even the idea, that she could be Anastasia.

"We discussed the subject together several times, and then came to the conclusion that we would not say anything about this entire affair to my mother. It would only have added one more sorrow to all that she has already endured. Please, therefore, not to mention this story to the Empress."

What General R—— was told later by a friend of the exiled imperial family was that one of the tests to which the so-called Anastasia had been subjected was the appearance of a Russian priest at her bedside to say some prayers over her.

While these lasted the pretended Grand Duchess was closely watched, and it was observed that several times while crossing herself she made a mistake, and did it according to the Latin rite, from left to right, instead of from right to left, as is done in the Greek Orthodox Church. This appeared more conclusive than almost anything else in regard to the establishing of her identity, according to those who persisted in considering her as an impostor.

WHEN, after this conversation with the Grand Duchess Olga, General R—— was ushered into the presence of the Empress, she arose from her chair to greet him, and, taking both his hands in her own, pressed them warmly. She looked the wreck of what she had been before. The beautiful eyes still looked at you with the same wonderful, soft expression they had always borne, but the face was marred by deep lines, especially around the mouth, and the figure was bent.

It was but the ghost of her former self that appeared to the General, and it seemed almost impossible to believe that this plainly, almost poorly dressed old lady in mourning, drawing closely around her thin shoulders a little Shetland scarf, could be the same that one had seen sparkling all over with diamonds and arrayed in gold or silver brocade, making the round of her guests at a Winter Palace ball.

She was the first one to speak.

"We meet in very different circumstances from what we did the last time we saw each other."

Then, noticing her visitor's emotion:

"You must not grieve too much over me," she went on. "I am quite reconciled to my lot and happy here. God has been very good to me by allowing me to return to my native land. At one time I thought I would never see it again."

She stopped for a few moments, then continued:

"My dear sister Alexandra used to say that faith was the best gift we could receive from God. I am thankful to say that I have kept my faith, not only in Him and His mercy, but also in the future of our beloved Russia. The day will come when light will be revealed to it, when this terrible nightmare will come to an end. All that has happened had to be, had to happen, because we were all great sinners deserving of a punishment."

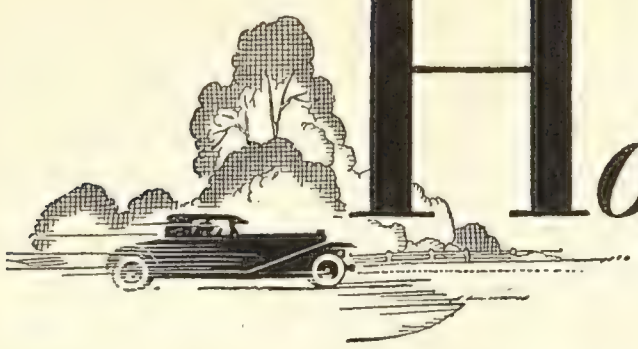
"Surely not you, madam," was the reply.

© P. & A. photos

Mme. Anastasia Tchaikowsky, who, it has been claimed, is the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

Above: Grand Duchess Anastasia.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]



How open is the open road?

It all depends on your brakes!

CURVED through the rolling hills or straight across the flat lands lies the Open Road. No traffic jams here, no signal lights. You let your car out. Forty, fifty miles per hour is the common pace.

Safe?

It all depends on your brakes.

No road is so open that you may not have to stop or slow down suddenly. Unless your brakes are good the gaiety of the open road may become ghastly tragedy in a split second. Brakes *are* important.

Don't take chances

You cannot afford to gamble with your own safety and that of your family. You cannot guess. *You must know.* Before you drive again have your brakes inspected at a Johns-Manville Service Station. If the lining is not in perfect condition, have it changed *now.* Tomorrow may be too late.

THE NEXT TURN MAY NOT BE OPEN

Use brake lining that *takes hold* most surely in rain, snow, cold, heat, anywhere and always; that is long-lived and safe. Such is Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining.

Johns-Manville Brake Lining is made by the world's greatest asbestos craftsmen. Its asbestos fibre resists heat. Its friction is sure. It is longer wearing. Be certain that your brakes are lined with this safe material. It is made in types and sizes for every passenger car or truck. In these days of fast moving traffic, the penalty for using poor brake lining is a terrible one on the open road. In the slower moving traffic of the city you *may* escape with a smashed fender, with minor injuries. But the open road is truly the open road only when your brakes are absolutely right. Don't gamble with calamity. Use Johns-Manville Brake Lining. In its tough asbestos fibres there is safety for you and your car on highway or city street.

Have your brakes inspected or re-lined where you see this sign.

JOHNS-MANVILLE . . . MASTER OF ASBESTOS

Both industry and home are supplied by Johns-Manville with many products made from Asbestos. For more than fifty years Johns-Manville has worked with Asbestos, and during that time has earned a position as the foremost technician in the use of that curious mineral. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are fireproof, substantial, good looking and permanent. They will protect and beautify your home, and add to its value.

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ASBESTOS MINERS & MANUFACTURERS

ROOFING AND INSULATIONS OF ENDURING FIREPROOF ASBESTOS

It is almost a certainty that your brakes need adjustment if not actual new lining. Don't delay. Too much is at stake. Tear this out and use it as a

MEMORANDUM

May 19th — *Have garage mechanic inspect my brakes today.*

If re-lining is required, insist on Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining. It makes driving safer everywhere.

TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear

One Dollar

TOPS THEM ALL . . .

WE designed the roomiest and most comfortable Union Suit . . . we chose the coolest and best-wearing materials for it . . . we fashioned and tailored it in the most expert manner . . . we made America's standard Dollar Value . . . *then we labeled it* TOPKIS!

Fine, durable fabrics—plain or fancy weaves. Men's Union Suits, $1.00, Shirts and Drawers, 75c each, Boys' Union Suits, 50c and 75c, Children's Waist Union Suits, 50c and 75c, Misses' Bloomer Union Suits, 50c and 75c.

Topkis Togs—Our new line of "athletic shorts," called Topkis Togs, come in white and assorted combinations—tailored the careful Topkis way.

TOPKIS BROTHERS CO., Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices: 93 Worth St. at Broadway, New York

Bend . . . reach . . . twist . . . stretch! The Topkis! Stabilizer gives you unlimited freedom. Launders perfectly. 100% fabric stretch—no rubber—that's the secret!

UNBREAKABLE
The materials at the waistline are joined with the Topkis Flatlock Stitch, using nine threads instead of one and forming a seam that cannot break out or pull apart.

[AN EMPRESS IN EXILE Continued from page twenty-four]

"Yes, I also; I had a share in the general catastrophe because—I see it now—I ought to have done many things I did not do. We are all guilty. However, this is passed and done with. What I want you to believe is that I am not as miserable as perhaps you fancy. I have kept my friends, friends who like yourself come to see me in my exile and remember me in my poverty. And for many years I had a very happy life, when the Emperor Alexander was alive and I was his loved and loving wife. See, this is all that I have been able to keep as a remembrance of those days."

And Marie Feodorovna showed to her visitor the solitary pearl, only remnant of her splendid necklace, and as she did so she softly kissed the jewel.

"The only thing I would like to know," she went on, after a short pause, "is what has become of Micha. I cannot believe that he has been killed. But where is he, where can he be, where do you think that he is hiding?"

"Siberia is a very large and unexplored country, madam," replied the General. "There are many places there where the Grand Duke can have found a refuge, and where he is awaiting an opportune moment to reappear and make himself known."

"Yes, that is what I am always telling myself," said the Empress; "but, oh, it is dreary work to be waiting and waiting and hearing nothing. My little Micha, my own boy! If only I knew where he is . . ." And big tears dropped down from her eyes and fell upon her dress.

After a short silence Marie Feodorovna recovered her composure and began speaking about the condition of things in Russia. Evidently she did not realize all the immensity of the changes which had taken place in the country over which she had ruled.

She still believed that Bolshevism was but a passing madness, and hoped that the Romanoffs would be asked once more to step upon the throne of the Ruriks, upon which they had sat in such splendor for three whole centuries. She did not, however, expect to see it during the few years "that are left to me to live," she added pathetically.

© Brown Bros. photo

Grand Duke Michael, a brother of the late Czar.

LATER on General R—— heard that at one time the Empress had found herself in such straitened circumstances that the ladies of Copenhagen had started among themselves a subscription in her behalf, which had yielded about 100,000 Danish crowns, upon which Marie Feodorovna had lived for a while, until her sister, the widowed Duchess of Cumberland, had removed from Germany to Denmark, and taken upon herself some of the household expenses of the Empress.

Outside of this help and of a small allowance which the Danish state makes to her as a Danish princess, Marie Feodorovna has absolutely no resources of her own, except what her son-in-law, Captain Kulikovski, gives to her.

But in spite of their poverty the inhabitants of the Villa Hvidore declare themselves happy and contented. Life has taught them at least one thing, and that is to accept smilingly all the hard knocks it brings to them. The last words of the Empress Marie Feodorovna to General R——, when she bade him good-by, were the following:

"Don't pity me too much; remember that I do not want to be pitied. I have lost much, but I have gained one thing: I have acquired the divine peace which passeth all understanding."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page sixty-three)

1—Who founded Rhode Island?
2—What is common to the following names: Exmoor, Cheviot, Merino, and Shropshire?
3—What is the capital of Venezuela?
4—What is a soporific?
5—Is aluminum a basic metal or an alloy?
6—Which one of the United States is named for a French king?
7—How many athletic events in a pentathlon? In a decathlon?
8—What is trinitrotoluol usually called?
9—What is an amanuensis?
10—What is a "grand" in underworld parlance?
11—What is myopia?
12—What do the initials q. e. d. stand for?
13—What British statesman was called the Grand Old Man?
14—What is common to all of these literary personages: Shakespeare, Howells, Bryant, Thackeray?
15—What American general in the Revolutionary War was called Mad Anthony?
16—What is a lexicographer?
17—Who led the recent rebellion of Riffs against France and Spain?
18—Which of the Disciples was a physician?
19—What is the usual nickname for Georgia?
20—What is a Tom Show in theatrical parlance?

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for only $745

The Coupe · Body by Fisher

a Successful Six now winning Even Greater Success

Not only does the Pontiac Six offer bodies by Fisher, smartly and vividly styled. Not only does it offer the most impressive array of advanced engineering features ever combined on a car in the low-priced field. But in addition it offers true six-cylinder smoothness and flexibility at a price every automobile buyer can afford.

In the New Series Pontiac, this six-cylinder performance has been developed to a point never before achieved in a car so inexpensive. For the Pontiac Six is the only car of such low price combining six-cylinder smoothness with 186 cubic inches displacement. It is the only low-priced six providing the famous G. M. R. cylinder head, cross-flow radiator and fuel pump—basic advantages contributing immeasurably to performance, owner satisfaction and long life. Even with all it offers—even though it is one of the most conspicuous values the industry affords today—even though it provides smoothness and luxury expected only in cars of much higher cost—the Pontiac Six is priced within reach of practically every purse. Drive a New Series Pontiac and learn the meaning of true six-cylinder luxury. And learn at the same time how little it costs to enjoy.

2-Door Sedan, $745; Coupe, $745; Sport Roadster, $745; Phaeton, $775; Cabriolet, $795; 4-Door Sedan, $825; Sport Landau Sedan, $875. Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Check Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices—they include lowest handling charges. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

Oakland Motor Car Co., Pontiac, Mich., General Motors Products of Canada, Ltd., Pontiac Division—Oshawa, Ont.

PONTIAC SIX

PRODUCT OF *new series* GENERAL MOTORS

Oh Man!

WHAT A RAZOR

it cost us $1,000,000

and it's FREE WITH A PURCHASE of 10 BLADES to you

NEWS of this great new AutoStrop is sweeping the country. Men are throwing away their antiques. They are finding longer blade life, easier changing, quicker, pull-proof shaving with the revolutionary $1,000,000 Valet AutoStrop.

You hear about it everywhere. Men are talking, boosting! It has made good—won leadership of the razor world over night. One thrifty man has told another, "It's the greatest razor ever built."

It's a smashing success—a revelation in shaving comfort, delightfully smooth. It cuts the toughest beards and tiniest hairs without nicking, scraping, roughing or even irritating the tenderest skin.

The new Valetite-processed blade, setting at a friendly angle and locked in a vise-like grip against a rigid support, is vibrationless and pull-proof. Insert or remove it by touching a button. Guard of new type gives you the full action of the entire cutting edge, which sharpens itself on the new, improved strop.

We are giving 1,000,000 of these new razors away. *During the next three weeks you get it free.* After that, regular prices! We want the world to know and agree that this is the finest razor ever built. We want you to get yours now and revel tomorrow in the luxurious comfort of the smoothest, swiftest shave ever known.

Go to your nearest dealer now. Buy 10 Valetite-processed blades at the regular $1 price. Get as a gift the sensational new razor and improved strop in an attractive box. Don't delay. Get yours today. If your dealer cannot supply you during the next three weeks, write to us direct.

NEW

VALET AutoStrop RAZOR

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 656 First Ave., New York, N. Y.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

HELPFUL HINTS TO PAINLESS PUBLICITY. How to get one's name on the front page without actually paying for it with one's life: be presented at Court in a dress fastened with trick fasteners; then, as you approach the throne, have an accomplice step on the train.

NOW IS THE TIME WHEN ALL GOOD CANDIDATES claim to be just homespun folks like Abraham Lincoln, but forget that the important thing is to be a political genius like that gentleman.

THE NICARAGUAN COUNCIL OF STATE tries to devise new immigration laws modeled after those of the United States with a quota on members of the United States Marine Corps fixed at not more than six.

THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. (*Ideas sent in by readers will be illustrated in this corner from time to time. The traditional sum of a penny will be paid for each thought used.*)

COMBINATION PENCIL, MEMO PAD, AND FLASHLIGHT for the use of wives who wish to recall the next morning what their husbands talked about in their sleep. (*Idea by Tom Bowyer, Winnipeg, Canada.*)

SMARTNESS

and long wear at half the cost

THIS luggage has the same rich grained surface and tasteful design—the same handsome appearance even after long, hard wear—as imported bags costing at least twice the money.

But in one important respect it is definitely superior to the costly de luxe models with which you instinctively compare it, yet it reduces the price to you at least one half.

This hand luggage is made of Naugahyde, a remarkably durable material developed after years of research by the United States Rubber Company.

Naugahyde brings to you a new usefulness which the finest leather cannot give. It's *waterproof*. Wash it with a wet cloth and the high finish becomes like new. Carry it in any weather. It will not stain, discolor or "water spot."

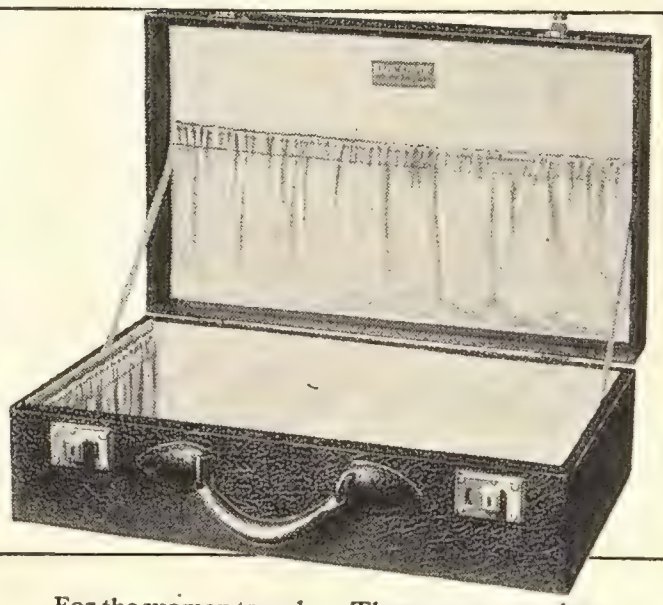
If your luggage dealer doesn't carry Naugahyde—write us. The United States Rubber Company, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

NAUGAHYDE LUGGAGE IS MADE ONLY BY THE UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Light in weight yet strongly built. Figured rayon lining. In black or two-tone Spanish leather finish, 15 or 18 inch sizes

Gladstone bag, sturdy and roomy. Handsome grained finish. Brass fittings. Fits under Pullman seat. Most popular with experienced travelers

A sturdy, waterproof club bag. Brass fittings. Checked lining. Fine walrus grain, 16, 18 and 20 inches long.



For the woman traveler. Three roomy pockets. In black or two-tone Spanish leather finish. 18, 20 and 22 inch sizes. Brass fittings.

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It's Waterproof

THERE IS NAUGAHYDE HAND LUGGAGE FOR EVERY TRAVELING NEED. PRICES FROM $6 TO $15

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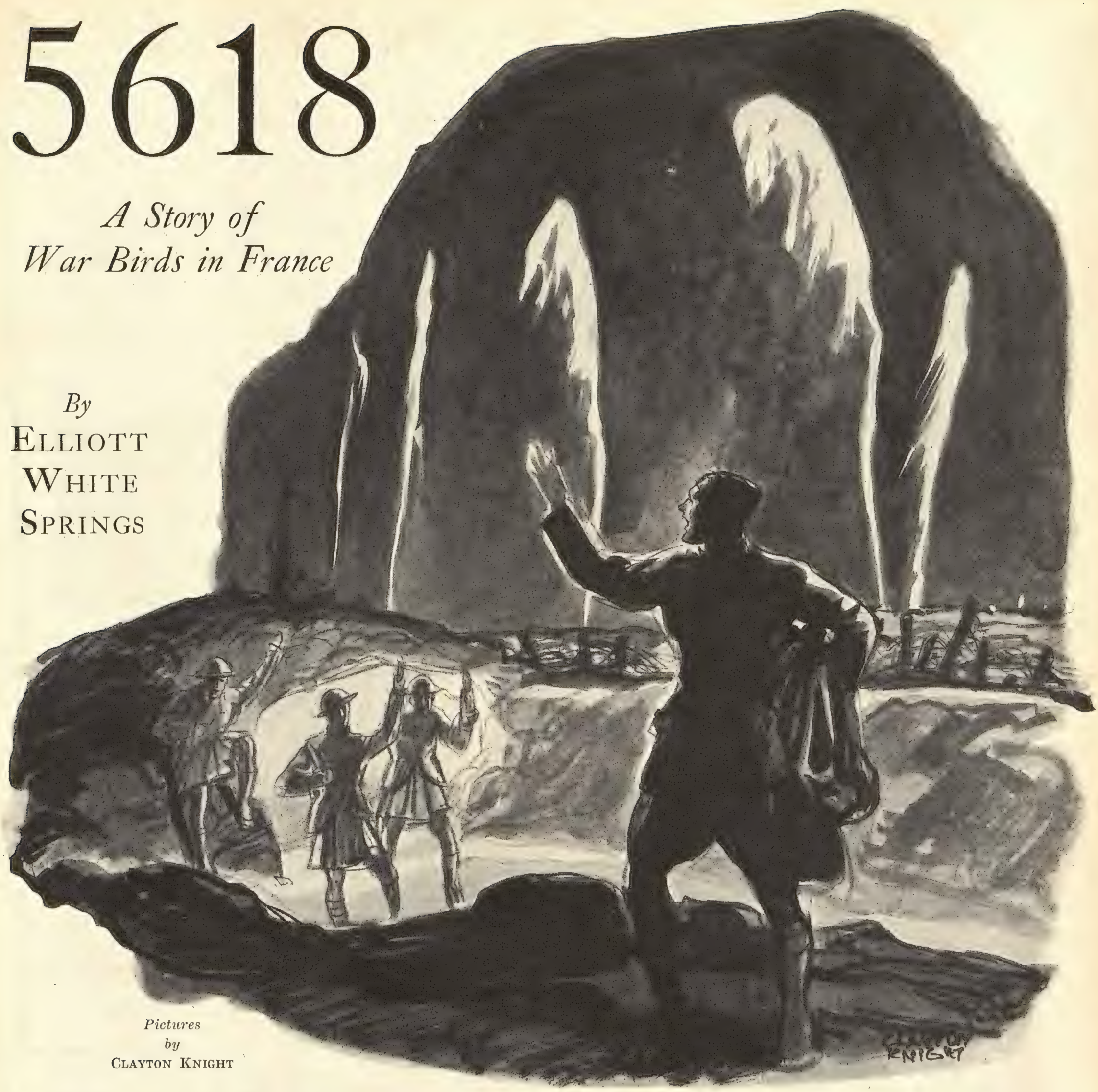
5618

A Story of War Birds in France

By
ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS



Pictures
by
CLAYTON KNIGHT

(Reading time: 25 minutes 27 seconds.)

He drank issue rum all afternoon with the Kilties. That night he walked to a brigade headquarters.

HENRY walked down to the hangars and inspected the six machines that were under his care. Three of them were ready for the patrol, lined up facing the hangars with the chocks in front of the wheels and the ailerons wedged with little blocks. Two of them were just inside the door of the hangar, with their crews digging feverishly into their bowels.

"Sergeant," called Henry.

"Yes, sir." A big burly figure came out of the cockpit feet first and landed in front of Henry at salute. The sergeant was a pipe fitter in civil life, and with six feet five of muscle and bone he was very particular about whom he saluted.

But if he neglected majors and colonels, he made up for it on Henry. He saluted Henry as a matter of punctuation.

"What's the chances, sergeant? Patrol in half an hour."

"You can have this one as soon as we get the new magneto timed. Fifty-six eighty-four has a busted cylinder. Gonna put a new motor in it. Won't be ready until the early patrol. Gonna work all night on it. Thirty-seven sixteen is waiting on a new center section. Fifty-six eighteen is ready for you."

"All right; carry on."

Henry walked over to C Flight's hangar to talk to Johnny Warren. Johnny was to lead the top flight—five machines above to protect him from a sudden swoop of Fokkers.

Johnny was looking over his log books and swearing at the machine-gun officer who was alibi-ing stoppages.

"Say, for Pete's sake, what're we going to do?" Johnny complained, dismissing the machine-gun officer as beneath contempt. "My men have been working all night and I only have four machines ready for this patrol."

"Yeh, and I got four," Henry told him. "What does the Colonel expect from us, anyway? They give us washed-out British planes with worn-out motors. When I get to thirteen thousand I haven't got enough compression to blow out a match. Then they send us out to fight new Fokkers just as if we had S. Es. My

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Lilac keeps your skin clear!

Unseen Nicks

can raise hob with your skin

They won't *ruin* your skin, of course—those unseen nicks the razor always leaves in the face after shaving. But they do give germs a chance to start embarrassing trouble-spots — little infections that *feel* as big as a house—and *look* unpleasant.

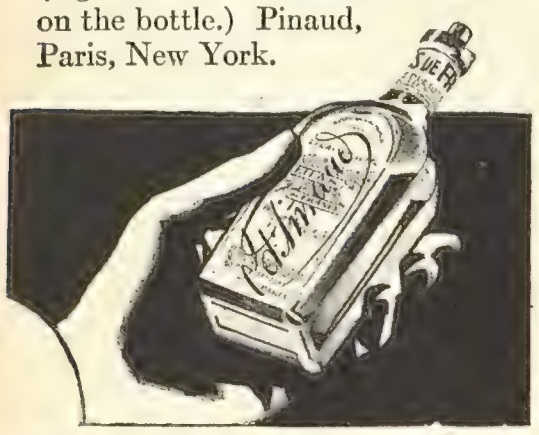
Now they need *never* happen!

Try this simple way of protecting your face—cleanse it all over, after each shave, with Pinaud's Lilac.

Lilac is the purest and finest skin antiseptic known. It's tonic, too! Gives your skin the ruddy glow of a good, brisk walk.

And the same wonderful ingredients, newly processed, make Lilac *blander* than before—give it a new, soothing *after*-effect—an even more delicate fragrance.

Try Pinaud's Lilac today! At all drug and department stores. (Signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle.) Pinaud, Paris, New York.



PINAUD'S LILAC

Lilas de France

Copr., 1928, Pinaud, Inc.

5618 Continued from page thirty-one

men have to work day and night to keep four out of six planes in the air. Why don't they give us some extra planes? They've got plenty."

"They're worn out, too."

"Well, they'd be better than nothing. Wish I had a couple of spare Camels."

"A Flight's got one."

"Yeh; the C. O's. He never flies, so they sneak it."

"That's where I missed out—letting A Flight take the trouble to look after it. I could've had it in my flight."

"You're a bright boy. You knew it would be extra work, so you ducked it. Why don't you persuade the Colonel to keep his Bristol over here? Then you and I could go up and shoot down Huns like gentlemen. I'm tired of being chased all over the sky. Self-defense is a fine thing if you kill a man at home, but it's not so much fun over here. Sooner or later your defense will conk."

"Yeh, I'm tired of fighting from underneath too. That's why I want to do a little arranging. I want to catch a Hun below me for a change."

"Say, don't get ambitious. I'll take my Huns where I find 'em, without trying to improve on God's arrangements."

"Take it easy."

"All right. All right. I'll be careful. Now, listen. I'm going over at thirteen thousand feet. There's not much wind and I'm going about ten miles over and turn south. I want you to stay high and keep back close to the lines. If you see me get leapt on, don't come down. I'll come back under you.

"Unless I miss my guess there'll be a layer of Huns up high trying to do the same thing they did yesterday. Well, I want you to leap on the top layer. See? They'll dive on me, of course, and you can come on down after them and we'll both get a crack at them."

"Say, listen, Henry, go easy."

"I will. All you've got to do is to make sure nothing gets between us while I'm over there. They've got the sun with them and there's sure to be a lot of them out. That bunch yesterday were part of the Baron's old circus, so that means they've moved sixty planes up opposite us. They always get the new planes and motors first. Get the pick of the Hun pilots and move up and down the line wherever the dirty work is going on."

"All right. I take off first and go on up through any clouds."

"All right. Let's go on out and get it over with."

HENRY walked back to his hangars. He was tired, very tired. Maybe he'd feel better after he got up.

His pilots were assembled in the office, getting into their flying clothes and studying the map.

"What's up this morning, Henry?" his deputy leader, Ben Thomas, asked him.

They were all nervous and jumpy and looked at him appealingly. Their lives were his to waste or save. His judgment, his skill, his eyesight were their only hope.

"Oh, usual O. Pip," Henry told them casually. "Only got four planes. I'll take Ben and Smitty and Ham. But listen here, all of you. I don't want any splitting up today. I want a close formation. And I mean a close formation. I want you close enough to read the numbers on my rudder. I'm going to throttle down to twelve hundred revs, and I want you close enough to talk to you.

"When I hold up my right hand, that means I'm going to open up, and I want you to be right with me. And after I get open I may dive some. Stick close. If the Fokkers dive on us, don't anybody try to fight. If they get close enough to open fire, I'll pull up and climb back after the closest one. Ben will come with me and you two rear men go under us. Then pull up and we'll come back under you. Then get in formation again. Get it? I'll promise you I won't let you get hit. You stick to me. Stick to me. Stick like a plaster."

Henry was getting into his flying suit. He was wearing slacks, a white shirt, and a sweater. There

was nothing to show that he was an officer or even a soldier. He put on a pair of heavy fur overalls which had a big fur collar up to his nose. Then he pulled on a pair of sheepskin boots and a fur helmet and walked out to his plane.

HIS mechanics greeted him with pride in their eyes and buttoned him up carefully. He put his goggles in his bosom under the fur to warm them so they would not fog up from the heat of his face when he put them on. The mechanics lifted him into his plane and buckled his safety belt across his waist. Then they adjusted the shoulder yoke that was his own invention—two heavy straps over his shoulders and down his sides to the seat to keep him in position behind his gun sight when the plane was upside down.

His guns were focused so that he needed only one sight for both of them, and it was bolted to the fuselage in front of his face so that he sighted his guns by sighting the whole plane, and for both guns he used only one trigger, which was mounted on his control stick. He had two pairs of gloves, one silk and one fur and leather. But he didn't put these on until he had surveyed his cockpit carefully and tested his gadgets.

He was so tightly fastened in now that he could move nothing freely but his feet and hands. His feet were on the rudder, almost level with his waist, and his hands could just reach the two feed blocks on his guns. He loaded and unloaded both guns and then tested his synchronized gear to see that his guns fired at the right time to miss the propeller blades.

EVERYTHING seemed to be all right. The dust cover on his telescopic sight was in working order. There were his tools at his hand—a small aluminum hammer and a forked gadget. A spare lock was in its little pocket. He looked at his gasoline line cocks—five of them—all turned right. Switches off. There was his signal pistol and four cartridges. He glanced in his box. There were pencil and paper, cigarettes, a bar of chocolate, and a flask.

He adjusted his goggles and put on his gloves. Then he shook his control stick and kicked his rudder, to see that his controls were free. All this without the slightest mental effort. He had been doing this twice a day for five months now. He had systematized the process until it was automatic.

An orderly came up and saluted and held out a box.

"Has the lieutenant any papers on his person that might be of value to the enemy?" he asked.

"No," said Henry. The orderly saluted, about-faced.

Henry wished they would hurry up and get started. It was hot in all his furs. But at thirteen thousand it would be zero. He had a silk stocking tied over his nose and mouth to keep them from getting frostbitten. Funny about that stocking—

He waved to Johnny as C Flight taxied forward from the line and took off.

A mechanic sprang up in front of his motor.

"Switch off!" the mechanic shouted.

"Switch off!" called Henry, and the mechanic spun the propeller around.

"Contact!" shouted the mechanic. It was his sergeant. He never permitted any other mechanic to touch Henry's machine.

"Contact!" shouted Henry.

The motor started with a sharp explosion and settled down to a steady whir as Henry adjusted his carburetor mixture. Two mechanics held the wings while he opened the throttle wide. Thirteen fifty—1375 the tachometer showed. He tested first one magneto and then the other. Both all right. He throttled back until his motor was idling. How tired he was!

He nodded to the mechanics on the wings, and they pulled the blocks out from under his wheels. He opened the throttle and rolled forward slowly. His sergeant stood at salute. Henry waved good-by to him and opened his throttle. He glanced at the wind cone and turned into the wind and stopped.

His other three machines took up their positions behind him like the letter V. He looked up. There was Johnny at 1,500 feet. He raised his right hand and opened

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

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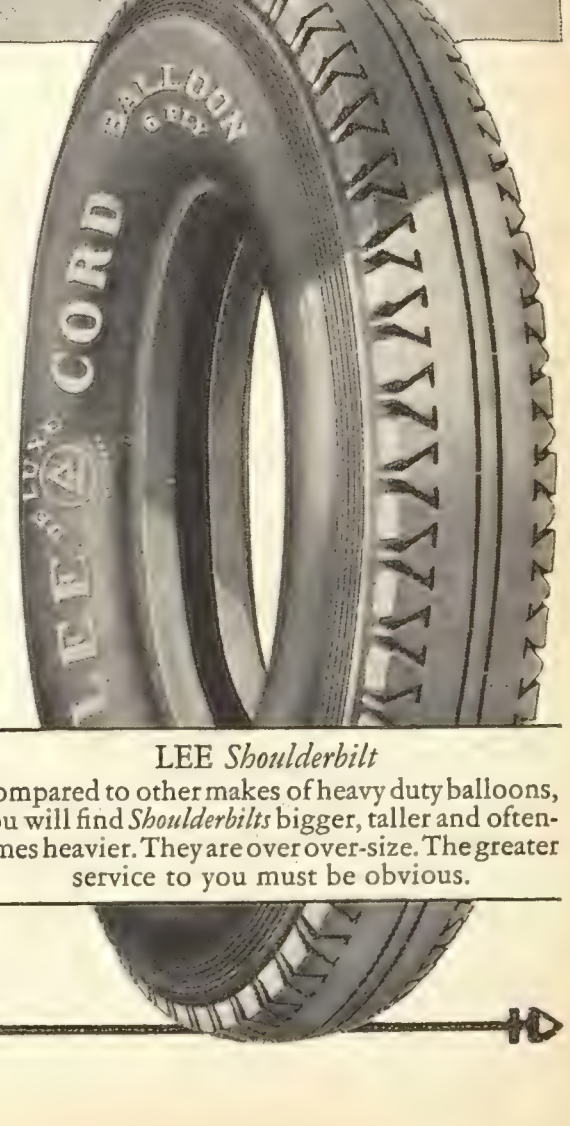

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5618

[Continued from page thirty-two]

the throttle. The field was skimming by beneath him. A bump and he was off, swaying slightly. He pulled around in a graceful left-hand climbing turn and flew back over the field. Until he reached 1,000 feet he stayed over the field. If anybody had trouble they would have no difficulty in getting back into it.

Nine minutes later he was at 8,000 feet, climbing slowly eastward to the lines. There was a heavy layer of clouds at 9,000 feet and he watched Johnny take his three men up through a gap in them. He picked a big gap himself and circled up through it, while his men strung out in single file behind him. Above them the sun was shining brightly, so brightly it nearly blinded him. Below were a million woolly puffs sailing calmly by—endlessly.

Here was another world—boundless—absolute. He was alone with the sun. The ground was not visible, except in occasional spots through breaks in the clouds. He flew by the sun now, keeping his nose toward it.

HE loaded both guns methodically. My God, he was tired! And in ten minutes he must be alive—keen as a blade. The others' lives depended on his mind, his sight, his concentration. He fired both guns to warm them up. O. K. He tested both magnetos. O. K.

As he climbed higher he could see the ground better. The gaps showed a large slice of landscape below. At 13,000 he crossed the lines and bestirred himself. There were only a few broken clouds below now.

He swept the sky on a level with his eye and saw nothing. Then he began systematically to search above him in layers. Every sector of the sky he studied carefully. Johnny was at 15,000. Down south was a patrol of ten planes coming in at 16,000, evidently the early morning patrol going home. Everything quiet.

He squinted and put his thumb up before his eye and studied the sun long and carefully. He couldn't look at the sun itself, but he could hold his thumb over the burning ball and look toward it. There was nothing up there.

He tilted his machine first to the left and then to the right and looked below him. He was so tightly strapped in that he could not lean over the side. Besides that, it was cold when he looked out from behind his windshield. Nothing below. He warmed up his guns again.

This he repeated every three minutes in detail. Every section of the sky—above, below, and at his level—he studied carefully. Where were the Fokkers?

For ten minutes he climbed slowly, headed east into Hunland. The lines ran north and south on that sector. Never was his machine on an even keel for a second—he was twisting and turning constantly to be able to see at a different angle. The center of his top wing was cut out entirely so he could see up and ahead, and he had a tiny mirror under his windshield so that he could see his men without turning around, but he could see nothing straight ahead.

FAR ahead and 5,000 feet below he saw a tiny black speck against the white background of clouds. He watched intently, and his eyes picked up a bright flash as the sun was reflected on its wings. A two-seater, probably. He fired both guns and shook his plane fore and aft. Then he turned and pointed his arm down toward the two-seater. The others fired their guns. That meant they saw it too and agreed with him that it was a German two-seater.

There were two black balls of smoke in front of him that grew in size tremendously—like genii. Archie! He laughed. Well, it was about time! He counted fifteen and turned south. There were four more bursts to his left. He counted fifteen and turned southwest. Four more bursts to his left. He counted fifteen—for that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

He counted fifteen and turned southwest. Four more bursts to his left. He counted fifteen—and turned south again.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

ELECTRIC! modern!

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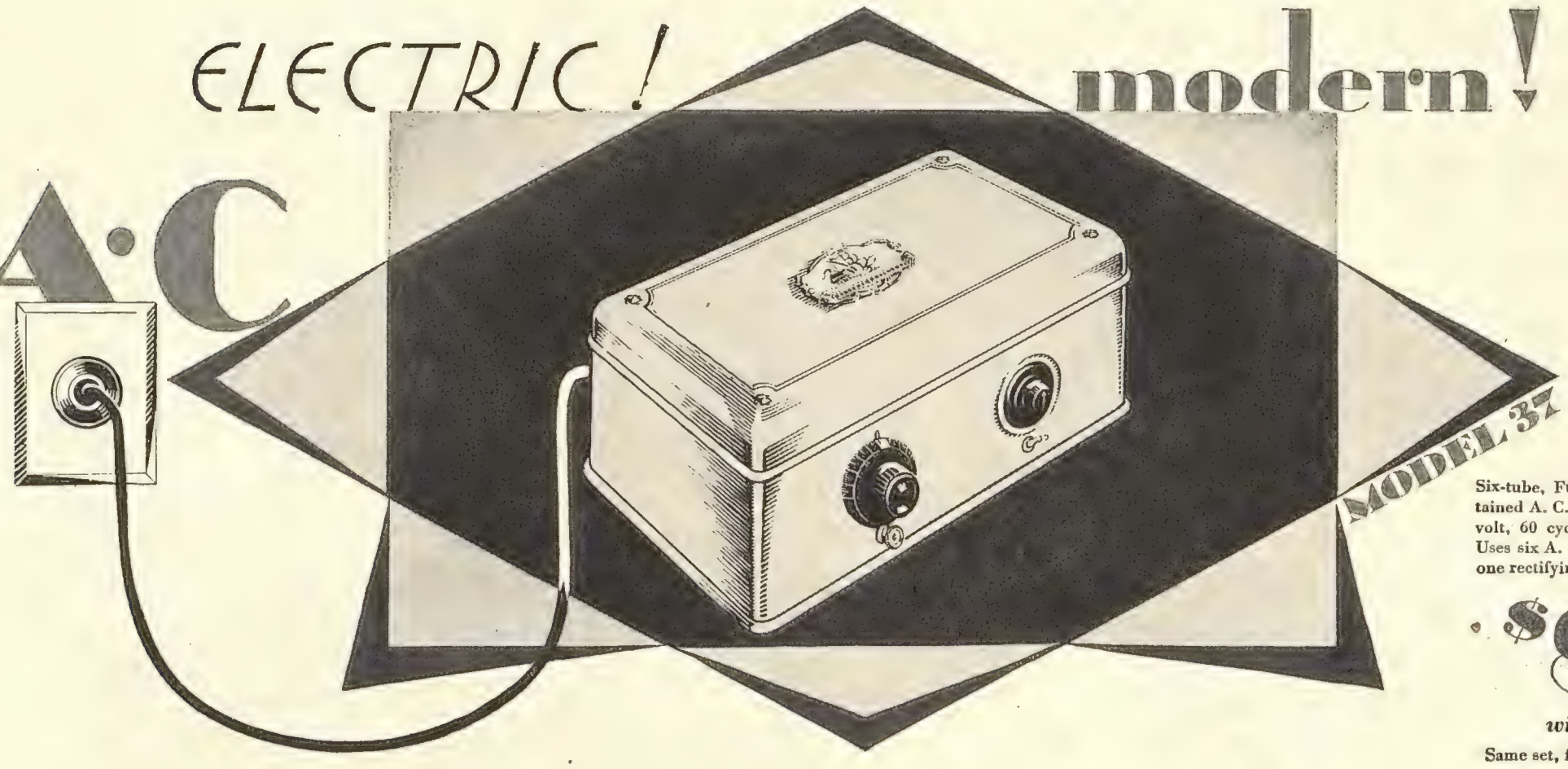

MODEL 37

Six-tube, FULL-VISION Dial, self-contained A. C. set. For use with 110-115 volt, 60 cycle, Alternating Current. Uses six A. C. amplifying tubes, and one rectifying tube.

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Hear the candidates nominated—and hear them later as they knock at your door to make their plea—by radio. Take in the Tunney-Heeney fight, too. Sit at the ringside with Graham McNamee.

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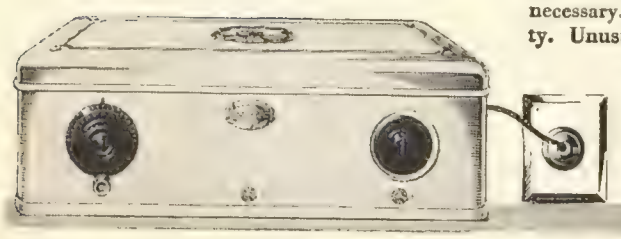

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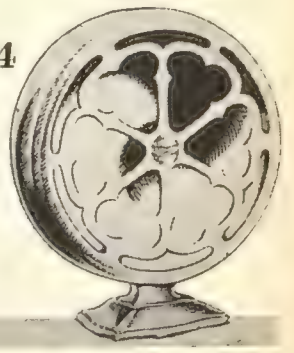

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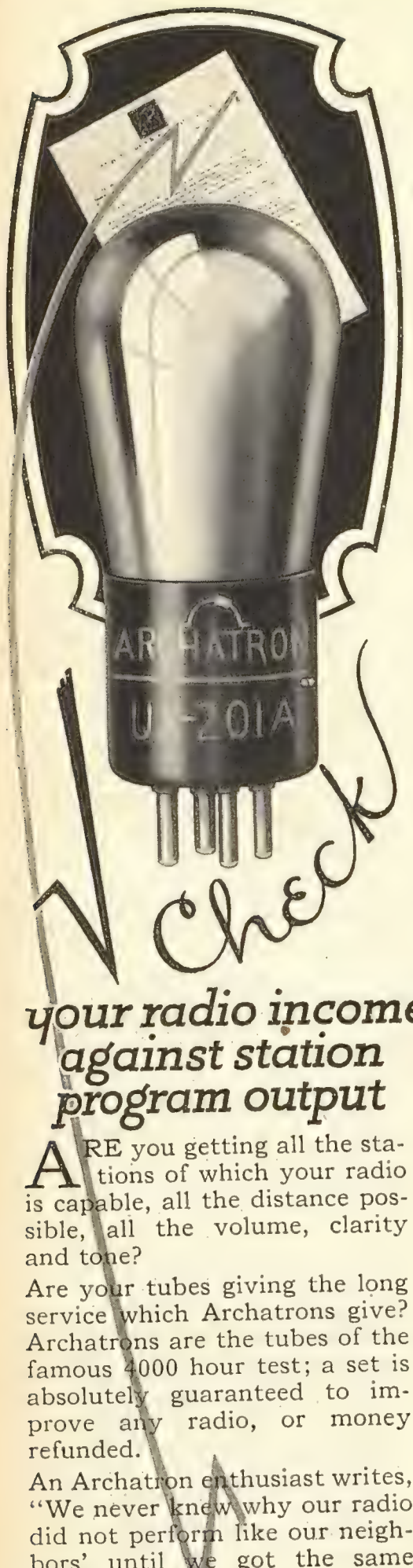

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RADIO TUBES
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The Ken-Rad Corporation, Inc.
Owensboro, Kentucky

[5618 Continued from page thirty-four]

was how long it took a shell to reach him from the gun—and turned south again. This he repeated a dozen times until the Archie battery gave it up. All they wanted to do was to signal and point him out to their own planes. The two-seater disappeared through the clouds.

Meanwhile he was still studying the sky. There was Johnny all right. He could just make out four specks against the high clouds floating somewhere between 25,000 and 30,000 feet.

How tired he was! If he could only just stop looking for five minutes! His mind flinched from the terrific concentration.

But he must not let down for ten seconds. It might be all over if he did.

He was going south now, twelve miles across the lines and parallel to them. The sun was white in its intensity. His eyes were sore, but he looked steadfastly at it, his thumb before them. God, he was tired!

SUDDENLY he saw a speck. Was it a speck? He looked again and changed his course to the west. Yes, there was something up there between him and the sun. How many, he couldn't tell. He fired his guns and pointed up. No response from his men. They were all asleep.

Fools! Couldn't they even take the trouble to look? They didn't think much of their necks. He waved for them to come up close and raised his right arm. He was alive now—there was no more tired feeling. He pushed back his goggles—no goggles on while firing.

He opened his throttle wide and turned slightly back toward the south. He didn't want to appear to be running. He put his nose down a little and turned a little more to the west. He looked back, but could see nothing for the sun, so turned south again and held up his thumb. There they were! Four of them.

The same game! How many more up above? Soon see.

He turned back toward the lines and put his nose down further. One hundred and ten—120—130—140—150 miles an hour; that was fast in those days. Were the Huns coming down? Yes, but cautiously. There were the others—high above—must be at 17,000. Well, he must get them down under Johnny.

One of his men was lagging behind. Henry slowed up to permit him to close in. Bloody fool! That's what the Fokkers wanted—to leap on a straggler.

The four Fokkers were coming down fast now. Four to four. All right. They had the sun and the height. Must get them down. Nothing else in the sky. Not a plane to help!

ONE Fokker was in range now. He opened fire at the rear man, who had fallen behind fifty yards. Henry pulled up sharply, did a quick climbing turn, and faced the Fokker head on.

As he did so he opened his sight cover and pressed his trigger. Both his guns spat a stream of lead. The Fokker held his fire a second too long and enabled him to get on a level before he saw him.

Henry was firing wild. The Fokker went on by, under him. He was tempted to half roll on top of him and get him—that was the fighter's instinct—but he remembered those others high above and held his altitude. Ben was behind him and he turned back to the lines. There were his other two—500 feet below and a mile away. He turned toward them.

Two more Fokkers came down after them, and they dove with engines full on. The other two turned back toward them and the Fokkers pulled up as Henry and Ben dove under their protection. In thirty seconds they were back in formation and headed toward the lines again.

Henry looked at his altimeter: 9,000 feet. His compass was spinning around, so he got his direction from the sun. There were the lines five miles away. The wind was neutral. He would fight now.

He turned north and began to climb a little. The Fokkers were hovering 2,000 feet above and a mile to the east of him.

He looked up. No sign of Johnny; but he was up there somewhere, watching those four high Fokkers. Did they see Johnny? Probably not.

He turned east as the four Fokkers started their dive and put his nose down to pick up speed. As they got without range, he turned south in a narrow circle. Fine! The Fokkers were just at the wrong level. They turned and maneuvered to come in on the two rear men. Henry turned around slowly to the right. The Fokkers were level and ready to open fire. So was he. He took one head on. They were both firing. The Fokkers turned and so did Henry. Another Fokker flashed by him, firing at Ben.

IT was every man for himself now—a dog fight. What was going on up above? He was firing, but glanced up as the Hun he had in his sight turned. There they came, four more Fokkers. Fine. Hurrah!

And there came Johnny down from the west to pounce upon them. Eight to eight, only five miles over, and he had the advantage of the top flight. The four other Fokkers arrived just as Johnny opened on the tail one. Everybody pick his man and stick to him!

One gun stopped. His throttle hand went forward automatically and cleared it. His motor was spluttering. He changed his adjustment. The other gun stopped. He cleared it. He saw a streak of yellow sparklets go by in front of him. Where did that Fokker come from? He kicked his rudder, cleared another stoppage, and half rolled. So did the Fokker who was firing at him. Henry caught a glimpse of him and noticed that he had a streamer on his rudder.

"Ah, ha! The leader!" thought Henry. "I'll get you, old top, and end this tricky stuff right now for good and all."

He was about to open fire when he looked up. My God, there were ten more Fokkers! Where did they come from? So that was it?

Henry let up on his triggers and looked about him. Everybody was free. He grabbed his signal pistol and fired a red light into the air.

The eight Fokkers were to the east now, waiting on the ten above to come down. Henry turned quickly and dived toward the lines. They all followed him in one close formation. The lower Fokkers were not quick enough to cut him off and only took a crack at a straggler, who promptly dove.

Back of the lines they restored the formation at 3,000 feet. Too late to climb back up again—the Fokkers would watch them, anyway. Look for a two-seater and go on home.

Henry climbed back to 5,000 feet and followed the lines north. He crossed over and enjoyed watching the Germans pull down their balloons. He made a feint at one and was delighted to see the observer jump out. Good fun, what? Occasionally he got a little Archie.

Once he saw the flash of an Archie battery on the ground and he turned and dived on it, firing both guns. The battery ceased firing. Where were the Fokkers? Up high. They didn't want to fight Camels down low. Wait and catch them up high.

AN hour and three-quarters gone. Time to go home. He waggled his wings and waved both hands. Everybody turned toward home.

Henry dove and fired his remaining ammunition into the German trenches from 200 feet and scooted back. He laughed as he saw a bullet hole appear in his right wing. Good shot, Jerry! Gosh, it was hot down low!

He dropped down to the tree tops. There was a long straight road below him, open flat fields on both sides. He dropped down into the fields and flew along parallel to the road with his wheels not twenty feet above the ground. The road was packed with troops. They all waved to him. He waved back. It was dusty, so he pulled up.

There was the canal. He dropped down in the canal. The banks were higher than his wings as he rushed along with his wheels a foot above the water. There was a canal boat. See the man lie down flat on it! Well, he'd better!

He pulled up over a bridge and some wires, then dropped down on the other side. He cut across a meadow, flew between two haystacks, hurdled a fence, and cut his throttle in time to side-slip and land in front of the hangars.

THE mechanics came running out to meet him and held his wings while he taxied in.

The others were already back, standing around taking off their flying clothes or examining their planes.

His sergeant stood at attention as the mechanics helped him out of his harness and on to the ground.

"Did you get anything, sir?" he asked.

"No," Henry told him in disgust; "and I might have, if I hadn't had six stoppages. Send me the gunnery sergeant and see how many bullet holes I've got."

"Eight," one of the mechanics told him; "but all of 'em bad shots. Nothing near you, sir."

Johnny came strolling over as Henry was taking off his fur overalls.

"Damn well done, you poor fool," Johnny congratulated him. "You've got a hell of an idea about being careful. We got out of that just in time. If we are going to fight Fokkers, we've got to have more planes to do it with. Did you see those top Fokkers—the third layer?"

"No; did you?"

"No, not till it was too late. Good thing I didn't. I'd have stayed up to keep them off you and let you fight it out with the eight."

"Well, that would have been all right," Henry told him. "We were licked before we started."

"You said a mouthful. We were licked before we left the ground. Now, remember that the next time."

"It's your turn to lead next time."

"All right. I'll lead a patrol on this side of the lines for a change."

"Suit yourself. Did you get anything?"

"No. Didn't have a chance. What about you?"

"Nope. Too many stoppages. What about those Fokkers? Aren't they better than the old ones?"

"Sure. One pulled right away from me in a turn, and the old ones couldn't outclimb me below fifteen thousand."

They walked over to the squadron office to make out combat reports and tell the C. O. there was a war on.

The sergeant came in to tell him that one of his spars was shot through and his plane would need a new wing. That meant only four machines for the next patrol. Henry swore softly. The sergeant, feeling the inadequacy of Henry's vocabulary, assisted him with a few choice expressions from the plumbing trade while standing rigidly at attention. How could he be expected to maneuver four planes when he should have six? How could he act as decoy when he only had four planes above to get the game? Four or even two machines more meant victory or defeat in a dog fight.

NEXT day the infantry was advancing and Henry's squadron was detailed for ground strafing. They were sent out in twos with four little bombs strung under the fuselage. They crossed the lines low and flew over the enemy's territory to find targets for their bombs. Then they raked the enemy lines and support area with their machine guns.

Henry and Ben went out together for the third trip. They were headed for the Cambrai-Le Cateau split-ear road. Troops had been reported retreating on each side of it.

They crossed the lines at 1,500 feet and flew down the road on each side of it. The artillery was engaged in a gigantic duel, and here and there a tank was crawling across the ground, but the infantry was under cover.

Then Henry saw something and yelled into the rushing air about him. It was a troop of Hun cavalry two miles ahead. He waved to Ben and pointed down. Ben waved back and they both dived. Fourteen hundred feet—1,200—1,000—800—600—down they came on the advancing column.

Flying straight at them, Henry pulled his bomb release four times and pressed his trigger. Two streams of sparkling lead were pouring into the column, which had halted and then bolted. Horses and men were breaking for the fields. Henry pulled up in a climbing turn and dived back. He saw Ben firing into a massed formation at the rear as he raked the ditches, where he could see men huddled.

The cavalry had ceased to exist and only a mass of horseflesh

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Go get a side car from the E. O. Put in some tools, a spare gas line complete, and five gallons of petrol." . . . In three hours they were working on the lost 5618.

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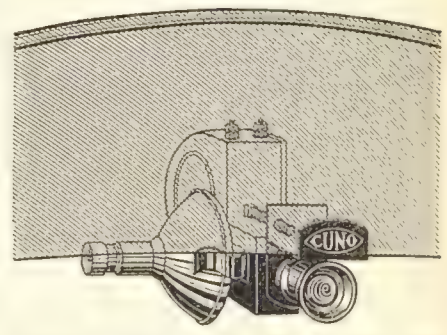


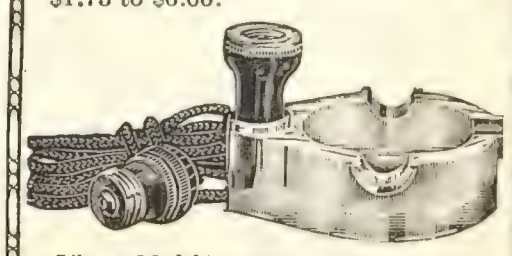
"Electric Match" No. 603 Deluxe Dash Model with Utility Lamp.

For lighting cigarette, cigar or pipe—just pull out the lighter—in a second a red hot glow is automatically ready for your light. No fussing for matches, no danger in taking hands off wheel.

With an "Electric Match" only one hand is necessary—and your eyes are on the road. The "Electric Match" is "the light that won't blow out."

If you need an emergency illumination at night for looking at motor or changing tires—just insert the lamp in place of the heating unit. It takes only a second and you have a utility light with six foot of cord. Or it may be used as a spotlight.

Other model "Electric Matches" from $1.75 to $6.00.



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AGENTS—write for special proposition

THE CUNO ENGINEERING CORP.
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American mothers are bearing

better babies

since the introduction of this salt

It is needless, now, for any woman to develop simple goiter during pregnancy and thus give birth to a goitrous baby.

For the use of Morton's Iodized Salt throughout pregnancy makes it virtually impossible for either mother or child to have this all-too-common affliction.

Babies who are born with goiter have a greatly reduced chance of living through infancy. Even if they do survive they are unlikely to develop properly, either physically or mentally.

Thus every expectant mother should begin at once to use Morton's Iodized Salt on the table and in cooking. Made by one of America's oldest and most reliable salt makers, it contains just enough tasteless iodine to prevent simple goiter but not enough to disturb the most delicate system.

Morton Salt Company, Chicago

MORTON'S SALT

IODIZED FOR GOITER PREVENTION - ALSO PLAIN

When it rains it pours

5618

[Continued from page thirty-seven]

cluttered the road and riderless horses ran across the fields.

Now to get back. The carbines were spitting at him from the ditches.

He zigzagged and followed the contour of a gentle slope. Out of range of the cavalry now! He kicked his rudder right and left, but kept going in the general direction of the lines. Ben was just behind him. God, for a fast plane! His Camel would only do 100. An S. E. would do 130. A Fokker would do even better. He seemed to be barely crawling now.

Crack — crack — crack! What was that? He turned around as far as his shoulder yoke would permit. Crack—crack—crack! An ugly square-winged Fokker was firing at Ben. Henry turned quickly and opened fire on the Fokker. It pulled up. He turned for the lines again.

Crack, crack, crack! Another Fokker was firing at him. He couldn't pull up now—there were four Fokkers above—so he went down—down to the tree tops, zigzagging furiously to throw off their aim. They could not stay behind him—he was too low; but they were faster and could pull up and dive at him. There was Ben ahead with a Fokker firing at him casually from long range. It kept him from climbing.

IT seemed hours that he followed the ground like a steeplechaser. Lucky he knew how. His skylarking was standing him in good stead now. God, for a fast plane! They were having plenty of time to hit him.

Crack, crack, crack! That damn Hun leader again. Why hadn't he got him yesterday? There were the lines— Oh, God, look the other way for ten seconds! Don't let this Heinie hit me! He can't miss me. Thud! A spray of gasoline—silence—the motor had conked!

There was an open field below him. He turned, side-slipped, and came to rest in a hollow. Crack—crack—crack! The Huns were still firing at him. Balked of their prey on high, they'd get him on the ground. He leaped out and ran for a trench. Who would be in it—Germans or British? Well, any port in a storm.

He fell over the parapet and landed at the entrance of a dugout with his mouth full of clay. Welcoming hands pulled him in. A kilted soldier unbuckled his flying suit as he panted from exhaustion.

There was a heavy bombardment on, so he stayed in the dugout and drank issue rum all afternoon with the Kilties. They were going to push on the next morning at dawn.

That night he walked to a brigade headquarters and found a car going back to G. H. Q. which took him by the squadron. He found Johnny and Ben gloriously drunk, alternately making his funeral oration. In a few minutes his sergeant came to the door to look at him and make sure he was safe. The sergeant was drunk also. And in fifteen minutes so was Henry.

The next morning the wing-equipment officer was informed of the loss of Camel No. 5618. Henry reported that when he started back it was still exposed to bombardment. The E. O. then transferred 5618 from the squadron records to the Aircraft Depot at Aire and told the squadron to send at once to the A. D. for a replacement. Henry sent one of his new men down to Aire and borrowed a plane from A Flight to go on patrol.

Two days later, on his way back from a ground strafe, he decided to locate his Kiltie friends and stunt for them as thanks for their hospitality. He found them engaged about two miles in advance of their former position and too busy to appreciate any exhibition from him. A few bullets whizzed by his wings and he came on back, flying low across the shell-torn terrain. He passed over the spot where he had landed and there was his Camel, just where he had left it. He circled low over it. The shelling had miraculously spared it. Then there was nothing wrong with it but the gas pipe shot through! Apparently the A. D. wasn't going to send for it. He hurried on home with a brilliant idea.

"Can you ride a motor cycle?" he asked the sergeant after he landed.

"I won a race once on a half-mile dirt track, sir," the sergeant told him.

"All right. Go get a side car from the E. O. Tell him it's none of his business. Put in some tools, a spare gas line complete, and five gallons of petrol. Then come down to mess for me; we're going on a s i g h t - s e e i n g trip."

In three hours they were working on the lost 5618. The main line to the carburetor had a hole in it and the sergeant expertly fitted a new section. Everything else was as it had left the squadron, and with petrol the engine started at once.

The next problem was to get it off the ground. Henry taxied it 200 yards and found a short road. It was not smooth, but it was at least level. A short run along it and he was in the air. In fifteen minutes he was back at the squadron. Thereafter Henry never had less than five machines on a patrol.

MONTHS later the adjutant at the A. D. walked into the C. O.'s office studying a paper.

"This American squadron has returned their Camels," he informed him. "According to the records they have nineteen planes. But I've counted them three times and I make it twenty."

"Can it be possible they've bred one?" the C. O. suggested, with a smile.

"They've all got our numbers on them. We aren't short any. What shall I do?"

"Got their log books?"

"Only nineteen."

"Check out the odd plane and see when we wrote it off."

THE adjutant returned in a few minutes.

"Fifty-six eighteen was reported lost in action. We gave them a replacement. Goss investigated and reported the plane destroyed by bombardment on the ground. Here's his report. What shall I do?"

"Do? Use your head. The Americans have presented you with a private vehicle. Thank them for not taking it south with them as a souvenir. Send me Lieutenant Goss."

Lieutenant Goss came into the office later and saluted.

The C. O. eyed him solemnly.

"Lieutenant Goss," he began, "several months ago a Camel was shot down in the reserve trenches near Marcoing, and I sent you up to investigate its position and condition. You reported it obliterated by shell fire. Is that correct?"

"I believe so, sir."

"Well, what I want to know is, did you have a nice time in Dieppe that day?"

"Sir, there was a heavy bombardment—"

"Yes, I know. Those girls in Dieppe put over a terrible barrage, don't they? Well, never mind that. What I want to know is this: If you are called before a court martial, are you prepared to swear that Camel Fifty-six Eighteen was to your knowledge destroyed by shell fire?"

"As far as I know, sir."

"Right-o. Carry on."

And as Lieutenant Goss went back to his office, he mumbled to himself, "Now, who would have thought the old man would have been chivying the nymphs in Dieppe? But that's the only way he could have caught me. The old bounder! And I wonder why he never mentioned it before. Must have been ashamed."

Henry swore softly. How could he be expected to maneuver four planes when he should have six?

This is the first of a series of three stories by Elliott White Springs. The second—9214—giving more of Henry's vivid wartime aviation thrills, will appear in Liberty next week.

Under *the* Red Cross

A Veteran's Experience in Nursing, Where Drama Narrows to a Needle Point

An Article by

GRACE ROBINSON

(Reading time: 21 minutes 12 seconds.)

© Bachrach

Miss Marian E. Rottman, World War overseas veteran and head of the Bellevue School of Nursing, New York City.

A STUDENT nurse, immaculate in her blue and white stripes, stood in an operating room at old Bellevue—that vast city institution maintained for the sick poor of New York.

It was one of those fiercely dramatic moments in hospital life—when the great, high-powered lamps shed beams of day on the spotless table; when the alert nurses wait with eyes fixed on the white, unconscious form of the patient; when the surgeon with quick hand and sharp knife is making the first incision.

Slowly the red blood welled up. The white-robed assistant doctors gently swabbed it up with gauze. They kept on swabbing, with deft movements keeping the field of operation clear for the surgeon's work.

The student nurse—a slight, dark-haired girl—grew deathly pale. She had lost a shade of her usual rosiness when the suffocating ether fumes filled the room. At the sight of blood she became as pallid as the waxlike figure on the table. She did not move or cry out. Nurses don't do that. But one of the assisting doctors noticed her.

"Go outside—duck your head—stay out till you feel better," he counseled.

She left the room, bent her body double until the blood had rushed back to her brain, and presently had regained her composure.

. . . . .

Let us now glide forward nine years. The World War is raging. The American troops are in it. They are pushing forward in the tremendous St. Mihiel drive of September, 1918.

Into the hospitals the wounded are pouring. To Evacuation Hospital No. 1, United States Army, near Toul, they are being brought in a steady stream, as fast as ambulances and trucks can carry them.

Day and night the surgeons are working, removing shrapnel and shell fragments, trying to mend the ugly work the guns have wrought.

The nurses are making their rounds at night without lights, for fear of the boche guns, and laboring in the brightly lighted operating room, carefully camouflaged so that not the smallest beam can betray the hospital's location to the enemy planes that lurk overhead.

In this vast area of misery and succor, where the operations go on day and night, there is one who is known as Chief Surgical Nurse.

It is her job to see that there are plenty of sterilized instruments in readiness for the twenty-six operating tables, that there is plenty of linen and surgical dressings, and an ample supply of normal salt solution for infusion when the life stream of a patient runs low. She must assign nurses to the operating rooms, and see that all operating rooms are fully staffed.

To her, blood and ether and the horrible sights and sounds of an army surgery table are as usual as coffee and the morning newspaper are to you. She never quails. She is an army nurse—a dignitary among army nurses.

In the great white apron over her gray jersey uniform she seems as strong as the Rock of Gibraltar, and as dependable as the sun.

This is Marian E. Rottman—the same who nine years before, in Bellevue Hospital, New York, was obliged to leave the operating room and duck her head because the blood and the ether brought her near to fainting.

Picture by F. Rogers

After the war was over she was cited by General Pershing for "especially conspicuous and meritorious service in Evacuation Hospital No. 1."

. . . . .

"THE moral of it is that even a delicate, high-strung girl can accustom herself to those difficulties in nursing that at first seem insurmountable," Miss Rottman says now. "Provided, of course, she is really in earnest about her vocation."

Miss Rottman is back at the hospital where she completed her course. She is head of the Bellevue School of Nursing.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-TWO]

The Way to Remove Dingy Film from Lovely Teeth

When Film is Gone Teeth Grow Dazzling White and Sparkling

Film forms on teeth and gives them that dull, "off-color" look. It fosters serious tooth and gum disorders.

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

THERE IS A SPARKLE in your smile—a dazzling whiteness—you may not dream of. This way of cleansing teeth uncovers it, enhancing natural beauty and safeguards glorious health.

WHAT robs teeth of ivory brightness? What makes them more discolored one time than another?

And why, when looking their worst, do teeth decay more rapidly, gums grow sore and sensitive?

These questions dental science answers in three words—"film on teeth." What film is, how it acts, are told below.

To combat it successfully where ordinary brushing fails, a *special film-removing* dentifrice is used, called Pepsodent.

Look for FILM this way

Run your tongue across the teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating—that is film.

TODAY DENTISTS URGE patients to keep teeth white and sparkling, for gleaming teeth are the best assurance science knows of healthy teeth and gums. Miss Lucile Herbert is advised to use the new-day dentifrice, Pepsodent.

An ever-forming, ever-present evil in your mouth.

It clings tightly to teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull and gray.

Germs by the myriad breed in film, and germs with tartar—a hardened film deposit—are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Film invites the acids of decay.

And it is remembered that before this special film-removing method the prevalence of dental troubles was alarmingly on the increase.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. Pepsodent curdles and loosens film. Then brushing takes it off.

This is the greatest step made in a half century's study of tooth cleansing methods. Its results are seen on every hand.

Fights decay—firms gums

Pepsodent's use aids in firming gums.

Other new-day agents in Pepsodent increase the alkalinity of saliva. They neutralize the acids which form from starch in foods and cause decay.

Thus, Pepsodent answers fully these requirements of the dental profession of today. That's why in 58 nations its acceptance among dentists is virtually universal.

Give Pepsodent 10 days

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film for ten days and see teeth lighten.

See your dentist twice a year. Use Pepsodent twice a day. In that way you obtain the ultimate in tooth and gum care as modern dental science knows it.

P E P

(*Above*) A CHORUS ROWS, for this is part of their daily work in keeping fit for nightly duties. "Smiles," Misses Dora Burns and Ada Lind tell us, "are kept dazzling white by Pepsodent."

Smiles Made Bright

Each Morning in This Simple Way

LOVELY, white teeth mean winning smiles. And winning smiles may often spell success socially, commercially.

People on the stage know the worth of smiles. So do most people of outstanding prominence.

The new way of tooth care will show you smiles you envy are often smiles you may possess. It's film that makes teeth lusterless and dull. It's film *removal* that brings back dazzling whiteness and aids in having healthy teeth.

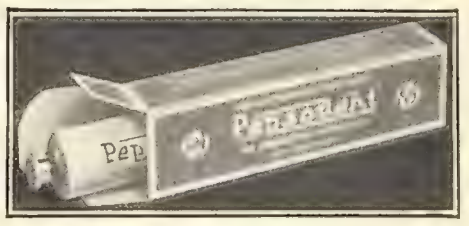
Twice daily for the next ten days use the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. If teeth fail to grow whiter and brighter, you are the one exception among many.

(*Above*) BOBBIE CLARK and Marie Saxon, the well-known comedy stage folks, enjoy the races at Washington Park. Smiles kept bright by Pepsodent are no small part of their charm.

(*Above*) TEA FOR TWO is enjoyed by Miss Dorothy Burke and Stanley Sands. Here are two more winning smiles that depend on Pepsodent for their sparkle.

(*Left*) THE CHRISTENING of the private yacht "Helen of Troy," by Miss Helen Field, is a unique occasion. Her smile, famous socially, retains its lustre through twice daily use of Pepsodent.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



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Please send me detailed information and free folders —California Picture Book, Indian-detour, Grand Canyon Outings.

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[UNDER THE RED CROSS
Continued from page thirty-nine]

She believes the profession offers a glorious opportunity to the young woman casting about for a career, and that its remunerative aspects are as attractive as anything most vocations for women have to offer.

If a graduate nurse goes in for private cases, she has the tremendous advantage of being able to adapt her work to her own convenience. She need not, and probably will not, pass every day in the year at work. Although she works indefatigably for a time, there are, or may be, intervals between cases.

Many nurses are married and have families, and find the domestic career does not interfere with the professional one. In fact, the nurse, by reason of her training, is probably more specially fitted for home and motherhood than women in any other field.

MISS ROTTMAN believes the nurse's training fits young women for community leadership. Margaret Sanger, the famous protagonist of birth control, is a nurse. Mary Roberts Rinehart, whose stories entertain millions, took a nurse's training.

Consider other professions. The girl thirsting for excitement will find it certainly in the scandals, suicides, murders, and fierce competition with her contemporaries that mark the life of a newspaper reporter. The actress will find it, too, in the glamour of the footlights, the huzzahs of the multitudes when they praise, their sneers and cackles when they blame.

But nowhere will the woman seeker after much living find drama narrowed to such a needle point, fraught with such tremendous life and death responsibility, as in nursing.

Then, too, there is a benign satisfaction in nursing—the greatest reward of all. You are not catering to woman's inflections of delight in hats or gowns, as is the department store worker. You are not thrusting before an impressionable humanity a record of its frailties and its conflicts, as the reporter is largely engaged in doing.

You are serving human beings in their elemental needs, when relief from physical pain seems the great prize of existence. Thus nurses invariably tell you that theirs is a satisfying profession; that there can be no gratification equal to that which comes from helping a fellow being in distress.

How does one become a nurse? Miss Rottman attended Bellevue Training School. Most of the large hospitals offer a course similar to Bellevue's.

Although students there pay no tuition, there is probably no woman's college in the country that offers a pleasanter dormitory life and affords more comfort than Bellevue's residence for nurses.

The great H-shaped building opposite the hospital is seven stories high and houses 460 students. It overlooks the East River, and even in the hottest weather a fine breeze blows across the balconies and through the corridors.

All candidates are subjected to rigid physical examination. No girl is accepted if she has ailments which cannot be remedied. Applicants with physical disabilities, like a bad heart or rheumatism, are advised to seek lighter work.

Every month all students are weighed. Unusual gains or unusual losses become the subject of inquiry. If a nurse appears to be losing ground she is put on a special diet, and takes her meals in the infirmary dining room, a pleasant place of chintz screens and sage-green furniture.

The infirmary is like a private floor in an up-to-date small hospital. The rooms are large and airy, and at night convalescent nurses generally sleep on the roof.

Nurses who request it are taught to swim, and the fine pool, forty-five by twenty-seven feet, provides welcome hot-weather diversion. A classical note appears in the green and oak library, with its plaster busts, all reproductions of Greek sculpture. Outside is a wide balcony, commanding an expanse of miles of river, and bordered with pink geraniums.

The great dining room on the main floor is a cheerful place of yellow walls and mahogany trim. The city provides the food, and never did municipal operation function more superbly!

Students wait on themselves, cafeteria fashion, but all appointments are of the daintiest. A pitcher of high-grade milk stands on each table, and the nurses are encouraged to drink all they can. The all-important salad is served once a day.

Each student has her own room—there is none of the doubling up which frequently hampers the relaxation of the college girl.

The program of the day is ironclad, as discipline and regularity are essential in nursing. The rising bell is rung at 6. At 6:15 A. M. there is a short assembly at which changes in assignments for the day are announced. At 6:30 there is breakfast. At 7 o'clock the routine of the day begins—lectures, hospital duty, and, for the night nurses, recreation. The student nurse is on duty until 7 P. M., with four hours off during the day, variable and arranged to suit both hospital and individual.

P. & A. photo

The Bellevue student nurses' ukulele orchestra.

The young nurse must be in by 10 P. M., and lights must be out by 10:30—except once a week, when she may stay out until midnight.

"Insistence on these hours is simply a health measure," explains Miss Rottman. "No one can keep well without plenty of rest."

Students are assigned daily to the hospital, the number of ill persons under their care depending on the nature of the service and the condition of the patients. Nurses have the unusual opportunity of learning while doing.

DURING her first four months of training, the period of the pink uniform, the student devotes herself chiefly to her classroom work, but has two hours' nursing in the hospital every day with a supervisor to assist and advise her.

Her curriculum sounds like that of a college woman working for a Bachelor of Science degree. She must take 90 hours of anatomy and physiology, 45 hours of chemistry, 45 hours of nutrition, 45 hours of bacteriology, 15 hours of history of nursing, 45 hours of personal hygiene, 15 hours of ethics, and 150 hours of principles of nursing.

If she qualifies—20 to 30 per cent do not—she receives the blue and white uniform and the quaint beruffled cap used at Bellevue, and she is then a full-fledged nurse-in-training.

Her second semester's work is a continuation of classroom work and practical nursing. She studies surgery, medicine, pathology, massage, operating-room technique, skin and venereal diseases, obstetrics, pediatrics or the diseases of children, diet-kitchen duty, tuberculosis, communicable diseases, and many other subjects.

You have probably heard wild stories of the revolting drudgery that falls to the lot of the student nurse. So have I. But hear Miss Rottman:

"The better schools do not exploit their nurses. At Bellevue there are maids for the menial work. A nurse devotes her time to skilled procedures of nursing. She has plenty of disagreeable duties to perform, but she sees them from a different point of view than does the layman, unaccustomed to the technique of the sickroom.

"A nurse, however, must be able and willing to do anything that may contribute to the comfort of her patient, even if the daily routine in a big hospital does not always require her to perform these tasks herself. In an emergency she might have to sweep the floor.

"In hospital housekeeping she learns how to sweep without raising a dust, and how to do damp dusting. She learns the uses of cleansing agents. She learns how to remove stains from linen. Let her go into a beautiful home and ruin a fine piece of linen and she would soon hear about it.

"She learns how to combat bedbugs and all other pests. Her course in hospital housekeeping also includes the care of plumbing, refrigerators, floors, and the finest of furniture.

"In her work in the principles of nursing, the student learns how to lift a patient from a stretcher on to a bed—how to balance her body and what muscles to bring into play without straining herself. Thus she utilizes the principles of leverage learned in her high-school physics. In actual practice there is always more than one nurse to help lift a patient.

"She learns the fireman's lift—how to get a fainting person from the floor on to the bed.

"She learns how to restrain a delirious patient who may injure himself or other patients. He may be a man of twice her strength.

"She learns how to handle disease without infecting herself. In the practice room there is a bed curtained with fly netting. That is used in the demonstration of the care of the typhoid patient. Not a single fly must be permitted to touch him, because that one insect could infect dozens of other persons.

"The nurse learns even to control her facial expression. No matter how loathsome, how revolting in his misery a patient may be, she must not permit herself to register disgust. A patient afflicted with a loathsome disease is likely to become morose—hopeless—and that is the very state of mind the nurse must try to get him out of.

"The student studies psychology, particularly behavioristic psychology. She must understand instincts. A person who is ill reverts to the primitive. She must pamper him a bit and understand why she's doing it.

"Bathe patients? Yes, indeed. All kinds of patients have to be bathed. But a nurse must always consider a patient's feelings. There must be no unnecessary exposure. Even in this vast city institution, to which all sorts of people come, patients are usually polite. The colored people are the most appreciative; the Chinese invariably courteous."

Miss Rottman laughed at the suggestion that bathing the down-and-outer from the gutters of a great city might not be agreeable.

"ONCE they have a bath and are in bed, the flotsam and jetsam are the same as you or I. They are all human beings, and as such are entitled to the best we can give them. The most distinguished and cultured person in New York, when ill, is just a sick man.

"Indeed, the bath is a great relief to the patient, and most valuable for the nurse. She can observe all symptoms, get the patient's medical history, and can assist the doctor greatly in reporting the significant facts. The first bath is a fine contact."

But wasn't it a gruesome profession? Bellevue, being a city hospital, does not worry about its death rate, which exceeds that of other hospitals in the city. No patient is ever refused at Bellevue, no matter what his condition. Didn't it make a girl fatalistic—working constantly in the midst of suffering, seeing death every day?

For a moment Miss Rottman did not answer. She did not want to talk of this. I urged her on.

"Sometimes it is a great relief to see a patient die—when you know you've done all that is humanly possible, and nothing but death will release him. But every nurse hates to lose a patient. She will fight doggedly to save even the most hopeless case.

"Last week a patient here died of typhoid pneumonia. When it was all over, his nurse sat down and wept bitterly because she had lost him. She had worked magnificently, and the doctor said he wouldn't have lived as long as he did but for the excellent care she gave.

"That was hardly the fatalistic point of view. To me, now, death seems merely a change. It has lost its horror."

P. & A. photo

Tea time adds a social touch to the school's routine.

WHEN the clanging ambulance drives into the flagged courtyard of Bellevue, with its freight of mutilated, sometimes unconscious, humanity, only graduate nurses perform the first offices of inspection and admission.

As soon as the patient is put in bed, however, a student may have charge of him, so her sensibilities are not spared. But as Miss Rottman continually reminds us, "your point of view changes when you become a nurse."

"Nursing doesn't make a woman 'hard-boiled,' as so many think. She develops self-control, and her sympathy ceases to be maudlin. She diverts it into channels of usefulness.

"To the nurse the down-and-outer is not a person to be shunned. She is continually finding beauties of mind and character even in those the world calls failures. Their confidences in the wee, small hours of the night, when sleep will not come, would constitute an amazing human record if the nurse did not regard such confidences as sacred.

"I know many nurses who have adopted children left orphans when their mothers died. No, there is no danger of them becoming hard-boiled.

"Young women contemplating nursing should complete high school. An applicant must be mature enough to see the serious side of life, but we seldom take students who are more than thirty-five. The hospital makes an allowance of twenty dollars a month after the first four months' probation period is completed, and, of course, board, room, and laundry are also furnished.

"The allowance varies with hospitals. The twenty-dollar fee is not intended as a salary: it is merely to cover incidental expenses. The student receives a four weeks' vacation in the summer. Special credit arrangements are made for girls who come with some college work in science.

"A student may major in some particular branch of nursing, receiving four months' intensive work in that subject. She may choose to specialize in public-health nursing, which offers fine opportunities; in industrial nursing, visiting-nursing associations, child welfare, work for churches, school nursing, and the Red Cross. Or she may wish to perfect herself in ward management, head nurseship, or social service.

"In public-health nursing a graduate nurse may receive twenty-five hundred dollars a year, and even more, which does not include her board, room, and laundry. In administrative jobs nurses frequently receive five thousand dollars a year plus maintenance.

"It is not a profession that thrusts out the older woman. Many nurse for twenty-five and thirty years and are still capable. Many public-health nurses are wives and mothers.

"No one should go into nursing who has a weakness for drugs or alcohol. The nurse is constantly handling those things.

"I warn the girl who contemplates entering this profession to investigate the school she enters. If she fails to do this, she may find that after three years' work she is graduated from a school that is not registered. Consequently she is not eligible for membership in the Red Cross and other national nursing organizations.

"She will always be well counseled if she will write to the National League for Nursing Education at 370 Seventh Avenue, New York, or if she applies to the State Board of Registration in her own State."

THE exciting days of the Spanish-American War gave Miss Rottman her bent toward nursing. She was only a small child then.

"I wished I could be a soldier, and when I found I couldn't be a soldier because I was a girl, I decided I would be a soldiers' nurse. After graduating from Marinette, Wisconsin, High School, I still wanted to become a nurse.

"I was too delicate, my family insisted. To please them I taught school a year. Then I stayed at home two years, still far from robust.

"Finally I applied at Bellevue and was accepted before the family knew it. I finished my course in 1912."

Finally, after various important nursing commissions had been

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

The FIREFLY never loses its head

A match is not far from your eyes if you strike it to light your smoke. Quite often the flaming head breaks off *and doesn't know where it is going.*

Why run any risk? Use a Firefly always. Here is a sure light, as safe as a flame can be, and with all its usefulness it is a fine, jeweler-made article that every smoker should carry.

The Firefly is clean to use. You never smudge your thumb for the sparking wheel is permanently covered—and that's a Clark patent. There is no chance for the Firefly to light itself in or out of your pocket.

The Firefly has a self-tightening gas cap that keeps in the vapor and makes your fluid last nearly three times as long.

What a cheap guarantee of a light—what small insurance against danger! The price of the Firefly is as low as $4.50. Most shops that sell lighters, have Fireflys. If you don't know a Firefly shop, write to us.

CLARK LIGHTER CO., INC.
580 Fifth Avenue, New York

FIREFLY

A CLARK LIGHTER

NOW YOU CAN BE SURE

Only with pressure packing can you be sure that your tennis balls are absolutely fresh and have the maximum bounce allowed by the United States Lawn Tennis Association.

Balls direct from the moulds are placed in metal tubes, pressure exactly the same as that within the balls is forced into the container which is then hermetically sealed. This creates a balance of pressure which keeps Wilson Championship Tennis Balls always fresh. No other packing on the market today can do this.

Wilson Championship Tennis Balls are of two-piece plugless construction—balanced and perfect in flight. They conform in every respect to the specifications of the U. S. L. T. A. for balls to be used in tournament play and are fully endorsed by that body.

Don't take chances—play Wilson Championship Tennis Balls and be sure.

Packed three balls to the tube — Carried by every live dealer

Wilson
TENNIS EQUIPMENT
Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co.
New York Chicago San Francisco

[UNDER THE RED CROSS
Continued from page forty-three]

faithfully performed, the great day came! The day in February, 1918, when this "delicate" girl sailed for France with the Bellevue unit.

She had made her will—settled all her affairs. She never expected to see America again.

First, there were two weeks in Base Hospital No. 1 at Vichy, France. Then the call for volunteers to go to the front! Miss Rottman, with ten other nurses, was rushed to Evacuation Hospital No. 1, near Toul.

THIS was a front-line surgery hospital, about six miles behind the thick of the fighting—not far when you remember the range of the Big Berthas of that terrible Easter drive.

The hospital was an old French military post. The operating rooms were temporary shacks. Some of the wards were tents; others were structures of corrugated iron.

When the nurses went to walk, they took gas masks and tin hats! But there was little time for enjoying the beautiful mountain scenery which skirts the Moselle River.

"When you heard the guns going all night, you got up at six A. M., or before, because you knew there was plenty of work to be done. During the St. Mihiel drive we had twenty-eight hundred beds. The wounded were brought in as fast as the bearers could carry them—a steady stream, day and night.

"In five days eleven hundred and seventy major operations were performed in our hospital, and many patients were evacuated without operations. Sometimes those boys had to wait two and three days before they could be brought to the table for removal of shell and shrapnel."

Once, during that time, Miss Rottman was on duty thirty hours without sleep.

In the summer nights of 1918, when the roads near Toul were ribbons of moonlight, the Germans never failed to visit the locality by air, often dropping their death-dealing souvenirs within a hair's breadth of the hospital itself.

"We could always tell the boche planes by their intermittent roar. When the bombs fell all around, the boys tied to fracture frames screamed in anguish. It was pitiable to hear them, lying there in the darkness, unable to escape in the event a bomb hit. The night nurses would go about, trying to quiet them. It helped them just to know you were there."

We were in Miss Rottman's suite in Bellevue Training School when this conversation was held. When we got to the part about the air raids, she became intent on the fine piece of sewing she had picked up when I began to ask her questions about the war. That was a delicate gesture. It enabled her to keep her eyes down.

"There were many frightful battles in the air right over our heads. One night a bomb struck right across the street from the hospital. It burned all the grass within a radius of ten feet. The concussion was so great that I thought surely the hospital had been struck. In the hospital they were certain our quarters had been hit. It was only a miracle that saved us.

"Once the Germans got range on an ammunition dump a mile away. Tons of high explosives went off in all directions for many hours. None of us was hit, luckily.

"We had to cut the clothes off the wounded boys. Every nurse carried matches and cigarettes, because it helped the boys if they could smoke while awaiting their turn. And so unselfish, so noble, those boys were!

"'You're next,' a wounded man would be told. And generally the reply, 'Take my buddy in first. He's suffering more than I am.'

"The worst was the burials. The nurses took their turns at this duty. I used to feel so sorry for their mothers . . . we tried to take the place of their dear ones . . . who would have done something for them if they'd been there . . ."

It was quite impossible to go on with these sad reminiscences. Miss Rottman made a great pretense of sewing, but I noticed that the hem she was working on didn't grow even a fraction of an inch. And I thought—yes, the war nurse was praised in those heartbreaking days during and immediately following the great conflict. But she was never glorified.

You couldn't glorify her. She stands enshrined in her own splendor, "far above our poor power to add or detract."

P. & A. photo

Emergency cases bring constant variety to the work of public-hospital nurses.

It is enough to say that the nurses were spared none of the horrors of war. And now I understand why it is difficult to get them to talk about it, or, if they do talk, why they generally keep to the lighter side, the jokes and stories of the doughboys.

"Once, when I was helping out in the wards," said Miss Rottman, I was fixing a Southern chap for the night, terribly wounded, wan and pale.

"'Why, buddy, where's your sheet?' I asked him.

"He could hardly speak, but made his pitiful attempt to be jocular.

"'Somewhere in France,' he answered in a thin little voice.

"The only thing I was afraid of was the rats," continued this nurse who braved bombs and shrapnel without a tremor. "They were terrible—as big as cats—the sentries used to shoot them with revolvers.

"And we got so sick of beans and 'goldfish.' On Christmas the boys assigned to the operating room had nothing to eat but corned willie.

"They felt pretty low. I sent them to a farm house for a chicken, and I cooked it over a gas lamp until the meat fell from the bones. The bones were used for soup—never did one fowl stretch so far.

"Then they said their Christmas dinner would be complete if they only had a chocolate cake. Somehow I got together the ingredients for a cake. I baked it in an incubator used ordinarily for bacteriological purposes. It wasn't a perfect cake, by any means, but the boys were able to eat it.

"We made our own operating-room headlights by pasting tinfoil on the ordinary bulbs with rubber-tire cement.

"It is amazing how one can manage with makeshifts.

"But we generally had plenty of supplies at our hospital. Our colonel wouldn't wait for the trains. If things didn't come he got them sent by truck all the way from Paris. The government failed to supply silk for sutures. I got it, though, by going to Nancy with a sergeant in the side car of a motor cycle."

DESPITE the hardships and dangers of the war, and the terrific strain of hard work and little sleep, Miss Rottman now says:

"If I had it to do over, I would still go into nursing."

When a woman so comments on her profession, you can conclude it has given her the satisfaction which is as important as great financial gains.

As head of the Bellevue School, Miss Rottman succeeds, among other splendid women, the late Jane Delano, a famous heroine of the World War and director of the Red Cross nursing service.

Florence Nightingale herself sponsored the opening of the Bellevue School. In a letter now hung in a place of honor in the big lecture room, she expressed it as her belief that a woman, rather than a man, should be in charge of the girls preparing to enter nursing—the most useful and the most dramatic profession that the world offers to womankind.

THE END

The Greatest World's Series Game

And the Costliest Error in Baseball History

An Article by

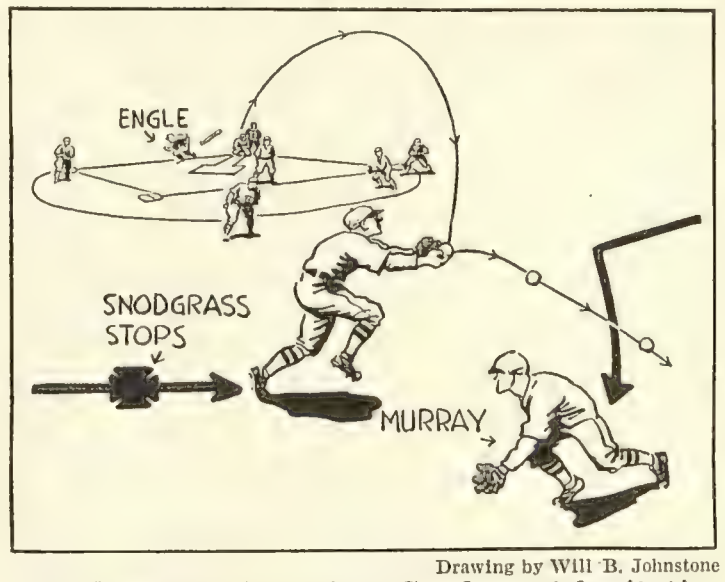
HUGH FULLERTON

The Ring photo

Bucky O'Brien, Red Sox pitcher.

Smoky Joe Wood, Boston's pitching ace.

International photo



Drawing by Will B. Johnstone

The diagram shows how Snodgrass' hesitation caused an error that lost a World's Series.

International photo

Brown Brothers photo

H. Henriksen, Boston utility player.

Christy Mathewson, Giant star hurler.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 8 seconds.)

PLAYERS and experts probably always will argue as to which one of the 145 games played since the modern world's baseball championships were started in 1903 was the greatest.

Some will declare it was the game between Detroit and Chicago which Miner Brown won by a marvelous play on Cobb's perfect bunt with which he forced Bush out at third. Others will say it was the final battle of the 1926 series, when Alex the Great came to the rescue of the Cardinals, struck out Lazzeri, and defeated the Yankees.

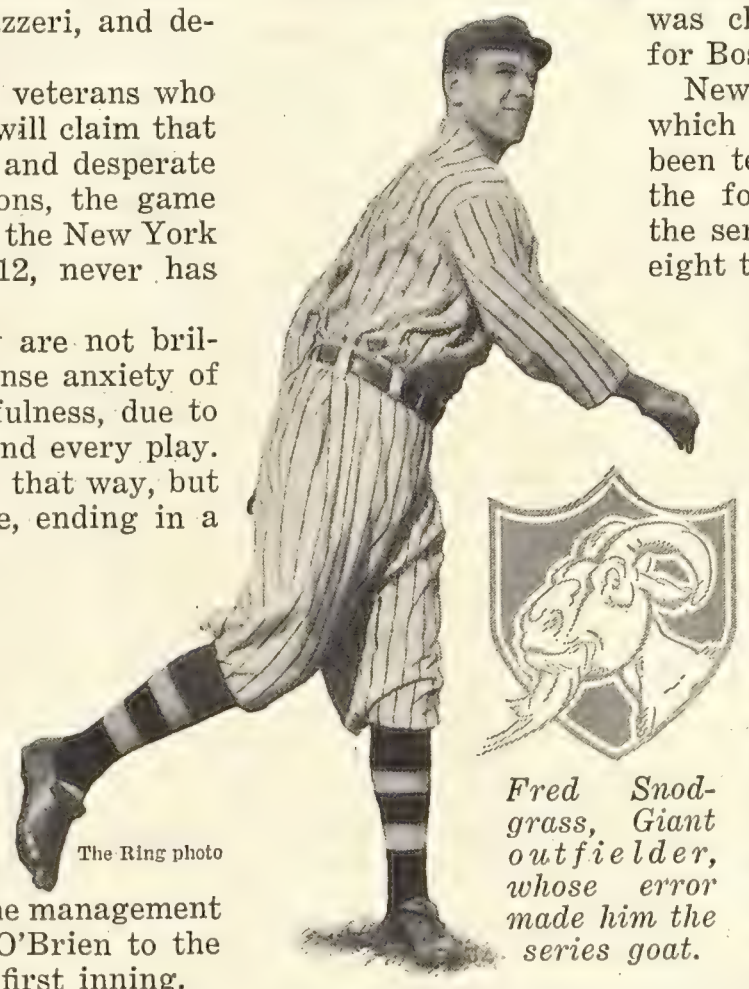
But the majority of hardened veterans who have seen all the games always will claim that for thrills, excitement, brilliant and desperate plays, errors, and tense situations, the game between the Boston Red Sox and the New York Giants, played October 16, 1912, never has been equaled.

World's Series games usually are not brilliantly played, because of the tense anxiety of the athletes and too great carefulness, due to the importance of every game and every play. The series of 1912 started to go that way, but soon broke into a wild scramble, ending in a sensational manner.

Boston seemed to outclass the Giants, winning three of the first four games and tying the other. Then J. Garland Stahl, the Red Sox manager, or Jimmy McAleer, the president, or both, blundered. With Smoky Joe Wood, their greatest pitcher, prepared to pitch the fifth game and wagering he would win it, the management at the last minute sent Bucky O'Brien to the slab. He was driven off in the first inning.

A scrap between Wood and O'Brien ensued, and on the following day the pitchers fought in the clubhouse, their friends mixed into the affair, and the Red Sox, badly upset and disorganized, were beaten soundly.

Wood was so nervous and angry that he lost the game in the first inning.



The Ring photo

Fred Snodgrass, Giant outfielder, whose error made him the series goat.

The Giants, as if inspired by the turn of fortune, fought desperately, tied the series, and the Red Sox were in a panic. Christy Mathewson, the greatest of all pitchers, was chosen to pitch for the Giants; and, with Wood regarded as out of it because of internal trouble in the team, Hugh Bedient, a youngster, was chosen to pitch for Boston.

New York, against which the odds had been ten to one after the fourth game of the series, became an eight to five and even a two to one favorite to win the deciding game.

The struggle quickly resolved itself into a pitchers' duel between the cool, wily veteran and the nervous, courageous youngster. New York managed to drive home a run in the middle of the game, and clung to the narrow lead until the eighth inning. Both teams were playing desperate baseball.

Twice Herzog, on the New York team, by diving sideways and sticking out one hand, grabbed hits going over third base, and threw out runners at first, preventing Boston scores. Once Wagner, Boston shortstop, sliding full length toward second base, stopped a base hit and rolled with the ball to second base in time to force out a runner. And then, as a climax, John Murray of the Giants, who had changed from right to left field during the game, raced out, caught Gardner's apparent home-run drive, and fell with the ball into the field seats.

Boston was hitting Mathewson's pitching, but in the face of that desperate defense could not score. The Red Sox came to bat in the eighth, desperate and determined, while the Giants, keyed to a high nervous pitch, appeared ready to break under the strain.

Stahl led Boston's forlorn hope in the eighth, and the Boston rooters groaned when he hit a fly to the outfield. But the groan changed to a yell of hope as three Giant fielders raced toward the falling ball, then hesitated, and allowed it to fall safe as Stahl sprinted to second base. Cady went out, and Mathewson refused to allow Wagner to hit a good ball. When Wagner walked, Stahl ordered H. Henriksen to bat.

THE situation was just to the liking of Mathewson. Henriksen, a youngster, was wild with nervousness. Mathewson smiled and pitched a fade-away, then another, and Henriksen swung wildly at them. Then Mathewson pitched a ball high and outside the plate, but for once failed to get it far enough away.

Henriksen, jumping off the ground, swung at the ball and drove it over Herzog, who missed it by a few inches. The score was tied, with runners on second and third bases, when Mathewson stopped the Red Sox and held the score even.

Bedient having been removed for a pinch hitter, Wood, who had been driven in disgrace from the slab in a previous game, came swaggering on to the field, his young face grim while he strove to pretend to be cool.

This time Smoky Joe had his smoke. He checked the Giants and the game went into the tenth inning when Murray drove out a double, and Fred Snodgrass, soon to be the villain of the series, made himself a New York hero by driving Murray home.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

1,000 Men Told Us

What men wanted in shaving cream. Now, before you buy, try what we've made for you —at our expense—for 10 days

GENTLEMEN:

Politicians know what to expect nationally when an election goes one way or another in the comparatively small state of Maine. And so, in merchandising, experience teaches that the opinion of 1000 men reflects the average viewpoint of millions.

So, when we decided to create a shaving cream, we asked 1000 men what they sought in shaving comfort and efficiency. Then we set out to meet their requirements.

They told us four things. We gave them five. Now we ask the courtesy of a test—based solely on merit—to prove *to yourself* the shaving delights we have discovered for you.

Just mail the coupon for a free 10-day test

Our laboratories for 65 years have specialized in fine soap products. One of our toilet soaps is a leader of the world. Others are used in countless homes and institutions everywhere.

With the four objectives we had set, we started our experiments. Time after time we got a fine shaving cream result, yet one or another of the things we sought was missing.

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1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
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Now make the trial, please

No doubt your present shaving preparation suits you, yet there may be a better way. We've tried to find one for you, and will thank you to give it a test. Just send the coupon now.

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To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Mail the coupon now.

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1489, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

Boston was in the last ditch again. Its pinch hitters were about used up, and Stahl sent Clyde Engle, a stocky, mediocre player, but a dangerous hitter, to bat. Engle smashed a looping line drive to left center field. Either Murray, whose chance was hardest, or Snodgrass could have made the catch.

Snodgrass started across from center field at top speed and Murray sprinted from left toward the falling ball. Murray, seeing the catch belonged to Snodgrass, slowed up, and started out to back up the center fielder, when Snodgrass suddenly slowed down and took his eyes off the ball. Then he looked at Murray and started at a desperate sprint to atone for his hesitation. He reached the ball, but it popped out of his glove.

Engle sprinted to second base, and Harry Hooper, instead of sacrificing, elected to hit and drove a vicious liner between left and center. This time Snodgrass made a brilliant catch and Yerkes came to bat. Mathewson studied the odds. Again he refused to let the batter hit a good ball, preferring to have him on first to increase the chances of a double play.

THE nervous tension was so great that both teams exhibited signs of breaking. Speaker, ordinarily a cool, resourceful waiter when at bat, swung at a fade-away ball pitched inside the plate and popped a foul toward first base. Merkle at first base could have caught the ball easily. Meyers, the Indian catcher, could have caught it after a slightly longer run.

Both started for the ball, but Mathewson, ordinarily the coolest man in baseball, waved and shouted, claiming the catch as his own, but failed to reach the falling ball. Speaker, given another chance, was so excited he turned his face toward Mathewson, and, jumping up and down, shouted, shook his fist, and told the New York star that the next time he would hit the ball.

The next ball Mathewson pitched Speaker drove on a line fifteen feet inside of first base. One runner scored, the tally was even again, and the fate of game and series hung upon Duffy Lewis, one of the best batters of all time, and the Giants again were on the defensive.

With runners on first and third, Mathewson studied the situation and decided to give Lewis a base on balls, increasing the chances for a double play or a force-out at the plate.

Larry Gardner came to bat. The first good ball pitched he hit with terrific force. The ball soared high to Josh Devore, who made a magnificent catch, turned, gave a despairing look toward the plate, and saw Yerkes sprinting for the finish line at top speed.

Devore threw wildly and uselessly and, as Yerkes touched the rubber, the Red Sox were victors, and Snodgrass went down in history as the maker of the most costly baseball error ever recorded.

The famous play that Jiggs made will be described by Mr. Fullerton next week.

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Calluses are ended now

This new way stops pain in 3 seconds

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You touch the most painful corn with this amazing *liquid which acts like a local anaesthetic.* The pain stops in 3 seconds. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort . . . instantly!

Then soon the corn begins to shrivel up and loosen. You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. The whole corn is gone. Works on any kind of corn or callus, hard or soft; new or old. Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." Results are guaranteed.

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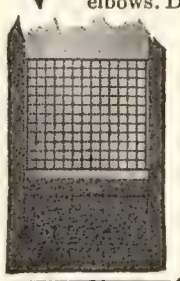

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NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

STEEL Birds

A Close-Up of the Skyscraper Builders

By
EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

(Reading time: 16 minutes 45 seconds.)

THE skyscraper builder is a migratory singing bird. He perches high and looks down at the ants in the street and laughs. He heats a rivet in his movable forge and hurls it with his tongs—a little comet tearing through the clean, high air—and he spits a brownish torrent from his hard, wide mouth, and hums as he throws another rivet on the fire.

His fellow catches the tiny meteor in a bucket or a can or a cone—catches it with insulting ease and grace; scoops it out of the air with a careless gesture—and grins as he puts it through the hole in the red-leaded steel.

The riveter brings up his gun, the "bucker up" his dolly bar. The dolly bar holds the red-hot rivet on one side of the girder—bucks it up—and the pneumatic gun shoots it in from the other side. Shoots it in. Smashes it in!

R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! That's the gun singing now, waking the neighborhood. *R-r-r-r-r-r! R-r-r-r-r-r! R-r-r-r-r-r!* Calling to the ants thirty stories below to look up and see. *R-r-r-r-r!* Mocking the sorehead who would rather sleep than listen.

The gun sings and the red sparks shower—red rain that sparkles and sizzles as it falls, red notes of music singing with the gun.

R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! And another rivet holds a column in its place. And the steel goes up and up.

Ants in the street stand by the hour, looking up, fascinated, wondering, waiting for one of the birds with the cans to miss a rivet, waiting for a pile of girders to reach the erecting floor, waiting to see a "roughneck" lose his balance on those match sticks near the skies and fall to the scaffold or the street.

They work on the heights, these steel birds. The carpenters work below them, and the bricklayers, the masons, the pipe fitters, the men of the electrical trades, the interior decorators, the ornamental ironworkers, the elevator constructors, the lathers, the plasterers, and the "goulashers"—the men who mix and lay the mixture known as "goulash," or cement. They follow the steel birds' paths. The steel birds roost on the heights, the van of an army of builders. The steel must go up first.

When the heights are reached, when the last great girder has been raised and riveted into its proper place in the structure and the riveting gun has ceased to sing, the steel birds take wing and fly to other jobs, to other heights.

They're a roving lot, these roughnecks. Today they are working on a skyscraper in New York, and one of them feels a breeze from the South, and catches a steamer to Mexico or Tampa or Buenos Aires or Peru. One goes out

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE steel birds roost on the heights, the van of an army of builders.

(At left) A riveting crew making fast a skyscraper's skeleton.

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BETTER fit, cooler comfort and longer wear are scientifically built into "B.V.D.", from the creation of the nainsook in our own mills and bleachery to the completion of the last lock-stitched seam.

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MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE
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Men's Union Suit $1.50 Shirts and Drawers the garment 85c
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Sole Makers "B.V.D." Underwear

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"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

[STEEL BIRDS Continued from page forty-seven]

to California, riding in style and taking his wife and his children.

Another goes on a bridge job over some far river to fight with treacherous currents and savages and tropical fevers and the evil fates that brood over new steel beams in old, strange lands. And one sees a V of wild geese coming home from the South, and gives his notice to the "pusher," and flies away to a job of steel in Nome.

They seldom get out of steel, once they get in. Oh, now and then a man slips and falls; now and then one listens to his wife or his daughter; now and then one simply vanishes, never to be seen again by his old pals.

You hear these tales in the wooden shanty at the foot of the steel-ribbed pile—a little wooden box where men sit around a pot-bellied stove and spit in sawdust, and look at blue prints and building maps, and talk.

It may be in a big city, this little wooden shack, or at the foot of a mountain in South America, or near the bank of a river in Alaska—it is always the same.

There's always a door with a pulley-weight arrangement on it. You go out and the door slams shut. There's always a crooked little stovepipe bent through one wall and held in place with rusty wires. There are always piles of blue prints and building maps, and strange tools. There are always men who sit around the stove and chew or smoke and spit and talk.

SOMETIMES, in a shanty out in the wilderness, you will see on the rough wood walls pictures of pretty girls cut out of a Sunday rotogravure section, or of prize fighters or race horses—or of children.

And the talk is always the same: shop talk, the job in hand, a job last year in Ogden, Utah, or Kamchatka, or Osceola, Iowa, or Nome—tales of danger and of work, tales of men who learned the trade as water boys and rivet boys and grew up to be foremen, superintendents, or contractors on their own—or night watchmen.

You may visit one of these shanties any day—in Chicago or New York or San Francisco or Detroit—and find enchantment. You forget you are in a city. You forget there is a job of steel going up outside. You forget for a little time your own identity, your own trade, your own ambitions. You are living their lives, sharing their dangers, seeing the far places they have known, feeling the pride they feel in the work that they have done.

There is adventure in the steel bird's life. There is romance. There is man-fun, and man-work, and man-talk. Yes, and man-freedom too.

The steel bird doesn't call himself a steel bird. He speaks of himself and his brethren as "roughnecks." The term embraces the birds of the riveting and raising gangs, the heater, the passer, the riveter, the bucker up, the bull-stick man, the bell man, the plumber up (he isn't a plumber: he sees that the columns are plumb), the connecter, the looper on, the foreman, and the pusher.

THE roughneck goes to no school to learn his trade. He learns it by watching his betters and doing as they do. He learns it in six weeks or so. All he needs, so the saying goes, is a strong back and a weak head.

He must be able to walk the girders high above the earth and not grow dizzy. He must have a good eye and a steady hand, muscles of hard, tough rubber, and shoulders of steel. He must have legs that can climb—even though one be wood—and hands that can grip and hold.

He may have been a sailor. He may have been a farmer. He may have grown up from rivet boy or water boy. But, no matter what his origin, he feels himself an aristocrat. He makes good money—fourteen dollars a day—and he spends it freely.

While he is working in winter he wears four or five coats and six or seven shirts under his jumpers, and, for all I know, two or three pairs of pants, and gives attention only to his shoes and his gloves. But when the riveting gun quits singing for the day the steel bird tosses his working clothes aside, puts on gorgeous plumage, and struts out to his car.

You may see him at the opera in his evening clothes. You may find him in a night club buying drinks for his friends. You may find him gliding around the dance floor with the eyes of women following him and the tongues of women whispering, "Isn't he grand!"

Watch him walking down the main stem in the evening. The friendly grin of his expensive tie, the cheerful cut and color of his vest, the exuberance of his Malacca stick, the gleam of his shoes beneath the quiet dignity of his spats! A snappy dresser? Ummmm! Ummmm!

Brown Brothers photo

He walks as though he were bracing himself against the wind; and his path is as straight as an I beam. His chin juts out like a cornice, and you can see in his eyes that he'd like you to call him a dude so he could poke you in the jaw.

He's a temperamental sort of individual. He has to be petted and coaxed and praised and scolded. He cannot be bullied or threatened or forced to do what he does not want to do. And, despite all the laws and by-laws and rules and regulations made for him, there are things he will do that he should not.

Now and then he will step on a

load of girders and ride them up to heaven. Now and then he will come down on a derrick section. It saves him a thousand steps.

It is rarely the case that there are elevators in the building while the steel birds are at work. So they have to climb up and down ten stories, twenty stories, sometimes fifty. So a ride up on the girders or a ride down on the weight ball is well appreciated. Dangerous, of course. Against the rules, too, which makes it all the sweeter.

They're running up a skyscraper right outside the office of LIBERTY now. It's gone up some thirty stories, and it will soar higher still. If we go up to the fifteenth floor in the building next to it we can cross over a steel bridge and watch the men at work. It's a narrow bridge strewn with red steel pieces.

There's a gap at one end, but a plank bridges it, and if you go over the plank carefully — and hold your breath and try not to look down—you can make it in a few steps.

There! That wasn't so bad, eh? Of course, if the plank had slipped —or broken in half— But don't think of those things! What's the use? Let's go up to the top.

The ladders are lashed to the girders. They sway in the wind, and you can look through the rungs far, far below and see the ants walking along the street. Don't mind the wind. Don't mind the distance to the earth. Look up, and don't knock your head against the guy rope's end.

Walk that girder now. Just a step or two and there are some nice firm planks. Ah! They do give a little—something like rubber ice over a mile-deep pond.

The steel birds are roosting fifteen stories higher. Of course you get tired walking up ladders, especially when you feel them swing in the wind. But you won't mind it after a while. And the girders won't break, even if you dance on them. Take your time, rung after rung.

AND here we are, with all the winds of heaven blowing on us, in a bewildering forest where all the trees are red and rigid and point straight up and have no branches—a forest that looks down upon a mighty city.

That little stream over there is the East River, and that ribbon yonder is the Hudson. That's Park Avenue melting into the haze, and those little things that move along are autos. The sparks are nothing but the sun caroming off windshields. The dark motes that creep along are men and women. Don't get too near the edge there — you might get dizzy. Stand here on this beam and hang on to this column.

These men here are the raising gang. Those just beneath us are the riveters. They'll be up here tomorrow, and the raising gang will be up where the red tree tops are now.

They are sorting—picking up four or five girders on the Forty-fifth Street side and bringing them over to Forty-sixth Street.

Each one of those beams is marked to correspond with a mark on the blue print of the pusher — the assistant foreman. The blue print tells the pusher where that particular piece belongs—the place for which it has been forged and fabricated.

THE steel comes out of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, is transferred from freight car to lighter, from lighter to truck, from truck to building top. The derrick brings them up. The bull-stick man turns the derrick boom with his stick—walking with it in a circle, like a horse in a merry-go-round.

Now they must be raised, plumbed, and bolted. The cross pieces must be bolted to the columns. When every bit of steel is in its own particular place, the rivet gang is turned loose. The riveters take out the bolts and put in rivets. They take the basting threads and the pins from the fabric and put in red-hot stitches that will hold the seams together for 100 years or more.

Some contractors now weld the beams together; others are experimenting with new air guns and with new rivet-catching cones.

In the old days the rivet was caught in a bucket or a coffee can or a lard can. But this wasn't satisfactory. Sometimes the rivet bounced out; sometimes it went right through. The can most in

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Gastrogen Tablets stop indigestion without starting hiccups and gas

"For many years it was my custom to take a dose of soda for my occasional attacks of indigestion," writes Mr. Jack Irwin, 565 West 185th Street, New York City, *"and sometimes I used to wonder which was preferable—the indigestion or the aftermath of gas and hiccups that always followed the use of soda. Then one day a friend suggested Gastrogen Tablets. I tried them. I'm glad I did, for I found they relieve after-dinner distress as quickly as soda ever did, and without the belching and internal rumblings that were so annoying."*

Perhaps you, like Mr. Irwin, have been embarrassed by the sense of uncomfortable fullness and the rapid raising of gas that so often follow a dose of "soda bicarb."

For soda is chemically compelled to leave an alkaline residue in the stomach. And this residue impedes normal digestion, creating the gas that causes hiccups and internal rumblings.

But it's all as unnecessary as it is uncomfortable. For Gastrogen Tablets, entirely free from soda, contain only ant-acids that *cannot act except in the presence of acid.* After neutralizing the acidity of the stomach, they stop work. Any excess passes from the system harmlessly and unchanged. You get quick relief without retarding normal digestion—and you avoid the embarrassments of eructation, the medical term for the social error of belching.

Gastrogen Tablets work so quickly that they drive away the discomforts of indigestion, heartburn and gas in 5 or 10 minutes. Two or three tablets are usually effective. Get them today —try them next time your dinner brings you discomfort — you'll be surprised and delighted at the quick and comfortable relief they bring, and you'll enjoy their spicy, aromatic flavor every time you take them.

Druggists have Gastrogen Tablets in handy pocket-tins of 15 Tablets for 20c and in cabinet-size bottles of 60 Tablets for 60c.

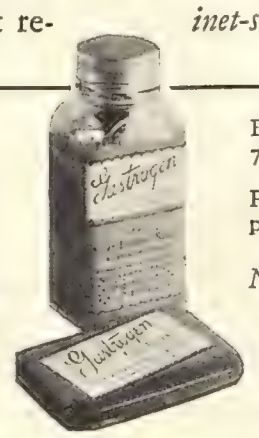
Of Special Interest to Physicians and Druggists:

This reaction shows what happens in the stomach when you take soda:

$HCl+NaHCO_3=NaCl+CO_2+H_2O$

Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets:

$HCl+\frac{1}{2}CaCo_3=\frac{1}{2}CaCl_2+\frac{1}{2}CO_2+\frac{1}{2}H_2O$



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-58
73 West Street, New York City

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City ..... *State* ....

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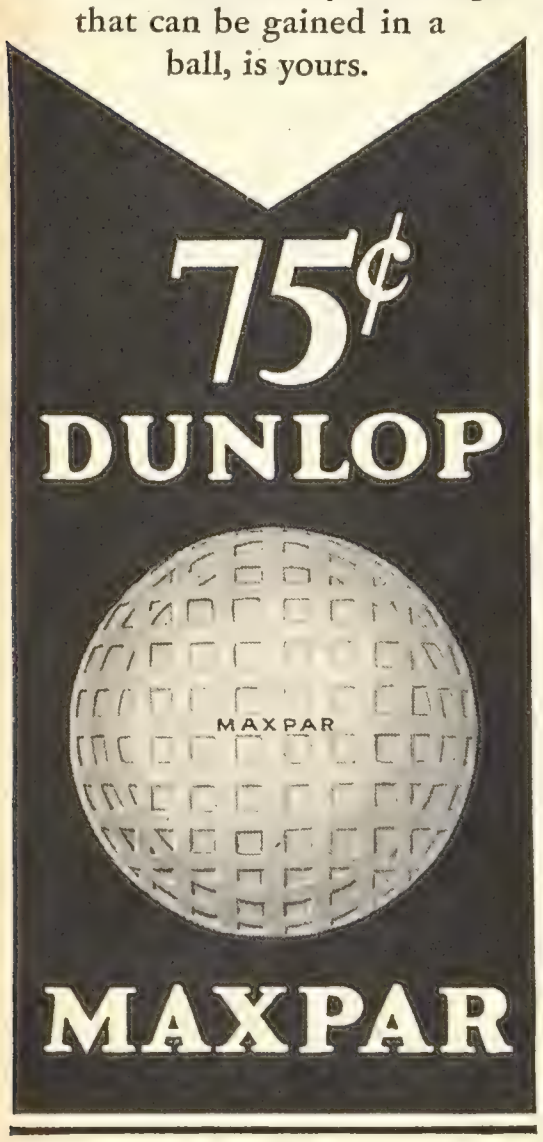
THE experience gained by Dunlop in making literally millions of dozens of fine golf balls is now found fully expressed in the Maxpar.

Lasting durability . . . Great length of flight . . . Extreme accuracy in putting . . . all combined as only could be done by the great experience of Dunlop.

As the Maxpar does not become "egg-shaped" in play there is no need to change the ball at every sixth hole. The longer use of a Maxpar is a great advantage, since scientific research and tests by long drivers have demonstrated that the resiliency of a ball actually increases with play.

The slightly slanting mesh wall gives to the Maxpar the easy cleaning feature heretofore found only in a recessed ball.

With the Maxpar on the tee, the combination of every advantage that can be gained in a ball, is yours.

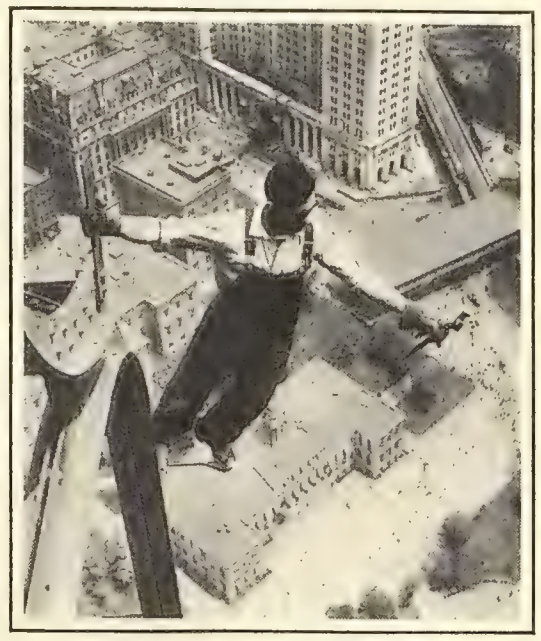


[STEEL BIRDS
Continued from page forty-nine]

use today is a large iron cone with a handle on it.

The catcher misses a rivet every once in a while—and then there's trouble. One of these baby meteors streaked into a room in the Roosevelt Hotel not long ago; but fortunately the room was empty.

Another one missed the can on a building in Providence, Rhode Island, and fell to the top of a taxicab. The taxi was hurrying to the depot. On the back seat was a man who must catch the 3:06 train on a matter involving heavy money. He had just satisfied himself that he would make that train, when the rivet burned its way through the roof of the cab and fell into his lap. The rivet didn't burn him seriously, but it did burn a hole in his trousers. He was obliged to let the train go on without him, because he had to buy another pair of pants. It took a lot of money to settle that affair.



Brown Brothers photo

It is surprising how few rivets are not caught. Accidents are always happening. Wrenches fall, and planks; now and then a dolly bar or an air gun.

Steel cables fray and the strands part, letting a load of girders fall forty stories or so. Not much danger to those walking by the place—for the girders usually hit the scaffold erected to protect pedestrians. But suppose there was a man riding those girders!

Very few steel birds escape some kind of accident. But after they are patched up they come back—like Ice-Water Charley, for instance, who gets around the girders nimbly enough with only one good leg.

When a man is killed on a job all the steel birds quit for the day. Not out of fear. Not out of superstition. Simply as a tribute to the memory of the dead.

STEEL men do have nerves, of course. There are cases where a foreman bellowing from the street has given a whole gang a bad case of the "willies." And in each of these cases the foreman has been discharged.

Most of the roughnecks are Scandinavians. There are lots of Irish, too. Every other nationality is represented, but with fewer men.

"Most of them have been sailors," says Adam Diehl, who has spent most of his life in pushing steel. "When the game was young there was difficulty in getting men to work on buildings, because they got dizzy. Sailors don't. A sailor is used to going up the mast and reefing sail in a gale. So he makes an ideal steelworker. Lately we've been getting a lot of farmer boys, and they are all good men."

Diehl does not know why a farmer boy should make a good steel man. Neither do I; but I think it may be the same thing that makes him a good sailor or a good soldier.

He dreams as he milks, as he feeds the stock, as he drives the reaper and the plow and the truck. Names haunt him: Pernambuco, Yangtze-kiang, Madagascar, Santiago, Gibraltar, Java, Cairo. So he gets him a job in a steel construction gang. He gets used to the heights gradually. He learns the job easily, and there he is at last with his riveting gun.

Hearing Adam Diehl and Andy Haney, another old-time rivet pusher, talk about their experiences would excite the imagination of many a young man. Talk of poker and dice. Talk of bad men in construction camps, of knives and guns, and dancing girls, and drinks. Talk of the days when two dollars for ten hours' work was a gentleman's wage.

"They had more money then than they have now," Andy will tell you. "I could always borrow two or three hundred dollars when I needed it to pay off, thirty years ago. Try to borrow it now!"

THE roughneck will not work when it rains or snows. The steel will get him if he does. Neither will he work in a high wind or in the dark. He doesn't believe in suicide. Danger means nothing to him—except perhaps when a plane goes roaring over him. Nobody's going to get him in any plane.

Well, it's getting dark here in the red forest. Let's go down. Take it easy down the ladders. You can get just as dizzy going down as you did coming up, especially when you look at the street.

> One foot after the other.
> Let the ladder sway if it
> will. It probably will—
> not break until tomorrow.
> Take it easy, carefully—
> one rung after the other.
> The steel bird who is not
> careful soon sprouts wings.
> They do get careless—
> now and then. You read—
> about it every little—
> while. Still, in the—
> erection of half a million
> tons of steel in New—
> York State last year, only
> sixteen men were killed—

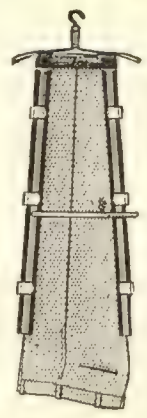
Rung after rung. You'll probably die on the ground. Like that old steel bird in Danbury, Connecticut. He had stood on many a height. He had gone up on a girder and come down on a ball.

But he was standing in the street when he died. He teetered back and forth for a few minutes, and then he fell, and fractured his skull, and died!

> Rung after rung, watch—
> your step. Because steel
> birds do not fly . . .

THE END

MEN WANTED to take AGENCY for The Gents WONDER STAY-PREST Trouser Press



Thousands now in use—sells for $2.50. The "Wonder" is the One Trouser Press that really works.

Heat and moisture are injurious to fabric. The "Wonder" puts in a sharp crease that stays in any cloth, without heat, water or the slightest injury to the finest material.

The "Wonder" is self adjusting, collapsible, and light weight, does not take up any more room than a book. Nickel trimmed, no loose parts. Ideal for traveling men.

Introduced at I.A.S.S. Convention. Big sensation then, going strong now.

20,000,000 prospects, desirable territory. Don't waste time. Send One Dollar at once for Agent's Sample and Free Demonstrating Plans.

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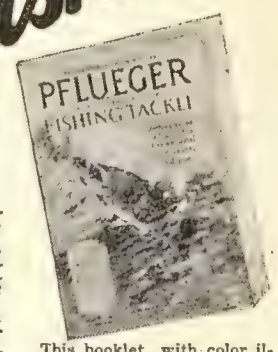
Do You Like Fishing?



You know, then, the importance of good fishing tackle and equipment. Three generations of Pfluegers have made nothing else. "No-Time-Limit" Guarantee on more than 5000 Pflueger articles for fresh and salt water fishing indicates quality of construction, workmanship, durability.

This booklet, with color illustrations, tells you interesting facts about Pflueger Fishing Tackle and Equipment, and Fish. Free. Write.

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Cool, Comfortable, Economical Protection and Perfect Freedom. Your satisfaction guaranteed

No. 55—50c—Sizes large, small or medium. Double seams stand strain. Smoother and softer—won't slip or chafe.

No. 77—$1.00—Fine quality. Soft, all-elastic mesh front. Cool. V-seam gives extra stretch. Large, small, medium sizes.

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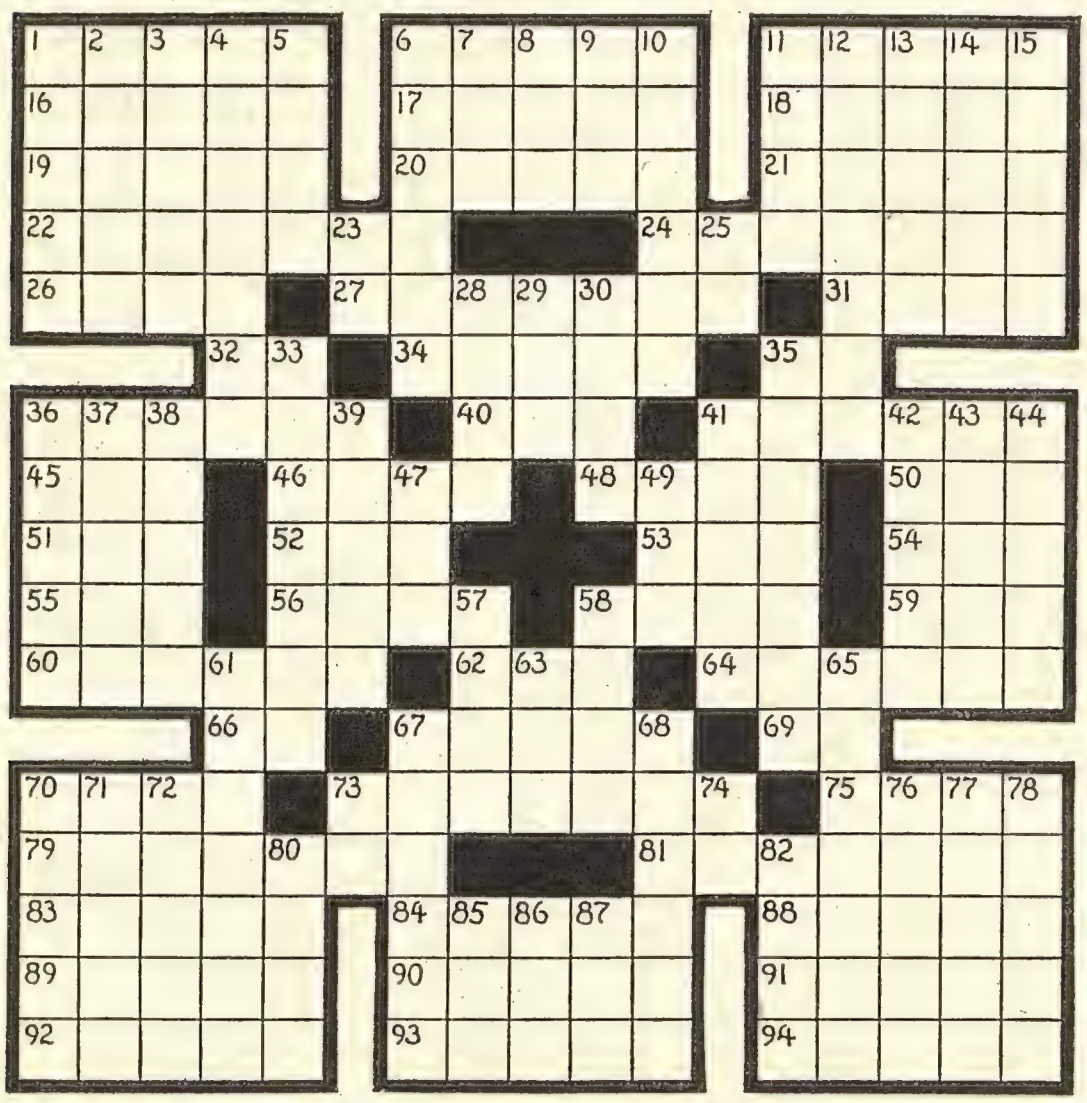
The best support for all athletic sport BIKE

Keep Your Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off until pimples, liver spots, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half-pint witch hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

TRIPLE-BLACKS PUZZLE

THE experienced constructor will recognize this as a troublesome design to handle because of its wide-open corners; but, with the possible exception of Vertical 33, the seasoned solver should experience no unusual difficulty.

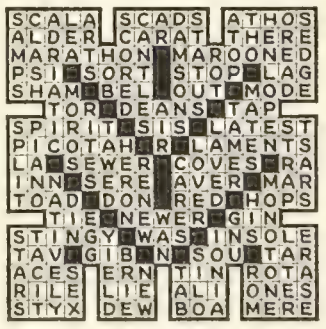


HORIZONTAL

1 Frighten
6 Throes of mental anguish
11 Crusts protecting sores
16 Sharpened
17 Gone by
18 A thick soup
19 Ascend
20 Contradict by counterproof
21 Forest mentioned in As You Like It
22 Gauzelike veiling used by milliners
24 Extreme fright (plural)
26 Wheelless vehicle
27 Allied
31 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
32 Suffix used to form some plurals
34 Spanish title of courtesy
35 Within
36 Embraces
40 Devoured
41 Bony outgrowth on a deer
45 Limb
46 Image
48 Archaic form of a part of do
50 A note of Guido's scale
51 Eggs
52 Hastened
53 The mother of *Peer Gynt*
54 Tangle
55 Obtain
56 Alcoholic beverage (plural)
58 A bird
59 American Indian
60 Turned about a fixed point (variant)
62 Digit
64 Put away for future use
66 Exclamation
67 A tree
69 Initials of the Palmetto State
70 To confine
73 Purveyor
75 Carry
79 Founder of the Hebrew race
81 Slanders
83 Ancient Greek philosopher
84 To lay in surrounding matter
88 Avoid
89 Repulse
90 Elevate
91 Taut
92 Woman's name
93 A serpent
94 Letter of the alphabet (plural)

VERTICAL

1 Makes false pretenses
2 A shade of red
3 Like an old woman
4 Lives
5 Paradise
6 Describes the elements of a sentence
7 Duration of existence
8 City mentioned in the Scriptures (I Samuel xxi. 1)
9 South African antelope
10 A dog
11 To box
12 Continuous movement in the same direction
13 Zeal
14 Malt liquor (plural)
15 Sound judgment
23 Suffix forming nouns of agency
25 Man's name shortened
28 Lank
29 Insect
30 Touched with the toes
33 Plant of the rose family
35 Intentions
36 Chokes up
37 Even
38 A size of type
39 Burn as with a hot liquid
41 Beasts of burden
42 Animal of the monkey kind
43 Exalt
44 Classified
47 Individual
49 To row
57 Proofreader's term
58 To carry on the person
61 Made of wheat
63 Poem
65 Intervals embracing eight diatonic degrees
67 Photographer's apparatus
68 Rosier
70 Island south of the Bay of Naples
71 More capable
72 A fruit
73 The symbol for calcium
74 Note of the scale
76 Portentous signs
77 Concise
78 Park in Colorado
80 Cavity
82 Destiny
85 Rabid
86 Offer to pay
87 Point of the compass



Answer to last week's puzzle

I am a man who cares

The Florsheim SHOE

"I am too active to be anything but comfortable. And yet I fully appreciate the importance of being properly 'turned out.' I wear FLORSHEIM Welterweight Shoes for warm weather . . . they're as welcome as a cooling breeze, as necessary as a Summer straw."

The CLINTON • *Style* M-290

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

TEN TO TWELVE DOLLARS

Most Styles $10

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE

Have you worn a face-fitting Straw Hat?

If so, it's the hat you were sorry to put away at the end of summer. It was becoming to you. It felt comfortable. It was well made—and reasonably priced. In fact, it was a Townsend-Grace Straw Hat—for that is the name that has come to mean face-fitting.

Let your Townsend-Grace dealer fit your face. Ask to see the "Clarion"—our most popular model.

Townsend-Grace Straw Hats

STANDARD AMERICAN QUALITY BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Summer Frocks

Vie with Flowers for Brightness

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THERE has been a lot of talk lately about red, white, and blue for summer clothes. It is so cool, so young, so refreshing. But be sure of your first color, of course. It must not be an obvious red. That carries the patriotic and not the smart conception of red, white, and blue. It is just a flag. The red must be a cherry shade.

Mme. Chanel was the first to think of this clever color combination. That woman has such a flair for chic that it is almost monotonous. We might feel more earthly and comfortable about it if she made a flop sometimes.

A cherry-red and white scarf with a dark blue crêpe dress is enchanting, and this is one of her conceptions.

In sports clothes, a white kasha dress, or one in some woolen material, makes the smartest of foundations. Add to it a Reboux scarf of pieces cut and sewed together in cherry and blue stripes. You here have the recipe for a smart summer costume.

The striped effect is good tied round the neck, and there is something very fresh about it, while the little touch of red gives the whole costume vitality.

A scarf worn as illustrated in our right-hand drawing affords a clever trick, by the way, with which a woman of large hips may make them look small. Wear something that is even broader than they are, and by the law of relativity they will appear less wide. The tie-around bow belt that Chanel places on this frock also carries a flat look with it that does not enlarge the appearance of the hips.

This sports dress of wool has a plaited skirt, and the wide scarf effect (in black with white spots in it, or in blue spotted with red) owes its chic effect in part to the air of easy nonchalance it carries with it.

We should always look as if our clothes came very easy. Any expert knows that if they look as if not a thought has been expended on them, the indication is that very little else has been thought of while they were chosen, ordered, assembled, and put on. Very often on our American stage, I think, clothes have the look of having had far too much effort put into them. They were built to appear expensive rather than chic, whereas the latter attribute is a quality in itself, as any little French shopgirl demonstrates. Clothes don't have to be high priced to be snappy.

The scarf worn with the sports costume is of blue and red. The hat is red angora straw—the hat material that has a little straggly hair running through it; it is very attractive.

When the costume is in black and white, reptile shoes and a bag to match will re-enforce it, in which case the hat should be gray. Thus dressed, a lady is ready for any clubhouse or golf links in this country or Europe.

The first model illustrated is of black and white, and is by M. Patou, who exploits the lavish use of ruffles. It is made frequently—and even more effectively, I think—in white with cherry-red polka dots sprinkling it, and is then worn with a navy blue straw hat.

This is a very good costume for luncheon or tea. The black-and-white version of it may be worn effectively with the close draped turban in string color and crêpe de Chine ribbon (by Agnès), shown in the illustration. With a bag to match, you have an ensemble to carry you anywhere.

The center model is an evening version of those Victorian dresses that are all over the place. This is an 1880 dress, with a bustle effect and all hiked up in the back. Yet there is a chic brought to it by M. Patou, its creator, that those earlier days never knew.

In the first place, this is made of printed taffeta, which is a recent invention. In blue gray, with the pattern stamped on it in gray of a darker color, it makes an effective and up-to-date ensemble, especially for a blonde.

Patou employs ruffles lavishly on the polka-dotted dress in black and white crêpe (left).

Another Patou creation (right), which carries the bustle effect of 1880, is in two shades of gray taffeta.

Chanel's sports ensemble of white wool, with a black and white scarf. Often in red, white, and blue.

SCENICALLY speaking, the fair lady is coming into her own. We have already had it beaten into us that she possessed everything else in the way of attractiveness for commanding men's attention. Now that gray is so prevalent in modern furnishings, she is to have even the background in her favor. She will have the setting to show her off advantageously — if she but have high coloring herself; and if she have not, it is easily acquired.

Patou has named one of his creations "June in Paris," but it might just as well carry as a title "The Fourth of July." It is in two pieces, the blouse being of white silk and the skirt of blue, the two held together by crossings of red, white, and blue stripes.

Suzanne Talbot sprinkles white stars over a navy woolen background. They are denser in the bodice than on the skirt. Another creation has a sort of Milky Way for a border, just above the hem.

Two-piece dresses are smart with a sleeveless jacket over them. Sleeveless dresses are re-enforced with an air of dignity and chic by long-sleeved jackets of the same material.

Hat veils in some of the European places of leisure touch the shoulders. People who never saw the inside of an electric launch are wearing yachting costumes.

Paris Makes One Ensemble Help Another

By
BETTINA BEDWELL

Jenny combines this navy blue tailleur with a dainty blouse of white organdie.

This Premet ensemble (left) of printed crêpe finds great favor in Paris. Lenief unites a black satin coat with a beige crêpe de Chine frock (right).

An evening ensemble from Yvonne Davidson, in blue and gold chiffon, has a cape tied at the neckline like a fichu.

Paris, April 23.

PARIS has found a new secret of summer chic. It is the ensemble. All the world knows that an ensemble is a coat and a dress that go together; but "going together" and being married into an indissoluble harmony aren't the same thing. An ensemble *is* coat, dress, and accessories united by color, fabric, or some such unmistakable evidence of oneness.

However, this marriage may be merely the holy bonds of monotony at the union of which Chic does not officiate. A new secret of the ensemble is combining wrap and frock so that each retains its own individuality and still both form a charming partnership.

The present ensemble idea is an amazing improvement over the original, and it is in this new, greatly varied ensemble that the secret of summer chic is found. In other words, the ensemble this season is a costume every single part of which fits the other, and yet no two parts need necessarily be exactly alike.

It is possible, and for many women practical, to have a whole wardrobe which is so closely related as to be one large ensemble with interchangeable parts. In this case two or three colors are the maximum number allowed for the wardrobe complete. A one-color coat, however, may serve with printed and plain frocks, with jersey or lace or chiffon.

If you are getting one new ensemble and you want to have it independent in idea from the rest of your clothes clan, you may have this ensemble in two or even three colors—that is, if you take into consideration that an ensemble includes everything you wear, from crown or cowlick of your hair to your hand-sewn soles.

The cut—the silhouette lines—you choose must be closely related. For instance, a bouffant skirt cannot be worn with grace under a straight coat, and a dress that has all its fullness on one side demands a coat with a diagonal closing, or some arrangement that carries the movement of the coat around to the side also.

Skirts this season have a vast amount of variety, and there are a good many skirts with uneven hemlines, one-side fullness, and bouffant lines. They demand a special kind of coat, and Paris is right on hand to supply this. The coat for the ensemble with any one of such skirt treatments is a coat that is not full length.

Paris gives us coats that are shorter than the skirt and uneven around the bottom.

Our fur-trimmed coat is the kind I am talking about. It is shown worn with a beige crêpe de Chine frock that is made with a skirt having all its fullness in an uneven circular movement at the left side.

The variation in color and material in this ensemble gives it a special chic. The coat is of black satin, three-quarter length on the right side and curved up to the hip on the left side, where it fastens with black ties.

Hemline and sleeves are edged with beige fox. The coat has a large revers, lined with beige crêpe de Chine, which may be allowed to fall open or be closed as shown, its tab end thrown around the neck as a scarf. This model is from Lenief.

The photograph to its left shows the summer ensemble made of printed crêpe de Chine in beige with two tiny hearts in red and black, pierced by an arrow, as the pattern. This is Fujita's famous broken-heart motif. The printed material of the short coat is contrasted by full-length revers and wide cuffs of plain beige crêpe, and Premet places a beige scarf collar on the frock. Skirt and coat are edged with circular ruffles put on in pointed arrangement.

THE summer tailleur in navy blue with a contrasting blouse is one of the preferred ensembles of the season for practical wear. Our Jenny tailleur in navy blue crêpe has a straight jacket and wrap-around skirt. The blouse is made of white organdie, ties of this material being knotted at the throat above an oval décolleté. A narrow shirred band of the organdie and two bands of lace give the effect of a vestee. Jenny gives this blouse an uneven hipline by curving it up in front to meet the buckle that fastens the organdie belt. With this blue and white ensemble is worn a hat of rose beige and rose beige hose. A bunch of pearl grapes makes a cunning boutonnière.

Our evening ensemble, from Yvonne Davidson, is in blue chiffon over gold chiffon. The cape has a fichu top and is flared around the bottom with double petal godets. The very simple frock is made supremely chic by its diagonal closing from right shoulder to just above the hemline on the left, and by the petal godets on the skirt.

Light and thin on the nail as a ray of sunlight

AT last this lovely natural sheen! Nails that keep radiant with beauty, freshness . . . a whole week long.

Northam Warren announces his triumph—the new Cutex Liquid Polish. An entirely new type—crystal bright, natural, enduring.

Try it today! See the charming sparkle it brings to your once dull nails. The magical way it stays—in crystal loveliness for a whole week!

The new formula comes in Natural Tint, or Colorless with separate Tint. The Polish and its Remover—in smart twin bottles—together 50c. Individual packages, 35c each.

If you are frightfully impatient to try it — send the coupon with 6 cents for the dearest, shining sample bottles!

Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris

The New

CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

Natural—or Colorless with separate Tint

I enclose 6c for samples of the new Cutex Liquid Polish and Remover. Check your preference.
Colorless ☐ *Natural* ☐
In Canada, Dept. U-5, 1101 St. Alexander St., Montreal.
Northam Warren, Dept. U-5, 114 W. 17th St., New York

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Dangerous Curves Ahead!

By EILEEN BOURNE

EVERYONE is delighted, of course, that curves have come back. That a gracious ideal for the feminine figure has replaced the former lead-pencil line we adored is hailed with cheers by doctors, husbands, sweethearts, and artists. And yet—and yet—such are the extremes to which the American temperament leads that it's right at this point we need to beware. Once curves come back they may soon become too ample. Watch yourself! Don't drift into fat.

Now, wait a minute! This isn't going to be one of those diatribes on the subject of calories and the daily dozen. For really and truly we have been flattered enough by doctors and experts who preach about these things. They talk to us as if we had character and energy. They pretend that when we're busy and tired and cramped for space we'll go through our lonely daily exercises just the same. They never allow for the self-indulgence, the laziness, and inertia which beset every mother's daughter of us every day in the year.

We weak sisters need a little definite encouragement in well doing. And we're going to get it. In Paris one of the favorite ways to get off flesh is to have electrical treatment. Certain lamps help. One eminent doctor has an apartment jammed with apparatus which, when the current is turned on, bumps you up and down or thumps you until the flesh is gradually reduced.

The value of such outside aid is not to replace entirely our own efforts on the bedroom rug and our austerities at table, but to encourage us to continue them. It is for this reason that we welcome as one of the great future benefactors of womankind a certain chemical engineer in Sweden.

Eklund is his name, and he has invented a kind of soapy bath which has been proved enormously successful in the healthful reduction of weight. It isn't magic by any means. You don't hop in an elephant and emerge a gazelle. One must take about thirty baths at the rate of three a week and may expect after about the third immersion to lose between four and six pounds every fortnight.

Only after it was used for a long time in the clinics and hospitals of Stockholm was this product put on the market for general use. Medical men are exceedingly interested in it because it offers a safe way to reduce overweight people afflicted with diabetes and heart disease. It increases the circulation and, instead of leaving the bather with that weak feeling often experienced after a hot tub, it gives a sense of refreshment and increased strength.

Like all the best aids to beauty, this Swedish preparation is exceedingly simple. It looks and acts like soap flakes. But it contains a chemical, beneficial rather than otherwise to the skin, which causes its peculiar effect.

One of the advantages of Eklund's discovery is that anyone may use it in her own home tub. First you fill the tub with hot water until the vessel itself is quite hot. Then you draw a fresh hot bath and dissolve a box of the preparation therein. With a whisk you beat the mixture until the suds become like thick whipped cream, and then, after you have cooled the water to bearable temperature, you slide into the heavy foam and lie there for about twenty-five minutes.

WHAT happens is still a bit mysterious, even to scientists. But apparently in the foam which clings close to the skin a kind of electric action is set up and this causes a certain amount of fat to be burned up. And the proof that this loss is quite different from the loss through perspiration caused by the usual hot bath rests upon the fact that it is not regained after eating. Your vanished pounds do not come back. Little by little your fat is turned into electric ions and is diffused through the open pores of the skin. And the process is good for your general health! Could anything be nicer?

Now what I say is that given help and encouragement of this kind we can all be roused from our sloth to do right by ourselves in the matter of diet and exercise. We know that, no matter what they discover, health and pep and the look of youth are bound to depend on muscle tone.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

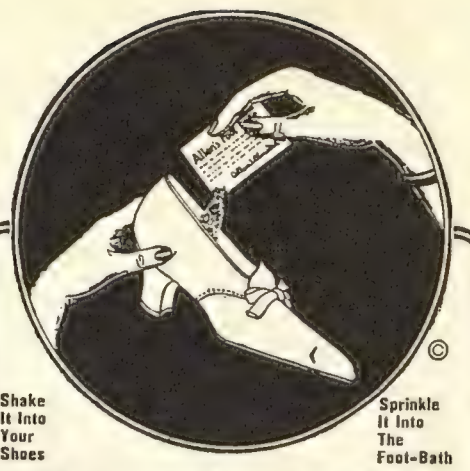
LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State.....92



Allen's Foot=Ease

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder to shake into your shoes

Why will you suffer from corns, bunions or calluses, hot, tired, aching feet, when a little Allen's Foot=Ease in the shoes will stop the pain and give you rest and comfort?

It takes the friction from the shoes

And thereby saves its cost in the wear of stockings, and your feet are always ready for the golf course, the dance or a long tramp. You simply forget all about your feet and the pain you have suffered.

Used by the Army and Navy during the war, by golfers, tennis, foot-ball and base-ball players, stage dancers and all classes of people who must have comfortable feet to do their best.

Try Allen's Foot=Ease and see how easy it makes your new or tight shoes.

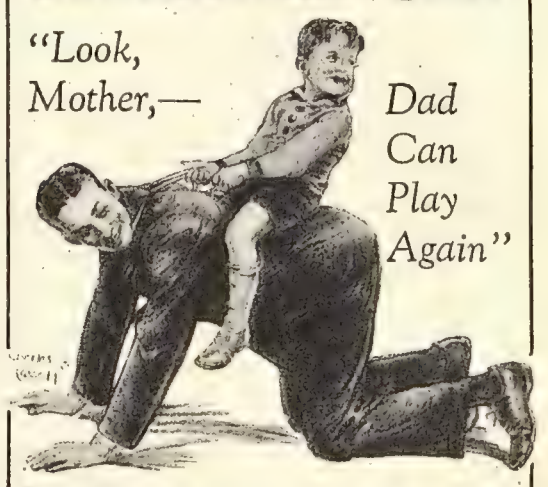
Sold at all Drug and Toilet Counters

In a Pinch, use Allen's Foot=Ease

For Free trial package, address
ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE, Le Roy, N. Y.

Rheumatism Gone

"Look, Mother,— Dad Can Play Again"



WELDONA
TABLETS FOR
RHEUMATISM

Especially effective for Sciatica, Neuritis, Joint, Muscular and other forms of rheumatism ordinary treatments fail to reach. Druggists sell millions of Weldona tablets annually. Ask your druggist. A 24 page illustrated book describing rheumatism from the early Egyptian days to the present, mailed on request to Weldona Corp'n, 99 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

IRON GLUE

To Mend Toys

Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, leather goods, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c and 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug, grocery stores, or 15c size sent by mail. Tubes. Bottles.

McCORMICK & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Clear The Pores Of Impurities With Cuticura Soap

Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere.

Show Girl

Pictures by
JOHN H. STRIEBEL

IF you hear a hundred men cheering for you that will be me.

Denny Gets a Break—and the World a Lot of Peace

By
J. P. McEVOY

(Reading time: 16 minutes 32 seconds.)

[WHO'S WHO, AND WHY: The plot thickens. The dress rehearsal of Get Your Girl is over. Dixie Dugan, its star, is ready for the opening in Atlantic City, the crowning achievement of her life. With her are Jack Milton, the wealthy New York broker who is financing the production, and Jimmy Doyle, the New York reporter who wrote it. Both love her. But what of Denny Kerrigan, her old-time sweetie? Last heard of, Denny was back on the road selling greeting cards. Dixie had put him out of her life. But now—]

PART TEN

From the Atlantic City Daily Breeze, September 29, 1927:

ONE of the most interesting conventions to be held in Atlantic City this year opens today at the Superba Hotel, when the Gleason Company, manufacturers of greeting cards for all occasions, holds its annual sales convention.

All the salesmen who travel the United States and Canada, as well as foreign representatives, will be present, together with high officials of the company, including President George Gleason and Sales Manager Al Evans.

Chief among the star salesmen of the company here to confer on business problems, as well as drink deep of the beauties of Atlantic City, is Denny Kerrigan, who comes from Indiana, famous for Booth Tarkington, the Ku Klux, and The Four Horsemen of Notre Dame. One of the principal speakers who will address the convention is Teddy Zest, the poet lauria of the company, responsible for most of its beautiful sentiments.

Mr. Zest is also scheduled to speak tonight at the First Presbyterian Church on the subject: I Am a Father and Why Not?

The remaining of the Gleason organization at the close of the day's business plan to attend en masse the opening tonight at the Apollo Theater of Get Your Girl, featuring Dixie Dugan, the Jollity Night Club Band, and fifty hotsy-totsies.

SCENE: Convention Room, Superba Hotel, Atlantic City. The room is full of Gleason salesmen jelled into small groups of three or four, each awaiting the official opening of the convention and putting in time pleasantly swapping dirty stories and giving the company hell in all departments. In each eloquent face is stuck a gift cigar, compliments of the company, proving once more that bread cast upon the water comes back all wet.

Al Evans, a dynamo in breeches (a phrase variously attributed by advertising experts to Carlyle, Dr. Crane, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Colonel Lindbergh—they can have it), breezes in and smacks the official mahogany a fast one with the official gavel. The convention is on.

AL: Gentlemen—boys, fellows—hey! clucks, back to your corners. The invocation (*Groans*) will have to be passed up (*Cheers*), as Archie Basset, the only member of this organization who remembers his prayers, is confined to his room with an ice pack and a nice brown fur-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

American Lead Pencil Co.
216 Fifth Avenue - New York
Makers of the famous VENUS Pencils

Accurate, Dependable Time
Mansfield Slip-On Motor Clock

$5.00 *for* Chevrolet, Chrysler, Whippet, Dodge, Essex, Ford, Nash, Buick, Other Leading Makes

No cutting of dash needed to attach this remarkable clock—not even a single screw hole to mar the instrument board. No drilling or cutting whatever. Ready for instant attachment to any car, and the car owner can do it himself.

Heavy clamp insures rigidity, and tightening screw bites under instrument board. Runs 30 hours at a winding, has radium dial and is guaranteed for the life of the car. Finished in bright nickel. At dealer or direct.

J. F. MANSFIELD, 15 Maiden Lane, New York

SEND NO MONEY

MAIL COUPON AT ONCE

J. F. Mansfield, 15 Maiden Lane, New York
Send me one SLIP-ON clock. When it arrives I will pay postman $5.00. I reserve right to return in ten days if not satisfactory and you agree to refund my money.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

AMATCO TENTS

Keep you dry and sheltered in any storm.

Sold by dealers everywhere
Write for FOLDER L-15
AMERICAN AWNING & TENT CO.,
Boston, Mass.

[SHOW GIRL
Continued from page fifty-five]

lined throat. He says he didn't have hardly anything to drink (*Yells of derision*), so the only charitable thing to suppose is that someone spilt it on his head and it ate its way into his brain, which is something you wouldn't understand.

You will find a little table in front of your chairs, if that isn't asking too much of you this early in the morning, and on the table you will find some paper for making notes, and pencils used ordinarily for making out expense accounts, but dedicated today to a higher and nobler cause. You will also find little songbooks containing a few ditties which we are all going to sing together as loud as we can, unless advised to the contrary by the management.

Dennis Kerrigan, who has been invited by the National Broadcasting Company to sing exclusively anywhere except over the radio, will lead you. He is a conscientious tenor — in other words, the possessor of a small, still voice. Gentlemen, Dennis Kerrigan, the sweet singer of Rolling Prairie, Mishawaka.

DENNY: Boys, pick up your songbooks and turn to Number Three — Number Three in the little brown hymnbook. Brother Anderson will pass among you afterwards and take up the good-will offering in his hat. I hope you see he gets it in his hat. Let's go!

SALESMEN: (*Singing lustily.*)
We sell them Gleason valentines in summer when it's hot,
We sell them Gleason Christmas cards in winter when it's not.
And whether the weather is weather or not,
In shower and in shine,
We jump right in and sell the trade
The Gleason Wonder Line.

DENNY: Everybody. Come on!

ENSEMBLE:
Glory, glory, halleluia!
The dealers all say howdy-do-ya.
Glory, glory, halleluia!
We jump right in and sell the trade
The Gleason Wonder Line.

DENNY: Second verse—and not so confidential.

SINGING SALESMEN:
We sell 'em flocks of greeting cards
With hoop-dee-do and dash,
For we are Gleason Wonder Boys
And full of pep and pash.
They sign so many dotted lines
They break out in a rash,
And don't let 'em tell you any different.

DENNY: And the chorus?

SALESMEN: (*Lustily.*)
Glory, glory, halleluia!
The dealers all say howdy-do-ya.
Glory, glory, halleluia!
We jump right in and sell the trade
The Gleason Wonder Line.

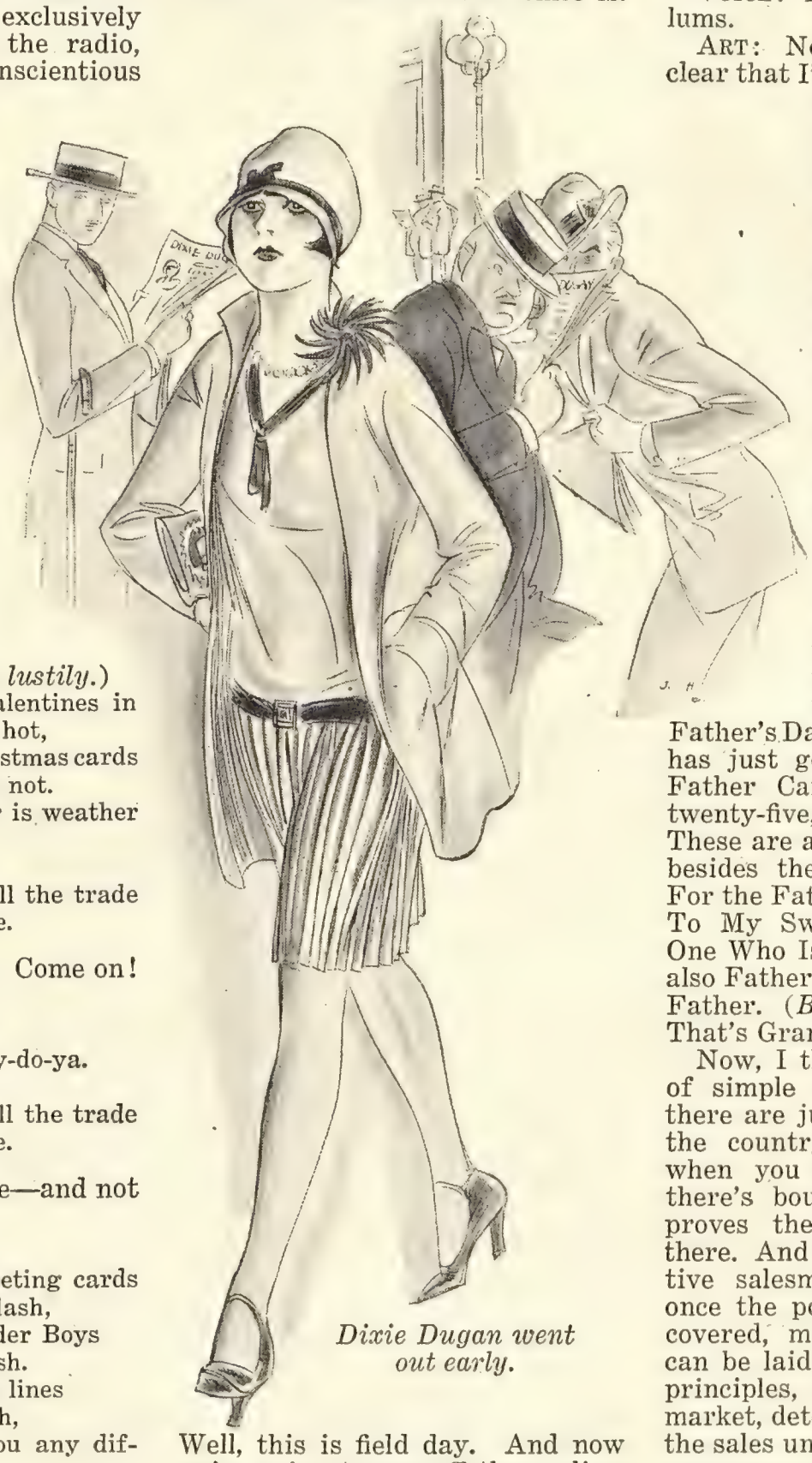
DENNY: (*To Al.*) You can take them now. They're all in a lather.

AL: We're going to first throw the meeting open, boys. That means every man for himself, like a college glee club. If you have any deep-seated wrongs festering in your bosoms, bring them out into the light of day, where the bright sun and the sweet rain will heal and glorify and bring life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Where am I? What does it matter?

SALESMAN: (*Taking it up.*)
What does it matter
If the skies are gray
And the sun don't shine—
What does it matter?

AL: (*Rapping for order.*) Throw him out; he's breaking our hearts. (*Peace as the singer subsides with a painful gurgle.*)

All right, boys. You've been yapping for months now for a chance to tell the world what a bunch of bums the home office is.



Dixie Dugan went out early.

Well, this is field day. And now we're going to run off the preliminary and final heats in bellyaching—standing, running, and jumping, with and without weights.

Yes, Artie? I see you. First in the field, as usual. Boys, Artie Crawford. Traveling out of Chicago. One of King George's spies.

ART: I'd like to know why we can't go back to the old way of mounting two samples on a sheet? Now, with so many sheets . . .

VOICES:
Aw, shut up!
Sit down!
You shouldn't steal sheets!
Go on back to Chicago!
Where's your gang?

AL: Hey! Hey! Give the little boy a chance.

ART: When I started in this business you could carry a whole line in your pocket. Now it takes four big sample cases alone for Christmas. Now, when I started in this business . . .

VOICES:
Who told you you started!
Who told you this was a business?
Let's see your machine gun.

ART: (*Paying no attention.*) When I started in this business there were no hoodlums in it. Now it's full of them. And it seems, by some strange coincidence, we have most of them working for us.

VOICE: The boy knows his hoodlums.

ART: Now I want to make it clear that I'm for smaller lines and better stuff. I've got a hump on my back from carrying the junk you fellows put out up there at the home office.

AL: If poor Artie is getting too feeble to carry the samples, we'll have to get him a bicycle. Only that might establish a precedent.

VOICE: The precedent has been established.

AL: All in favor of a bicycle for Art Crawford say "Aye."

CHORUS: (*Groans.*)

AL: The motion is carried. Yes, Mr. Holmes?

MR. HOLMES: I just want to say that I don't think the office is paying enough attention to Father's Day. The Buzza Company has just got out a swell line of Father Cards—five, ten, fifteen, twenty-five, and fifty-cent sellers. These are all regular Fathers, and besides they have novelties, like For the Father of My Best Friend, To My Sweetheart's Father, To One Who Is Like a Father to Me, also Father-in-Law. And Father's Father. (*By way of explanation.*) That's Grandfather, of course.

Now, I think it's just a matter of simple mathematics to prove there are just as many fathers in the country as mothers. Why, when you get down to reason, there's bound to be. And that proves the potential market is there. And fundamental, constructive salesmanship tells us that, once the potential market is discovered, methods for tapping it can be laid out along well known principles, such as surveying the market, determining the quota and the sales unit, the dollar per capita per annum potential, the overhead, the turnover, the saturation index, and the direct as well as inverse ratio of unit promotion cost to unit sale profit. Thank you! (*Sits down completely overcome by his own eloquence. There is an awed silence.*)

LOUD DERISIVE WHISPER: She was astonished when he answered the waiter in French.

AL: I think a song might cheer

us up a little after what we've just been through. What say, Denny?

DENNY: (*Rising merrily.*) All right, boys. What's the matter with Number Ten in the little polka-dotted hymnal? Tune, The Song Is Ended, But the Melody Lingers On.

Second verse—and not so confidential.

SALESMEN: (*With feeling.*)
The sale is ended,
But the helluvit lingers on.
All the commish is gone
But the helluvit lingers on.
The deal was splendid
And the management wrote to say
You had a damfine day
If their credit was just O. K.
Then came the goods to the store
Broken and short—was that customer sore!
As we intended
We returned for more sales anon—
Buyer and sales had gone!
But the helluvit lingers on.

AL: Boys, now I've got a surprise for you. Teddy Zest is going to speak to us.

VOICE: That's no surprise. I read it in the paper this morning.

AL: My mistake. I didn't think you could read. Boys, Teddy Zest, the poet all America loves, who has written most of our best sellers past, present, and future. Give him the good old Gleason Greeting Song.

SALESMEN: (*Singing.*)
If here ain't Teddy Zest himself,
Hello! Hello! Hello!
Himself no less and in the flesh,
Hello! Hello! Hello!
We're glad to greet this handsome guy,
And should he ask the reason why,
We're proud to tell him in reply
Hello! Hello! Hello!

TEDDY ZEST: Boys, I'm proud to be with you today. I'm proud to be associated with such a fine gang of real fellows dedicated to the mission of spreading good cheer far and wide o'er all our beautiful countryside where hands are warm and souls are true and hearts are fine and staunch as yew. Each day I wander down the road and see a man beneath his load of care and worry go a while, and to this man I give a smile, and lo, his burden melts away and brighter dawns another day. And once again he views the years no longer through a mist of tears, but walks erect foursquare and free, once more the man he used to be. (*Bows. Applause.*)

Why, boys, it's not given to everyone to do good and get paid for it. That's the kind of a job you have—spreading cheer through all the land, spreading cheer on either hand; cheer to tots with heads of gold, cheer to dear sweet mothers old; cheer to maidens young and gay, cheer to fathers staunch and gray. So here's a cheer from me to you, and three more cheers for our flag so true—the grand old red and white and blue. (*Applause.*)

The other day I was visiting a dear old couple in Battle Creek. They were celebrating their diamond wedding anniversary—their names escape me—*tch, tch*—and I thought, Really this dear old sweet couple can tell me of life, for they have fought the good fight, and their crowns are awaiting them. So I asked this dear old gentleman about life. But he was very old and very feeble and couldn't talk plainly. But I read in his faded blue eyes this message, this message of undying courage and fidelity which seemed to say: Do not falter in the battle, do not falter in the fight; learn to see your bounden duty, learn to read your trials aright; learn to face things as you find them, then resolve and plunge right in—for it's not the winning the race that counts, but running the race to win. And so it goes in every field, and so it will for aye. It's not the running to win that wins the wreaths of laurel and bay. So give a hand to less fortunate ones, and a smile to those in doubt, for nobody knows where the other one goes—so what's all the rush about? (*Applause.*)

The other day my little boy Wilfred climbed up in my lap and rubbed peppermint candy in my mustache. (*Laughter.*) And he said: "Daddy, does everybody have to work?" And I said: "Yes, Wilfred, everybody has to work at something or other, for that is the duty imposed on us by life." And then he said: "Daddy, will I have to work when I grow up?" And I said: "Yes, Wilfred." And then he said: "But aren't you going to make enough money, daddy, so I won't have to work?" I said: "No, Wilfred; no matter how much money daddy makes, you'll have to work when you grow as big as daddy. What do you think of that, Wilfred?"

And then Wilfred thought awhile, and then he looked up at me with those big baby-blue eyes and he said: "Daddy, I think that's just dandy." (*Applause.*) And that's just what work is—just dandy. It's fine to have a job to do, and fine to feel you're equal to the job at hand and know the thrill of working with a right good will. And is there any better fun than seeing jobs a-getting done? And, boys, that is my message true to each and every one of you: no better job in all the land than spreading joy on either hand, and selling messages of cheer, which far and wide, through all the year, will go to hovel and to dome, with thoughts of mother, heart, and home. No better job for hand or heart than this in which you have a part. And here's my old wish, ever new: May God bless every one of you, and make your dearest dreams come true. And that means you and you and you. Thank you!

(*Thunderous applause.*)

AL: I'm sure we got a great deal out of Mr. Zest's inspiring speech, and I know you fellows will all go out and sell twice as much of his stuff now that you've met him face to face and realized what a fine, upstanding foursquare he-Christian gentleman he is. (*Applause.*) During Mr. Zest's speech I noticed our president come in and take a seat at the back of the room. (*Hearty applause.*) Will you come up and give the boys a talk, Mr. Gleason?

GLEASON: (*Not rising.*) No; I'm going to stay right back here and listen for a while. If I talk I'll only hear what I know already. If I listen I may hear something new.

DENNY: (*Rising.*) I have an idea I'd like to talk about. I've

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Hair getting a bit thin?

Yet it need not!

So easily, so swiftly does this simple treatment bring new vigor—thick strength—to your hair!

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

The Pinaud treatment is so quickly effective because it directly attacks the *causes* of thinning, falling hair.

Dandruff—poor scalp circulation—these, specialists say, cause most baldness.

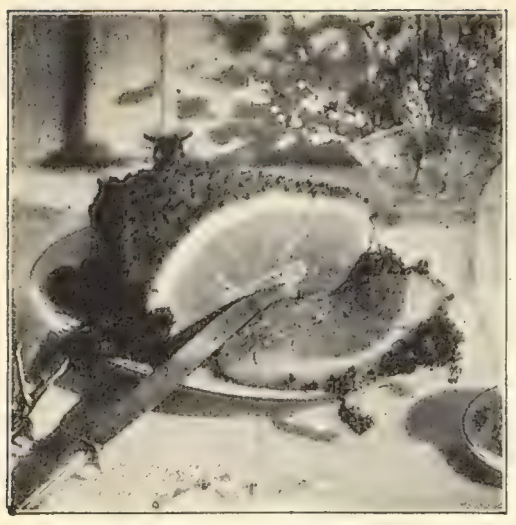
The Pinaud treatment destroys dandruff—makes the scalp fairly tingle with active circulation. Begin it at once! You'll like Pinaud's Eau de Quinine because it makes the scalp *feel* so good. And the new vigor the Pinaud treatment brings to your hair will amaze you!

Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine *today* at any drug or department store. Always look for Ed. Pinaud's signature in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S

Eau de Quinine

Copr., 1928, Pinaud, Inc.



At That To-Be-Remembered Dinner

Restful quietude . . . snow-white damask . . . gleaming silver . . . flowers of exquisite tints and odors . . . baked ham, golden-brown, clove-studded, fresh from the oven!

And such ham! Just as in the days of long, long ago.

DECKER'S
TOWN CLUB HAM

produced only from young porkers raised in America's famous corn belt, cured in the slow, painstaking way so vitally essential in the development of full flavor-richness—and then, for days and days, given a finishing touch of lusciousness with real, green hickory-wood smoking.

DECKER'S TOWN CLUB Ham possesses a refinement of natural flavor and juicyness that fairly smacks of the country—the true, old-fashioned ham flavor so seldom encountered today. It is not a canned cooked ham.

DECKER'S TOWN CLUB Hams are served by exclusive clubs, fine hotels, and on private cars. They weigh between 12 and 16 pounds and are priced at 50c the pound, delivered.

Many prefer two hams: one to slice and one to bake.

Order direct from us with the understanding that if you are not entirely satisfied, your money will be returned.

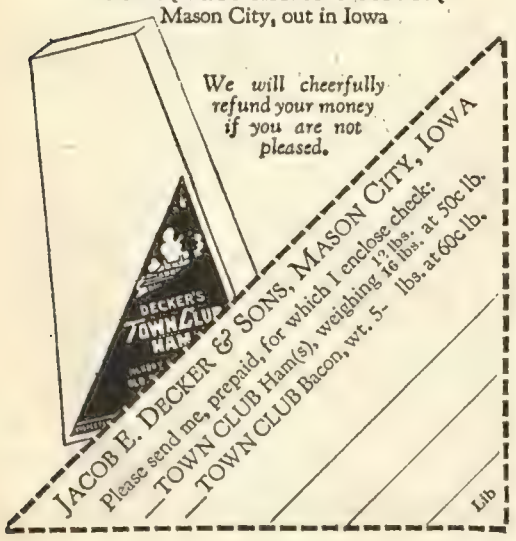
DECKER'S
TOWN CLUB BACON

is cured and smoked in the slow, thorough manner that nature herself employs in the enrichment of natural flavors—tender, firm, remarkably delicious—tanged with the real relish of old-fashioned bacon by careful smoking with real, green hickory-wood smoking. Supplied in a flitch, weighing about 5 to 6 pounds, and priced at 60c the pound, delivered. Add 5c per pound west of the Rockies.

"Special proposition for Country Clubs, Town Clubs, Hotels and Restaurants. Write for detailed information."

DEALERS—Ask for exclusive franchise.

JACOB E. DECKER & SONS
Creators of
TOWN CLUB HAMS & BACON
Mason City, out in Iowa



[SHOW GIRL
Continued from page fifty-seven]

been thinking about it for some time and I'd like to know what Mr. Gleason and Al and all you boys think about it.

VOICE: Did Dixie Dugan give it to you?

DENNY: (*Coldly.*) You keep your tongue off Dixie Dugan unless you want a good sock on the nose!

VOICE: Well, don't get mad.

DENNY: I don't have to get mad to sock you on the nose. It would be a pleasure.

VOICES: Fight! Fight!

AL: (*Vigorously.*) Here, here. Cut it out. If we're going to have a fight let the entertainment committee handle it and put it somewhere on the program where it will do some good.

DENNY: (*Glowering at opponent.*) Well, all I was going to say is, I've been thinking about getting out a Christmas card that would have a wider appeal than just Christmas, and I wrote one that I would like to submit to our creative department. (*Reads.*)

May the beautiful shining Christmas star
Shine down on you wherever you are;
Wherever you roam, wherever you be,
May it bring love and cheer to thee.
And may the Christmas spirit never cease
Good will to men and world-wide peace.

(*With the natural instinct of a mother artist defending its young.*) You see, world-wide peace is the idea. Something that will tie up with the peace and good will and the Christmas spirit.

GLEASON: (*Taking fire and jumping up enthusiastically.*) World-wide peace! Great—wonderful. . . . That's a real thought for a Christmas card. . . . Get that one out . . . get it out right away. . . . We can sell thousands of them . . . millions. . . . We can get every church organization in America back of it. . . . It will go in every Christian home in the country. . . . World peace. . . . Why, you can get it out in all languages — French, Italian, German. . . . Can't you see it? . . . Thousands . . . millions . . . thousands of millions of those cards going all over the world!

DENNY: (*Thrilled.*) Do you really think so, Mr. Gleason?

GLEASON: Think it? I know it! Why, you've got a magnificent idea. An idea that comes only once in a century. Listen. . . . World peace Christmas cards . . . cards carrying a message of peace on earth, good will to men . . . going out in all languages . . . to all nations . . . all over the world. . . . Why, we could line up every church organization . . . every women's club. . . . You would have millions buying them . . . millions selling them. When did you get the idea?

DENNY: (*Modestly.*) Oh, just the other day. I've been working it out at home. The details, the type of design, the numbers at different prices, discounts, distribution.

GLEASON: Fine. Not only the regular dealers, but we'll get every organized agency for good, for service, for uplift, for welfare work, for Christianity to handle them too. (*To Denny.*) Isn't that your idea?

DENNY: You bet. Why not?

GLEASON: (*To salesmen.*) Boys, I believe this is the biggest Christmas card idea that has ever been conceived. What I like about it especially is that it gives us an opportunity to do something noble, something inspiring in a big, broad, fundamental way. You know, this business isn't just dollars and cents. Profits aren't everything. (*Solemnly.*) What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul? Right?

SALESMEN: That's right. . . . O. K.

GLEASON: You're selling Christmas cards. Are they pieces of paper with designs and verses on them? No. You're selling that which inspires thoughtfulness; you're selling kindness; you're selling friendship and love, and handclasps and heartbeats: stable commodities; not luxuries—necessities. That's why I say Denny's idea is far greater than just a Christmas card idea. His idea is a card that will not only be a Christmas card, but will carry a message of good will and understanding and world peace to all the peoples of all the world!

The golden Christmas star surrounded by flags of all nations. Boys, it's wonderful . . . the very thought of it thrills me. . . . I can see millions of hands reaching out for this card at Christmas . . . I can see millions of them flying like angels of peace over the whole world. We can line up every church organization, the foreign missionary societies, every women's club, every fraternal organization. We can get the governmental agencies back of this, the societies for the propagation of world peace, the diplomatic offices, the export trade, the import trade. Millions will be buying them. . . . Am I right?

FIRST SALESMAN: That's right.

SALESMEN: (*In chorus.*) O. K.!

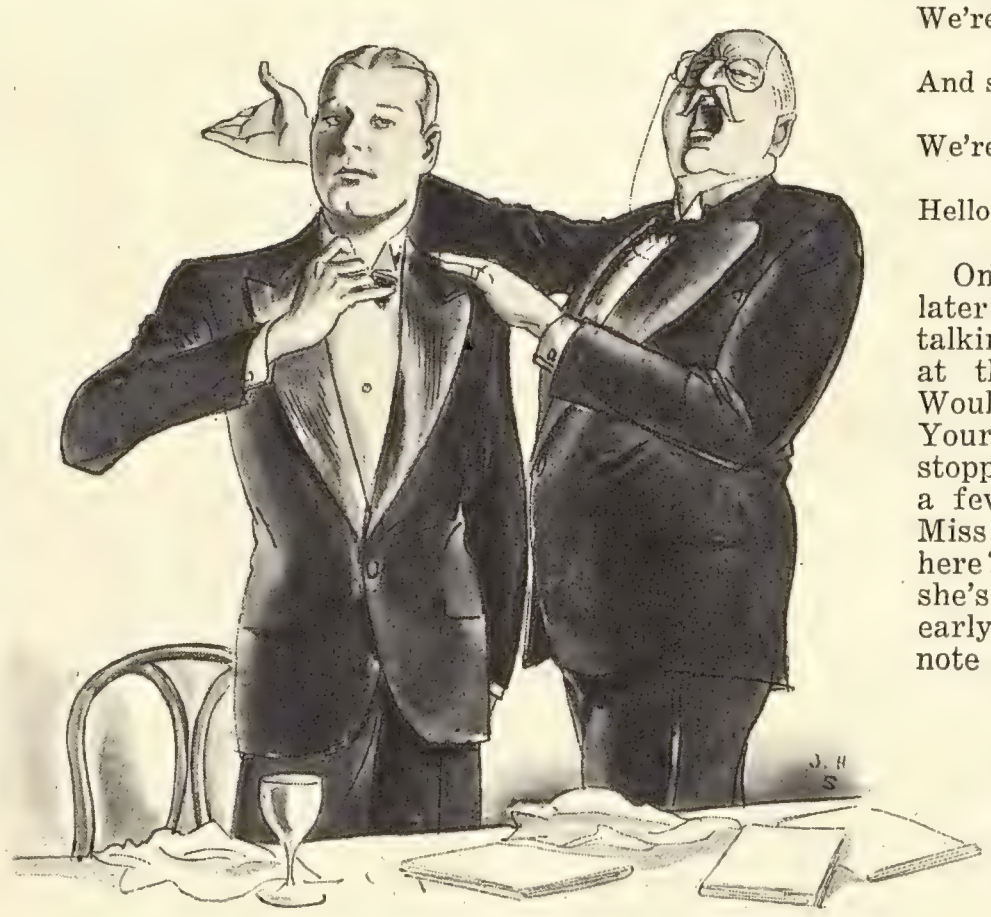
GLEASON: (*Taking Denny by the arm and presenting him.*) And here's the man who conceived the idea . . . a magnificent idea . . . colossal idea . . . an idea of truly epic proportions. (*Starts applause; everyone joins in.*) Now, boys, Denny here deserves more than just a pat on the back for this idea. I'm going to take him in off the road and make him assistant sales manager in charge of the World Peace Christmas Card movement. And I know all you boys will get together and help him put it over. Am I right?

SALESMEN: Right! O. K.! (*All crowd up and shake hands with Denny.*)

AL: (*Rapping for order.*) Boys, the old Gleason Hello Song for our new assistant sales manager, Denny Kerrigan.

SALESMEN: (*In lusty chorus, joined by the Old Man himself.*)

If here ain't Denny Kerrigan,
Hello! Hello! Hello!
Himself no less and in the flesh,
Hello! Hello! Hello!
We're glad to greet this handsome guy,
And should he ask the reason why,
We're proud to tell him in reply
Hello! Hello! Hello!



Denny here deserves more than just a pat on the back. I'm going to make him assistant sales manager.

Only a few minutes later Denny may be seen talking to the room clerk at the Hotel Superba. Would any of the Get Your Girl company be stopping here? Yes, quite a few of them. Would Miss Dixie Dugan be here? Yes, 1242. But she's not in. Went out early. Could one leave a note for her? Certainly.

The Note:

DIXIE, YOU DEAR SWEET THING:

I'm in town stoping here. Tried to reach you, but you were at rehearsal. Coming to see your show tonight, and if you hear a hundred men cheering for you that will be me. Can I see you after the show? Can we go somewhere and have something to eat and talk over old times? Did I say I would try to forget you? I was crazy. I love you to death.

DENNY.

P. S. Got promoted today. Swell new job—assistant sales manager. Doesn't that sound good? You'll be proud of me yet. D.

Don't miss the big party which follows the opening of Dixie's show. The next installment gives the details. In an early issue.

As necessary as the morning shave

MILLIONS of well-groomed men start the day with Glo-Co—and end it with every hair in place. This new dressing acts as a tonic. It conditions the hair. It wars on dandruff. The delightful new fragrance is in extremely good taste. If you can't get Glo-Co at your favorite department store, drug store or barber shop, send 50c for a full-size bottle to Glo-Co Company, 6511 McKinley Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. Same price in Canada, 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.

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VOX POP

To make room for this very significant letter from Senator George of Georgia we are giving extra space to Vox Pop this week. The regular Vox Pop department will be found on the next page.

"The 14th, 15th, and 18th Amendments"

WASHINGTON, D. C.—My attention has been called to the article "The Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Eighteenth Amendments," by Mr. Sidney Sutherland, appearing in LIBERTY for April 21. The article quotes me upon certain highly technical and controversial questions and upon these questions it does not accurately and correctly represent me. This is due, no doubt, to the technical character of the questions treated in the article, and to the further fact that my conversation with the writer occurred on a railway train some four months ago, and the article was not submitted to me for correction prior to its publication. In the circumstances I request publication of this letter.

The writer submitted to me extracts from certain court decisions and asked for an expression of opinion. I declined to comment upon the opinions or extracts therefrom, with the statement that I could not undertake to review any decision without full opportunity to examine the opinion and all of the facts upon which it was based.

I therefore confined myself to a brief statement of the civil rights of the Negro under the Georgia law, as follows: grand and traverse juries in Georgia are selected from lists made up by jury commissioners, appointed by the judges of the superior courts, elsewhere called circuit courts. The trial jury list is selected from the male citizens appearing upon the books of the tax receiver and must be "upright and intelligent men." From this list a suitable number, not exceeding two-fifths of the whole, is selected for the grand jury list.

Grand jurors must be "the most experienced, intelligent, and upright men" in the county. There are of course certain other qualifications noted by the author of the article in LIBERTY. It will be observed that the law confers on the commissioners certain judicial powers in the selection of citizens for jury service, but no conflict with the Fourteenth or Fifteenth Amendment is involved since the statute applies to both whites and blacks alike. There is in the statute no discrimination on account of race or color. I directed the writer's attention to the fact that Negroes had served, and so far as I knew were still eligible for service, in some counties in Georgia.

Any statute may be so applied as to deny equal protection of the laws, but the fact pointed out by me was that a statute which simply provides for an exercise of judgment on the part of jury commissioners in seeking competent jurors of proper qualifications is not invalid.

State laws providing for the education of white and colored children in separate schools, and for separate railroad carriages for white and colored races, do not deny the equal protection of the law and are not invalid under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments. Points of contact between the races in the South have proved in many instances to be points of irritation and the State, in the exercise of its police power, may validly provide for separate schools and separate accommodations in public places.

The Southern States have exercised their full powers within the limitations of the Federal Constitution to protect the civilization of the South in the interest of both races, the whites and blacks alike. Even if it be thought that the spirit of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments has been violated, in the opinion of those who are not entirely familiar with actual conditions in the South, no just analogy can be drawn between these amendments and the Eighteenth Amendment.

In dealing with the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments the South has acted on the honest and abiding conviction that it was necessary for her so to act in order to preserve her own civilization for the welfare and protection of every race within her borders. She has responded to what she conceived to be the supreme law—the law of self-preservation.

Nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment springs from the desire to satisfy the physical appetite. The cases are not on the same plane.

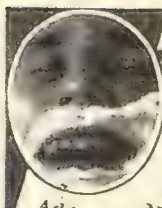
In my interview with the writer of the article I therefore stated that I had no patience with the contention that the South was not in position to insist upon enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment because it had violated the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments.

I pointed out that the House and Senate, if a majority could be procured, might repeal the enforcement act and in that event no penalty would attach to any violation of the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment. I specifically stated, however, that the two honest possibilities were: enforcement or repeal of the amendment. I stand for its enforcement, and so stated.

I recognized, and still recognize, the legal and moral right of any citizen to insist upon the repeal by constitutional means of the amendment. I am not impatient with the effort to repeal the amendment by those who believe the repeal to be essential to the preservation of our federal form of government, and to a wise and honest settlement of the liquor question in the United States. The citizen who entertains this conviction is entitled to agitate for the repeal of the amendment and to exert every constitutional means to bring about the repeal thereof.

Inasmuch as my position was not clearly reflected by the writer of the article and particularly since certain statements attributed to me seem to be inconsistent in themselves, I ask that you give this letter due publicity.

WALTER F. GEORGE,
United States Senator from Georgia.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Don't suffer another day! Drop a little "Freezone" on any corn. Instantly it stops hurting and soon the corn comes right off. Doesn't hurt one bit. "Freezone" ends every kind of corn and foot callus, without soreness or irritation. Get a bottle today at your druggist.
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Vox Pop

How Much Do You Want?

SWEETWATER, TEX.—The worst thing about LIBERTY is that you don't give the readers enough room to tell how rotten it is.—*S. T.*

Lucky Thirteen!

CHICAGO, ILL.—Don't let anyone kid you. You have the best magazine on the market.

I am only thirteen years old, but I know a good magazine when I see one.—*Russell Lett.*

Farm Relief

DIXIE STOCK FARM, ABERDEEN, MISS.—You are assuming a schoolmaster's authority over the American public. First, you dictate in what

time to read your stories. Now you come along and forbid the sale of LIBERTY until Monday. We farmers go to town Saturday afternoons. We have to do our reading on Sunday, and this is especially true during the summertime.

Monday night the cow will have a calf, Tuesday night the sow will have pigs, Wednesday night is prayer meeting, Thursday night is poker night, Friday night is set apart for movies, and Saturday night is a free-for-all—so give me LIBERTY to read on Sunday or not at all.—*E. B. Heller.*

Well, Live and Learn

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—In your Vox Pop section a Mrs. S. Carlton of Denver said that, now you've had a contest, "Are Women People?" it would be great to find out what the women think of the men.

Hell and Maria! Have we men heard anything *else* from the women since Adam's time—morning, noon, and night, hashed and rehashed—but what they think about us?—*Geo. H. Treadwell.*

The Other Side

CANTON, OHIO—Why cannot your readers remember the war with the sadness it deserves, instead of with hatred expressed in the letters which you publish? It is as if they want another dreadful war and try to encourage it by tearing open old wounds so that poison can seep in. Out of my father's house in Vienna my mother and I alone survived those dreadful years of killing. My three grown brothers—Ladilas, Franz, and Jan—all were killed. My father, a doctor, was killed while attending wounded soldiers in a hospital which was blown up by airmen.

Because I was very young and was summoned for service near the end, I escaped only with injuries.

Yet, as we fought, we thought the same thoughts as your people. We were sure we were justified, and gave and lost until we cried out in sadness and fear. We thought your side were terrible people, just as you thought us.

All wars are mistakes in that direction. Now I have come with my mother to your splendid nation, and I want to become a citizen—a good citizen. I have made friends here and I love them dearly. I have studied and learned so that I can become a worthy American and make my mother happy.

Yet, in your publication are things which make me feel still the enemy. My American friends read them and make me feel unwanted.

It makes my mother very sad.—*Jokai Zrinyi.*

We Will

PLAINS, PA.—Please print more articles like "The du Ponts of Delaware."

That kind of stories makes a boy feel ambitious.—"*Chick*" *Reynolds.*

Could the V. P. Editor Have a Gas Mask?

DAYTON, OHIO—In the movie houses, when they show a big picture, it's all the atmosphere stuff to have the ushers and other theater

attendants dress like the characters on the screen, as you know.

So I have this suggestion to make. Since your office force and editors feed your dear public war stuff, I suggest that the above-mentioned editors and office force dress as in the drawing shown here. And you might also shoot some gunpowder around the room.

If you can't turn out good war articles in that atmosphere, I give up.—*George Bungle.*

Those Amendments

NEW YORK CITY—Never in my life have I read anything sillier than Sidney Sutherland's article, "The 14th, 15th, and 18th Amendments."

It is surprising that a man of Sutherland's apparent intelligence would attempt to create an analogy between his so-called violations of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments and the Eighteenth.

Primarily the Negro is not barred from his vote in the South—he *disqualifies himself*, as any straight thinking man will assure you who has spent more than thirty minutes below the Mason and Dixon line.—*E. H. Overbay.*

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—I have just finished reading Sidney Sutherland's article, "The 14th, 15th, and 18th Amendments." He is right that the South is depriving the Negro of his liberty in certain ways.

Furthermore, we always will. Why? The South has seen how the Negro acts when he is placed on an equal with the white.

Do you remember reading about how the Negro acted in the years following the Civil War? If you don't, read up on it.

The Negroes, aided by the Northern "carpetbaggers," were in supreme command. They insulted the white man, stole his property, and criminally assaulted his wife and daughter.

Do you think we could stand that again?—"*Buddie.*"

Sandy: Pro and Con

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Leslie Thrasher should paint a few vases, or do a sign for someone else, and give us a much needed rest.—*D. O. Furr.*

MONTREAL, CAN.—Say, anybody who says that Leslie Thrasher's pictures are crazy ought to be in the bug house. Good grief! It's a pleasure to see something besides the eternal woman's head on a cover.

LIBERTY is a darn good magazine. If some don't like it, why the dickens don't they give their weekly nickels to the blind man on the corner?—*Barrie Macdonald.*

NEW YORK CITY—I think Sandy's rise is altogether too sudden. From a mere whippersnapper kid to a first-class business man and *almost* a father.

Such tommyrot is altogether too much for me to digest.—*Capt. Ernest J. Klein.*

How Do You Do It, Roger?

NEW YORK CITY—Your article, "How Many Times Have You Bought Your Hat Back?" was much overdrawn. The writer, Helena Fox, should not bat out to readers of our unexcelled LIBERTY such rot.

Personally, I have been "on the road" for eighteen years, and in good hotels, too. I know my onions. My advice to Miss Fox is to travel around with some regular guys and not with four-flushers who try to impress the lady by lavish tips or tales of them.

We (us old road hounds) never bite when it comes to hat checking. They can check our hat, but "Thank you" is our limit.

One place on Broadway wifie and I often attend, not always alone but with friends, too. As yet the check girl has never got bait from me, and we receive as good service in the hat line as the suckers.—*Roger H. Clapp.*

It Seems Fairly Clear

INDIAN ORCHARD, MASS.—Regarding Chambers' pirate story "Drums and Black Colours," where does he get such an imagination?

That pirate *Israel Hornygold* was sure a tough bird.

Cut open at the neck with a pike by *Drere*, and his left arm slashed, so that it dangled in its gore, by *Nancy.*

Shot in the belly with a great horse pistol by *Ross.*

Driven through again by *Nancy's* sword.

Pounced upon by the crew and beaten to a pulp with pike, ax, musket butt, and what have you.

And still he could "stir and shudder and quiver, as does a snake, though crushed to fragments."

What I mean, Mr. Vox Pop, is that there never *was* a tougher bird than *Izzy*, if I make myself perfectly clear.—*T. O. Armstrong.*

You Can't Cut Ears Politely

DETROIT, MICH.—Your magazine is really brutal. Take, for instance, that horrid story "Drums and Black Colours." I was horrified at the cruelty of it. Such amazing rudeness, impoliteness, etc.

I couldn't sleep all of two nights after reading the first three paragraphs. I could just picture the pirate with both ears cut off. First he would have one ear cut off, then the other, then both . . . Finally his whole head.

Stop these stories!—*B. L. A.*

No; You Read 'Em

LAKELAND, FLA.—I just want to thank you for printing the hot pirate stories by Robert W. Chambers.

They're good. They even remind me of Chicago.

I don't buy your magazine, but I always manage to waylay my "sis" before she gets home with her copy. I really don't think she ought to read such bunk as some of your articles. Do you?—*Ray Kelly.*

Call for Dr. Frick

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.—Have been sick in bed for the last week with the grippe, but after reading "'Mail-Order' Morse," by Ford C. Frick, felt greatly improved. Believe me, that was the neatest story I've read in a long time.

Publish another one of his stories!—*John Talbot.*

Smartly styled for the younger set, in new and clever fabrics, Coopers Knitshirts and Trackshorts, are all the vogue.

Coopers

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Underwear Hosiery Nightwear

Men's underclothes don't usually *wear* out—they *burst* out — because they have no "shock-absorbers". Coopers Knitsuits are the exception—their knit fabric gives as the body bends—the *give* absorbs the *shock*—they neither rip nor tear—they simply wear, and wear, and wear!

Whether you work with your hands or your head—indoors or outdoors — try Coopers Knitsuits — three suits to the box. They are easy to wash—require no ironing — and save constant mending. Ask your wife. If she doesn't know already, she'll find out — quickly.

At good stores everywhere, Coopers Knitsuits at $1 to $5; Coopers Pajamas at $2.50 to $10.00; Coopers Hosiery at 50 cents to $2.50. Ask for Coopers when shopping.

Cooper Underwear Company
Kenosha, Wis., U. S. A.

Coopers Pajamas lead in color-trims, in style-trends and in fascinating fabrics—daintily tailored in new, modish models.

I'm an OILY Bird

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

THEN he took the glass pencil out of my mouth and looked at it hard.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 42 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

I'm sick. I'm in bed. I got a temper-chur. A temper-chur is something that goes up. Also, it goes down. Also, you have to stay in bed till it does. But I don't know where it goes up to. I don't even know where it comes up from. If I did I could find it. If I could find it I'd make it go down so I could get up.

Mary tried to help me find it. She looked under the bed. Only the floor was there. She looked on top of the bed. She pulled the blankets off. She peeked inside my pajamas. Only me was there.

"You're awful red," she said. "Is that it?" I said what? She said your temper-chur. I said no, that was just hot. She said does it burn? I said yes. I'll get some water and put it out, she said. She didn't put it on me, though.

"What *are* you doing with that water?" Mom asked.

"Toni's burning. I'm going to put her out," Mary told her.

I didn't get put out, though. Mary did. And she was told not to come into my room again.

I kept on burning. My tongue was hot. And my mouth and my hands and my head and all of me. Mom looked at me. She looked scared. Then she felt me all over. Then she ran to the telephone. She said is Dr. Anthony in? And then she said he's out? Well, tell him to come as quick as he can.

He came quick. While Mom was tel-e-phon-ing Mary stuck her head in the door. She said did you find it? I said what? She said your temper-chur. I said no, did you? She said no and I looked in the cupboard and in the doll carriage and in the closet, but it ain't there.

Don't say ain't, I said.

Come on and help me look, she said. So I said all right. But when I went to get up I couldn't. I couldn't climb over the top of the crib. I couldn't see so very well. My eyes wanted to slide shut all the time. So I fell back on the bed. I went to sleep.

When the doctor came he said it was a lovely day to Mom wasn't it? But she was wringing her hands. I guess she didn't know if it was a lovely day. She looked like how she did the day I fell off the stepladder. When I got up to walk that day my legs fell down. I fell down on top of them. The next time I got up on them, though, they didn't fall down. I didn't either.

So then the doctor said where's the sick girl? And I said she can't come in. She has to stay outside. And he said who has to stay outside? I said Mary. And he said who is Mary? So I told him Mary, the sick one, was my new sister, only she wasn't new any more. And he said well, well. She's new to me. I didn't know you had a sister.

Then he asked Mom how it was he didn't bring her. And Mom told him that Mary was brung another way. Auntie brung her. And he scratched his head and said Auntie! That's strange! I didn't know aunties— But Mom said she would explain more when they got outside.

So then the doctor said Mary's the sick one, is she? And I said yes. I knew Mary'd want to be sick too. She wants to be everything I am when we play. So we take turns. She likes to be first. I do too. But I thought I'd let her be sick first for the doctor. But he said I guess I'll take *your* temper-chur. I said all right. You take it. Then I can get up.

So he said open your mouth. I said no, I don't want any more candy. He put a glass pencil in it instead. He told me not to chew it. I didn't know what to do with it. I couldn't ask because I couldn't talk. I just let it stay there. Then he took it out and looked at it hard. Then he looked at me. Then he looked at Mom and she said not meas-els or in-fan-teel prall-ises, doctor? Her voice was shaking.

"A little fever," he said. And Mom said OH—Thank God! And I said what's fever? He said it's what little girls get when they've been eating too much—candy maybe. Then he asked Mom questions about things you don't talk out loud about. And Mom said not very reg-lar the last day or two. Then he said what's she been eating? And Mom said nothing harmful, I keep her on a very strict diet.

"No candy?" said the doctor. NO, Mom said. I never let her have any.

She just bundled a blanket around me and took me on her lap till I had to swallow the dirty old stuff.

Mary was peeking in the door. Sometimes I don't like Mary. Sometimes she's not a good egg. This was one of the times.

She said yes, she had candy. She had whole lots. She ate up the box. She gave me some.

"Where did you get that candy?" said Mom, looking like herself. She was mad.

I didn't tell her. Mary didn't either, until she had to. Then she told on me for taking the box that was hid in the drawer. Then the doctor went away. He didn't go soon enough. If he'd gone before he said a little castor oil will fix her up I wouldn't have had to take it.

SOMETIMES I don't like my Mom either. Sometimes she's not a good egg. I told her I was all better now when she got the bottle out. But she wouldn't listen. She just bundled a blanket around me and took me on her lap. She kept me there till I had to swallow the dirty old stuff. Twice I got off. But she caught me back on again.

For a person that can be so sweet when she wants to be! Well—Moms are certainly queer people. Before the doctor came she was just lovely. When she was giving me that castor oil she was ter-rible. She said I was. But I only was because she was making me take it. And I didn't want it.

Anyway, Mary had to take some too. That's what she got for telling about the candy. She said she wasn't sick. But Mom said everybody that ate it would have to take her med-sin.

Then Mary put her hands on her stomach and said I've got an awful temper-chur, Mommy. She just remembered how nice Mommy was to me when I only had the temper-chur.

But Mom grabbed Mary and said this will cure your temper-chur, AND the NEXT TIME you children touch candy RE-MEM-BER, you'll get a bigger dose of oil.

Mary said she'd re-mem-ber.

I didn't say anything.

I couldn't.

Not with that taste in my mouth.

Next week—more joys and sorrows in the life of our young friend Toni.

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YOUR choice of words is of the utmost importance if you would qualify for one of LIBERTY'S awards for *original* WORD GOLF holes.

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LIBERTY will pay $5 for every *original* WORD GOLF hole that it prints.

The originators of this week's holes believe that the scores indicated by the diagrams are unbeatable. What do you say? Can you better any of them? You'll get a big kick out of beating par if you can do it by using ordinary words at each stage of the transition.

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Answers to last week's WORD GOLF

MOVE	PLANK	BRAIN	PLOW	QUOTA	STEEL
HOVE	PLANE	TRAIN	SLOW	QUOTE	STEEP
HAVE	PLACE	TRAIT	SLAW	QUITE	SHEEP
HALE	PEACE	TRACT	SLAM	SUITE	SHEER
HALT	PENCE	TRACK	SEAM	SPITE	SHEAR
	FENCE	TRICK	REAM	SPIRE	
		THICK	REAP	SPARE	
		THINK		SHARE	

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—Roger Williams, an English clergyman.
2—All are types of sheep.
3—Caracas.
4—A medicine that produces deep sleep.
5—A basic metal.
6—Louisiana, named for Louis XIV.
7—Five; ten.
8—T. N. T.
9—One who copies the manuscript or writes from the dictation of another.
10—One thousand dollars.
11—Nearsightedness.
12—The Latin phrase *quod erat demonstrandum*, "which was to be demonstrated."
13—William Ewart Gladstone (1809-98).
14—All are named William.
15—General Anthony Wayne (1745-96).
16—The compiler of a dictionary.
17—Abd-el-Krim.
18—Saint Luke.
19—The Cracker State.
20—A performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

FAMOUS FEET

how they're kept free from corns

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CLAIRE LUCE'S *Famous Feet*

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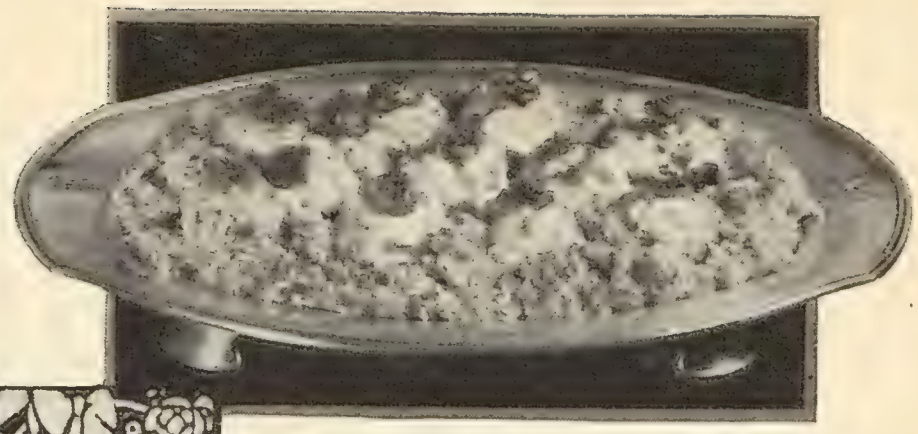
RICE *for* Health *and* Wealth

By ETHEL SOMERS



A rice border adds food value to meat cakes, and Spanish or Creole sauce gives a savory touch.

RICE is a cheap yet valuable food. It is an easily digested food, is rich in starch, and may well be substituted in place of potatoes or bread.

The modern market provides white rice, which is polished, and brown rice, which is not. From a health standpoint there is no doubt that brown rice is better because it contains the entire nutriment of the whole grain.

Little or no washing is required for brown rice, although it benefits by soaking for 1 hour in the milk or water in which it is to be cooked. Soaking also greatly shortens the cooking time. It is important that rice and liquid be accurately measured.

In the recipes given herewith only 7/8 cup of broken rice should be used for every cup of whole rice called for.

Thorough washing, accurate measurement, and no stirring are factors in keeping each rice kernel separate and dry.

Plain Boiled Rice

3 cups cold water or vegetable or meat stock
1 cup rice, white or brown
1 teaspoon salt

WASH the rice and place in a large-bottomed though small saucepan with a *tight* fitting cover. Add the salt and liquid and set over a hot flame to bring the whole to boiling within 5 minutes. Boil gently for 5 minutes. Do not lift the cover until the whole cooking process is completed. Reduce the flame to a minimum to maintain simmering for exactly 15 minutes. Still without lifting the cover put out the flame and allow the rice to stand 10 minutes longer in a warm place. Remove the cover and serve at once. The water should be completely absorbed, and each kernel of rice should be separate and dry.

Rice Cooked in Milk

½ cup rice, white or brown
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups cold milk

PUT the washed rice in the top of a double boiler with the milk and salt. Cover and cook over boiling water until soft, about 40 minutes. When the milk gets hot, stir thoroughly just once and then do not lift the cover during the remaining period of cooking. In the end the milk should all be absorbed and each kernel should be separate and distinct. Remove the cover and continue the cooking for 5 minutes longer to dry out any excess moisture before serving. If the oven is being heated the rice may be cooked by placing in a hot oven for 45 minutes instead of cooking it over the hot water.

Savory Rice

½ cup rice, white or brown
1 tablespoon butter or bacon fat
1 slice onion
1¼ cups boiling water
1 cup tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon celery salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

IN a heavy-bottomed kettle or top of a double boiler, place the washed rice, onion, and fat directly over the flame. Stir constantly and cook until slightly browned. Add the boiling water and cook until the water is almost absorbed. Add the tomatoes and seasonings and heat thoroughly until the mixture boils. Cover tightly and cook over water without stirring for 30 minutes, or until tender.

Variations of this may be made by omitting the tomatoes and using an extra cup of water; by pan-frying ¼ cup of minced mushrooms with the rice; by sprinkling with ¼ cup grated cheese; or by adding ½ cup cheese cubes mixed into the hot rice just before serving.

SAVORY RICE CROQUETTES may be made by shaping the Savory Rice or any of its variations and rolling in crumbs, egg, and crumbs again. Some people who like a crusty croquette are better pleased with the results if the coated croquettes are allowed to stand at least 10 minutes and then rolled in egg and crumbs again. Immerse in deep hot fat (395° F.) for 5 to 8 minutes, or until well browned. Drain and serve hot with tomato or cheese sauce.

Plain Rice Croquettes

1 cup cooked rice (preferably cooked in milk)
¼ cup milk, heated
1 tablespoon sugar, if used for dessert
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon of grated lemon peel, if used for dessert
1 egg

COMBINE the hot rice, well beaten egg, hot milk, and other ingredients. Cook over water for several minutes to thicken the egg. Cool and shape. Coat in crumbs, egg, and crumbs again. Fry as for Savory Croquettes. These are especially good served with a rich cheese sauce to which minced pimento has been added. Served with maple sauce they make an excellent dessert.

RICE SALAD is made with small mounds of pearly white rice (preferably cooked in milk). A mound is arranged on a bed of lettuce and is decorated with orange lobes and green and red pepper shreds. About the outer edge are arranged rings of sliced orange with the center removed, to give a wedding-ring effect. Serve well iced with a fruity French dressing.

MOLDED RICE RING—Use Savory Rice, Plain Boiled, or Milk Cooked Rice and pack firmly in a border mold that has been thoroughly buttered. Let stand 8 or 10 minutes in a pan of warm water. Invert on a hot platter and rap the mold gently to release the rice ring. This may be served at this stage or it may be baked first by washing the outside with beaten egg yolk and setting in the oven to brown. This rice border mold is attractive if filled with stew, chop suey, or any left-over meat or vegetable mixture cooked in a tasty sauce.

Rice Curry

1 cup rice, white or brown
2 tablespoons butter or bacon fat
1 slice onion finely minced
2 teaspoons curry powder
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2½ cups boiling water

PREPARE the washed rice as for Savory Rice by browning it with the onion and fat. Add the curry powder, salt, and pepper. Mix well and pour in the boiling water. Boil evenly and gently for 5 minutes after the boiling point is reached. Then cover tightly and place over a simmer burner. Simmer gently for 15 minutes without uncovering it even once. This may be molded into a ring or served plain with any stewed meat dish. Lamb is especially pleasant in combination with curried rice.

Rice Pudding

1¼ cups cooked rice, white or brown
2 egg yolks
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar, white, brown, or maple
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup raisins
2 cups milk
2 egg whites
2 tablespoons sugar

COOK the washed raisins in the milk over water until soft and tender, about 15 minutes. Mix the rice, seasonings, and beaten egg yolks. Add to the raisin-milk mixture. Mix well and pour into a buttered pudding mold. Add the small quantity of sugar to the unbeaten egg whites and beat vigorously until a stiff meringue is formed. Arrange on the rice and brown delicately in a moderate oven (300° F.) for about 8 minutes. Then reduce the temperature to 275° F., and continue to bake 15 minutes. Serve warm or cold.

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Bonnie Anne

A Tale of a Governor's Fate and the Prettiest Pirate Afloat

By
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by
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WHEN she would throw her arms about my neck, I continued on, dragging her through the door with me.

(Reading time: 20 minutes 25 seconds.)

THAT I was born to be the plaything of Chance and the sorry jest of Fate had now become quite clear to me. It seemed strange, because always I had conducted so honestly toward all.

But here at Ocracoke I found myself a-wriggling again in the law's clutches, having been discovered aboard The Golden Moon, sloop—as I have related—which same sloop had been taken by Lieutenant Maynard's tender after a most bloody battle in the channel.

Now, I had no mind to face a Court of Admiralty again when Mr. Maynard should carry his prize into port. And what price Admiralty—oh, God, I knew not! But it might cost me my life.

Another matter also troubled me: The Golden Moon was a pirate and lawful prize to Mr. Maynard. But stowed aboard her was my £100,000 in bar gold and in grains, flakes, lumps, and dust, tied up in sacks woven out of reeds, which I had dug out of a marlpit at Hangman's Point.

Of this, Edward Teach, called Black-Beard, had robbed me in the very instant of discovery. But this gold had been my father's lawful booty, taken fairly at sea out of a Barbary ship; and, although Israel Hornygold and Tom Cocklyn had murdered my father and robbed him of it, nevertheless this treasure still belonged to me. And I had no mind to have my own rightful property adjudged King's booty by a Court of Admiralty, and shared between the station ships Lime and Pearl, together with other plunder taken by Mr. Maynard aboard the pirate The Golden Moon.

NOW, one might suppose that Captain Black-Beard had stored away and hidden these sacks somewhere amid his other plunder in the hold.

But mark this crafty devil's cunning, who entertained in his secret mind no notion of sharing my gold with his rascal officers and foremast rogues. For he had given out that there was marl in the sacks, designed to barricade the bittacle against gunfire. And there lay these same sacks, all smeared thick with marl and stacked up on the low quarter-deck to protect the bittacle from bullets!

I saw them there, and knew them instantly, and resolved that not even the King's Majesty should rob me of my heritage again.

Now, whilst I was pondering these matters and seated aft upon a cable to rest my bruised and weary body against the taffrail, I saw the beautiful Mr. Maynard come out upon the deck and gaze about him with a pleased and satisfied air. With his fine eyes and rosy cheeks I thought him too handsome for a man, and plainly vain of his graceful person, though as brave an officer as ever sailed.

When he saw me he came aft, carrying a paper in one hand.

"Nancy," said he complacently, "I find that I have taken near two thousand pounds' worth aboard The Golden Moon, and this is her inventory: eleven tierces and forty-five bags of cocoa and twenty-five hogsheads of sugar, which at vendue, and counting the sale of the sloop, should fetch us near three thousand pounds. And what do you think o' that, my lass?"

I said it was a snug treasure.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[BONNIE ANNE Continued from page sixty-seven]

"More than that," said he, "I have Captain Black-Beard's papers, and letters to him from Governor Eden and Mr. Knight which show them to be very guilty of trafficking with pirates."

I was horrified. Instantly I determined to go to Mr. Eden with this dreadful news, so that he might save himself alive if possible.

I asked Mr. Maynard, very calmly, what he meant to do with me.

"Oh," says he, with a killing smile, "your pretty face and figure are sufficient evidence before any court to bewitch a jury."

"MY God, sir!" said I. "Are you minded to send me before another Court of Admiralty? If you do, Judge Trott will surely hang me this time!"

"Were you Charles Eden, Governor of North Carolina, you might have reason for worry," said he; "for he is a rogue and you are not."

"I have reason too, sir; and I ask you again, what is your purpose with me?"

"Why," says he, "I believe you to be innocent, and will stand your evidence—"

"Oh, Lord!" said I. "Who will believe that Captain Black-Beard gave me such a beating that I lay scarcely conscious for a week and more aboard The Golden Moon?"

"I believe it," says he, with a handsome smirk; "though if you were not so pretty, Nancy, I might entertain a few doubts—"

"Hang it!" said I, both blushing and vexed, and dreadfully concerned regarding Mr. Eden. "What is a comely face and shape to a stuffed owl in spectacles?"

"Do you mean Judge Trott?" said he, horrified.

"Yes, I do! And his associate judges, too. A pretty row of birds to plead before!

"Oh, Mr. Maynard, I beg you will not send me before a court—you who know so perfectly that I am innocent."

"What the devil would you have me do, Nancy?" says he, a-fiddling with his curled lovelocks.

"Let me ashore—"

"No, I can't do it."

"Well, then, turn your back whilst I manage. God—and Mr. Ross—will reward you!"

I then shed a tear; which was feminine but dishonest. Instantly I noticed that he melted.

"How shall you manage?" says he, wavering. "And, for God's sake, don't weep—"

"Set me to cleaning up this dirty deck o' the battle litter. I'll heave over these marl-muddied sacks stacked against the bittacle; I'll clear away splinters; I'll swab decks and scuppers of blood. And when you go ashore, sir, to read the burial services over your dead, then I'll go too—by way of your stern cable, like a-ship's rat."

His face became grave at that. He looked at his watch, at his sloop, then at me.

"Yes," says he; "I have twenty-nine dead and wounded in my two sloops—nine aboard The Ranger. . . . Very well," says he, "I shall not lock you below hatches with Black-Beard's rogues. . . . Well, then, heave over all this wrack. . . . And fetch a mop. . . . And hereafter steer wider of all sea mischief, Nancy Topsfield."

HE smiled, then smirked and patted my cheek, and with his own handkerchief wiped away my tears. And I know not what else he might have done, but I said:

"Have a care, sir! Would you wish your crew to see you a-kissing of a cabin boy?"

At which he seemed startled and took himself off, and so over the side into his own sloop.

Her lips blew at me delicate,

wavering rings of smoke. "Which," says she, "are the ghosts of all those wedding rings I should have worn."

Now, it being flood tide, the stern of The Golden Moon, warped close inshore among the mangroves, overhung a bushy shore.

So, one by one, I seized the marl-smeared sacks of gold and dropped them over the taffrail. Some crashed into the sweet-bay and sparkleberry bushes; others splashed in the mud amidst the mangroves and reeds.

This business finished, I ran, limping, to the forecastle, and there found a mop and pail, and fell to sluicing and swabbing where the thickest blood was smeared—and it nearly sickened me.

All débris I flung overboard—the man-o'-war sentry, squatted on the hatch, smoking his pipe and watching me, and yawning now and then.

"Work," says he, "is a damned good thing, but a dry one. It's medicine for boys, but pizin for such as me. . . . What I need," says he, "is a tot o' Santa Cruz, I do. It ain't much to ask for a honest foremastman what's fit and bled and died for his King."

NOW, I had noticed a jug in the bittacle. I ran to pull the tarry stopper and sniff it. It was pine-apple rum out of Barbadoes, and very mellow.

First I took a good look across the rail at Mr. Maynard's sloop, where the drummer was now come on deck and was a-beating of his drum while the ship's bell was a-striking slowly for the funeral.

Over the gangway laid to the shore the crew were carrying their dead.

Nobody noticed The Golden Moon. So I carried the jug of rum to the sentry, who clacked his lips and tongue in astonishment and delight; and, laying aside his musket, took the jug between both hands.

He sat facing forward, and never noticed that I took his gun and sped aft, where I knocked out the flint and hid it in the bittacle.

Then over the stern I went, and slid down the cable which had been made fast to a pine tree.

Among the pines was a hospital tent to which wounded had been carried from aboard The Ranger and Mr. Maynard, though now they were again aboard both sloops. In this tent I discovered a sack of hard bread, a cheese, a bag of prunes, a clean new blanket, flint, tinder, and a knife; all which I took; and did not regard it as stealing to obtain these means of sustaining life.

And then I committed a real theft—God pardon me—but was resolved that Mr. Eden should have a chance for his life. For law is cruel.

So, seeing The Ranger's canoe afloat inshore below where her skiffswain had landed her dead, I ran to it, and found oars, mast, sail, and a cask of water stowed aboard.

Now I hastened into the candleberry bushes; and, one by one, carried the marl-smeared, reeded sacks of gold aboard the canoe, fishing out of the mud and mangroves the last few sacks and missing none at all.

From where I stood by the stepped mast aboard the canoe I could see Mr. Teach's severed and bloody head tied by the long, coarse black hair to the bow of Mr. Maynard's sloop, and his long beard tied up with ribbons. And now heard Mr. Maynard's rich, agreeable voice among the pines, solemnly reading the services for his dead.

There was no time to linger. I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BONNIE ANNE
Continued from page sixty-nine]

cast off, pushed free with an oar, made sail as quietly as I could, and stood for the open sea.

For more than a mile the dunes and dark forests hid my little sail from Mr. Maynard's masthead; and I was far on my way and bowling along just inside the sparkling inlet before I heard a distant gun, and so knew that my flight in the canoe was now discovered.

But, except in small boats, they could not give chase. It would require hours for the two sloops and The Golden Moon, prize, to weigh and make sail, or row out through that tortuous channel, although it was flood tide, too.

So on I sped under lateen sail; and ever a-hedging seaward out from a lee shore until I, tacking, stood away fair, before a fair wind, to the southward, a-making for Currituck Inlet with all my might and main.

Two sail I saw at sea; but they did not discover me, or, at least, took no notice.

The wind held fresh and fair out of a northwest November sky as mild and blue as June; and only for the vast rafts of wild duck and snow geese did it seem like early winter in Virginia and Carolina.

Now, had it not been for Mr. Eden's peril, I would have stood for Cape Fear to find The Sea-Hawk, station ship; and carried my treasure aboard Sir George Sayles, so that this most upright man should counsel me and be my confidant and judge.

But what was my gold compared to a human life? All my heart went out to this unhappy gentleman who had been tempted and who yielded. But I knew him to be good and kind and truly repentant; and that he had lived in cruelest fear, threatened and mocked and bullied and blackmailed by the ruffian Teach and by Tom Cocklyn.

Now that these rogues were dead, it seemed hard that Mr. Eden's guilt should be discovered among Black-Beard's papers. And I meant that he should know of this before surprised and arrested; so that he might have time to take such measures for safety as he thought proper.

ALL that day I sailed, and part of the night, under the high silver lamp of the Rogue's Moon, which made a magic of sea and land so wonderful that God alone could have wrought it.

I slept ashore upon an island set with vast black pines. Dawn found me gnawing a crust and a bit of cheese; and, chewing a prune, I set my sail and bore away to the southward, almost deafened by the rushing roar of millions of wings overhead where the wild duck, geese, and swans were sweeping seaward on their morning flight.

All day long the wind held steady out of an azure sky. The great blue sound was all frosted with wave crests where white-crested pirate eagles soared and flapped and robbed the fish hawks of their finny prey.

The sun went down in a lake of palest gilt. The Rogue's Moon rode red, then rosy, then turned to a disk of burnished silver ere I put into a cove where were pines to shelter me.

Here I shipped mast, furled sail, made all fast, and went ashore, meaning to build me a fire to toast cheese and stew a few prunes to stay me.

To my surprise I discovered a road running through the woods, and, following it inland a little way, noticed some lights very near.

As I did not know just where I was, and desiring to inquire, I walked toward the nearest light; and presently saw that I had come to a little settlement where candles burned in the windows of a dozen or more log houses.

Of these, one was a tavern where a lighted lantern swung below a painted sign. It was called The Sea Horse; and there was a horse painted with a fish's tail in place of two hind legs, and fins on his fore feet; and upon his back rode a young lady wearing no garments of any description—not even a decent shift.

I knocked at the door. Nobody came; so I opened it and walked in.

As there was a chill in the air and a white fog rising, I was glad to find a fire blazing upon the hearth.

AT a rough table two men were throwing dice. They had rings in their ears and wore gaudy scarfs of silk around their loose, long hair.

On a settle by the fire sat a very young girl with one leg cocked up over the side, and swinging her small foot upon which a shoe of scarlet morocco hung upon the toe.

She was smoking a long clay pipe and had a jack of ale at her elbow.

The two dice throwers looked up at me. The girl looked around at me over her shoulder. Instantly I concluded to ask no questions that might reveal me as a traveller astray and lost to reckoning, but to carry all as though familiar with my whereabouts.

A large, soft, silent man in lamb's-wool slippers, waistcoat, and apron came in, carrying a smoking dish of fish.

I asked him if he were the landlord and he said he was.

Then I bade a good evening to the company and sat me down by the fire upon the settle, opposite to where the young girl lounged with pipe and jack.

"Do you bait here?" inquired the landlord, considering me out of two sly eyes so pale that they seemed almost white.

"No," said I; "but I could do with a dish o' fish and a pint of beer before I pass on my way home."

"Young sir," said he, "will you be good enough to name yourself?"

"Topsfield's my name," said I carelessly, "and have taken over Tom Cocklyn's tavern, The Lost Ship, at Topsail Inlet."

Whereupon all four looked intently at me.

Then the young girl, who was very pretty, smiled.

"So that's your trade, Mr. Topsfield," says she; "and you keep an ordinary."

"That's my trade; and the ordinary keeps *me*."

"Do you come now from Topsail?"

"From Virginia homeward, and much fatigued."

"On what business?" she asked.

"My own, my lass; and am sorry it does not concern so pretty a girl as you."

She laughed. "A-wenching it," said she, "I warrant you!—a handsome young spark like you. Fie, Mr. Topsfield; you seem very young and innocent who keep so notorious an inn as The Lost Ship."

"Is it notorious?"

Whereat all three grinned. The two rough fellows returned to their dice. The girl took a pull at her jack, another at her pipe, threw back her head and blew ring after ring of smoke toward the blackened ceiling.

The landlord, who seemed to have no servants, fetched me my beer, a dish of fish, and a bench for a table. Then, raking an ash cake from the hearth, he set it before me and went to the till, where I could see his round, soft face and pallid eyes watching me through the wooden lattice.

I slept ashore upon an island set with vast black pines.

WHEN I had satisfied my hunger and was lifting my jack to take a pull, my eyes encountered the pretty girl's, which were a bright and brilliant blue and full of merry guile.

She wore her brown hair as they wear it in Holland; that is, trimmed to her sunburned neck.

She wore no stays. A loose, full-sleeved white shirt, open at the throat, revealed more of her than seemed modest. Over her shirt she was clothed in a kind of sleeveless Barbary vest of scarlet stuff, stiff with silver. A scarlet sash of extraordinary width constrained her slim body from her breasts to her hips, and in it was a Barbary dagger and the longest and most elegant silver pistol I ever beheld.

As for her skirts, they were like those worn by Scotchmen, but made out of white cloth full of pleats, and were so shamefully short that her sunburned legs were bare from the knees to the tops of her small boots, which were soft, scarlet morocco.

Now, from the instant I had noticed the red handkerchief binding her temples and the great hoops of green jade in her ears, and the hardy manner with which she drank and smoked and sprawled at her ease to confront the world, I had concluded that here was one of those im-

pudent consorts of sea-rogues who had seen Madagascar and the dominions of the Grand Mogul in her brief span of years.

Now, when I chanced to encounter her eyes, she smiled upon me, and from her lips blew at me delicate, wavering rings of smoke.

"Which," says she, "are the ghosts of all those wedding rings I should have worn, Mr. Topsfield. Have you a ladylove?"

"Is it not likely," said I, "if, as you say, I have been a-wenching in Virginia?"

She laughed, lounging at her ease, her foot ever a-swinging.

Through the grille the landlord asked me what was the best news out of Williamsburg.

"Hard times," said I; "but the Tuscaroras are gone north to join the Iroquois and live among them."

"How's Spotty?" inquired the girl in her gay and impudent way.

She meant Governor Spottswood.

"Dangerous," said I; "for he hath commissioned two sloops to take that worthy mariner Mr. Teach, and he has been taken, and his head hangs at the bows of a King's ship."

"Is that sure?" demanded the landlord.

"It is common gossip in Virginia, I believe."

One of the dice throwers began to curse and damn very horridly, saying that the times were unfortunate for men of heart and courage—that Stede Bonnet was gone; and now Teach; and not only had Tom Cocklyn been taken and hanged, but Jack Rackham also now dangled a-sun-drying at Port Royal or thereabouts.

The girl said coolly: "No; Jack was hanged at Gallows Point, but he sun-cures at Plumb Point; and George Featherston at Bush Key; and poor Dick Corner shrivels up in his chains upon Gun Key, where the blue crabs strive all day and all night to climb the gallows to get at him."

Said I: "You seem to know a great deal about Calico Jack and his fate."

"I ought to," said she; "I'm Anne Bonny."

"Yes," said one of the dicers, turning savagely; "and that's what a man gets who loves a mistress! Not a tear in his memory when he hangs!"

The girl, who was not more than seventeen at most, shrugged her shoulders.

"When my man turns coward," said she, "he no longer concerns me and there is no tenderness in my heart for him. When I love a man I love mostly his courage."

"You lie, you little Jezebel!" growled the other. "You love his money best of all—"

Anne Bonny whipped her clay pipe from her lips and hurled it at him; and it hit the table and scattered burning tobacco over both men.

Both got up with savage oaths. But Anne laughed and pulled her pistol and cocked it.

"Landlord," says she, in a voice which was like a giggle, "fetch me a fresh pipe and tobacco and a coal to light it."

Growling, shuffling, cursing, the dicers resumed their seats.

"Ha-ha!" said Anne to me. "Yonder sit two of Jack Rackham's company. Do you wonder that Captain Barnet took us with scarce a shot? No, by God! —down falls our black ensign and all scuttle like rats under hatches, so that I could not shame these poltroons to keep the deck and fight Barnet."

She began to laugh again, and told me she had been so angry that she fired her pistol down the hatchway where Calico Jack and his crew cowered in panic.

"Damn them all for rats," said she, "who would not defend their lives, which even a rat will do! God knows why the court acquitted Pedro Nunez yonder, and Noah Sproat."

A pirate hung in chains.

"HOW came you free?" I asked, astonished.

"Why, Sir Nicholas Laws called a Vice Admiralty and the jury found us all guilty. But I told them I was going to have a baby" —she burst into peals of laughter —"and they believed me. So they took me from the jail to the hospital, whence I walked out and aboard a pettiauger about to sail. And here I am"—she gave me a hardy look—"with no ship, no money, no lover. . . . Do you think, Mr. Topsfield, you could help me mend my fortune?"

At that the innkeeper, speaking softly from the till: "Are you so fickle, Anne, that you are done with me who have fed and clothed you since you landed in Carolina?"

"Done with you?" says she merrily. "Why, you old fat-rump, I have not even begun with you!"

"What!" says he. "Have you not been—"

"Never!" says she, with an impudent giggle. "You are too old and fat to please me," says she. "But here is a pretty fellow whom I already love and who can have me for a wink of his grey eye!"

"You heartless cat!" growled one of the dicers. "You love with a giggle, and when you do murder, you giggle too! *I* could tell yonder lad how you used Jack Rackham the day they hanged him!"

"And how was that?" says she defiantly.

"Why, poor Jack begged to bid you farewell, and all you said was: 'If you'd fought like a man you'd not be hanged like a dog.'"

"Well," says she, "was it not the truth?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DAINTY AS A ROSE

WHY DAINTY WOMEN

Demand Jap Rose

Two things dainty women insist upon in a toilet soap. First, that it shall be absolutely pure; second, that it have the power to remove every trace of grime from congested pores as well as from the surface of the skin.

Consider how perfectly Jap Rose Soap meets both these vital requirements. Its transparency proves its purity—every particle dissolves. Its precious oils, including refined glycerine, produce a silken lather that rids the pores of all dust and powder. Your skin tingles with new beauty and vitality. Try a Jap Rose Shampoo.

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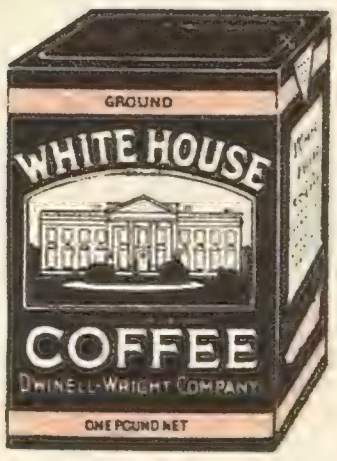
If you have been meeting with coffee disappointments, or even if your coffee is warmly praised—try White House next time you buy. Note the delicious roasted-in flavor and the vast improvement it gives to each steaming cup. You will also like White House Tea.

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY

White House Coffee

"The Flavor is



Roasted In"

© 1926, D. W. Co.

[BONNIE ANNE
Continued from page seventy-one]

"Was it for you to taunt him, who had been his drab?"

"I'll drab you!" she said wrathfully, a-pulling at her pistol again. But:

"Wait a bit!" says the landlord in his soft, fat voice; and there was his pistol pointing at her through the spindles, and we all heard him cock it.

"A filthy tavern full o' cutthroats," says she, with a shrug, "and I'm done with it if this handsome young man will give me a roof and a crust and a kiss every Sunday after church."

This shameless hussy, for all her youth and good looks, began to sicken me; and her bold manner and heartless ways hardened and chilled me. For she now got up and came over to my settle and sat too near me, and with bold design, a-toying with my hand.

"Come," says she, "you have sailed in the Red Sea Trade, have you not?"

"I have seen some few disputes on the high seas," said I.

"Ha! I knew you had sailed On The Account! . . . Do you know that I find you a pretty fellow?"

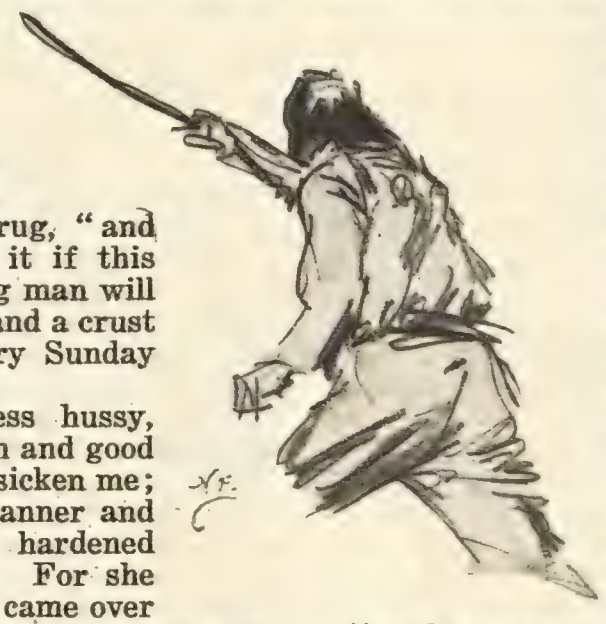
"As for that," said I, "I have no inclination—"

"Why? We both are young. You are a man of heart, I hope—"

"None at all."

But she only giggled and caught me by the neck and kissed my mouth, so that I was near strangled and sickened with her ardour, and gave her a hearty push.

"Hang me for a sea-rogue," said I in a passion, "if I let any wench on earth lay me aboard! Give over, I tell you; and keep your hardy hands and lips for the man who wants 'em!"



THE girl flushed and there was a swift blaze in her eyes.

"Damnation!" said she. "Must I woo a man, then, to have him, who am accustomed to fight off men who pester me?"

But I paid her no attention, and got up and, going to the till, reckoned with the landlord, pulling out the purse of gold which I had, alas, of poor Mr. Eden.

Then I said good night to him and to the company very civilly. But Anne Bonny stopped me at the door; and when she would throw her arms about my neck, I continued on, dragging her through the door with me, where I tore her loose of me in silence.

"I tell you," she cried, stamping her foot, "that I have conceived a friendship for you! Why do you treat me with contempt? Are you squeamish, Mr. Topsfield? If I am a rogue, you have been one yourself. And keep a rogue's tavern in this hour!"

I hastened on, making no answer; and the girl walked by my side, pleading sometimes, sometimes cursing and damning all men, and swearing that I should do her reason or say very plainly why I would have none of her.

"You conduct like a devil," says she; "and I know not why I endure it and shame my pride, only that I find myself possessed of a sudden tenderness for you which is a very passion—"

We came to where I had moored my canoe. The moonlight silvered land and water all around us. When she saw my canoe, she caught me by the arm and begged me to take her with me wherever I pleased.

She was not as tall as I—a small, dainty, prettily shaped girl who looked like a child and was scarcely stronger. But when I disengaged her clasp and threw her easily aside, she uttered a cry of fury and pulled her pistol half out from the sash.

I still had hold of her; and now I struck up the silver pistol, wrenched it out of her hand, and flung it splashing into the moonlit water.

THERE followed a breathless and terrible silence. Then, suddenly, I boxed her ears.

That turned her to a demon, and she fell on me like a young panther and pulled free her knife to do me a harm. But I twisted that out of her grasp also, and sent it far out across the water to follow the pistol. And boxed her ears with all my might.

Now I had to do with a wildcat gone mad, who seized on me, tooth and claw. And there we were, locked together, swaying, struggling, panting, staggering, now on the shore, now in the water, now upon the sands, again among the pines.

"You filthy pirate's trull!" I gasped. "Have I helped hang sea-rogues to soil myself with their sluts? Not Jack Rackham but his dirty doxy should hang a-sunning on Gallows Point!"

At the instant, suddenly she made the discovery unavoidable in our desperate embrace; and she screamed out in rage and astonishment:

"You devil! You devil! You are no man at all, but a woman! By God, you shall pay me for this mockery—"

But I took her instantly by her swelling throat, and the cry died on her writhing lips.

In my blind anger I knew no longer what I was about, and meant to kill her. But God was merciful and stained me not with such a death. For the tall heels on her morocco boots tripped her on a tree root. We both fell; and her head hit the tree, dashing every sense out of her.

When I discovered she was only senseless and not dead, I ran to my canoe, stepped mast, hoisted sail, and stood for the inlet.

There was little wind inshore, but enough outside, and flood tide upon the bar.

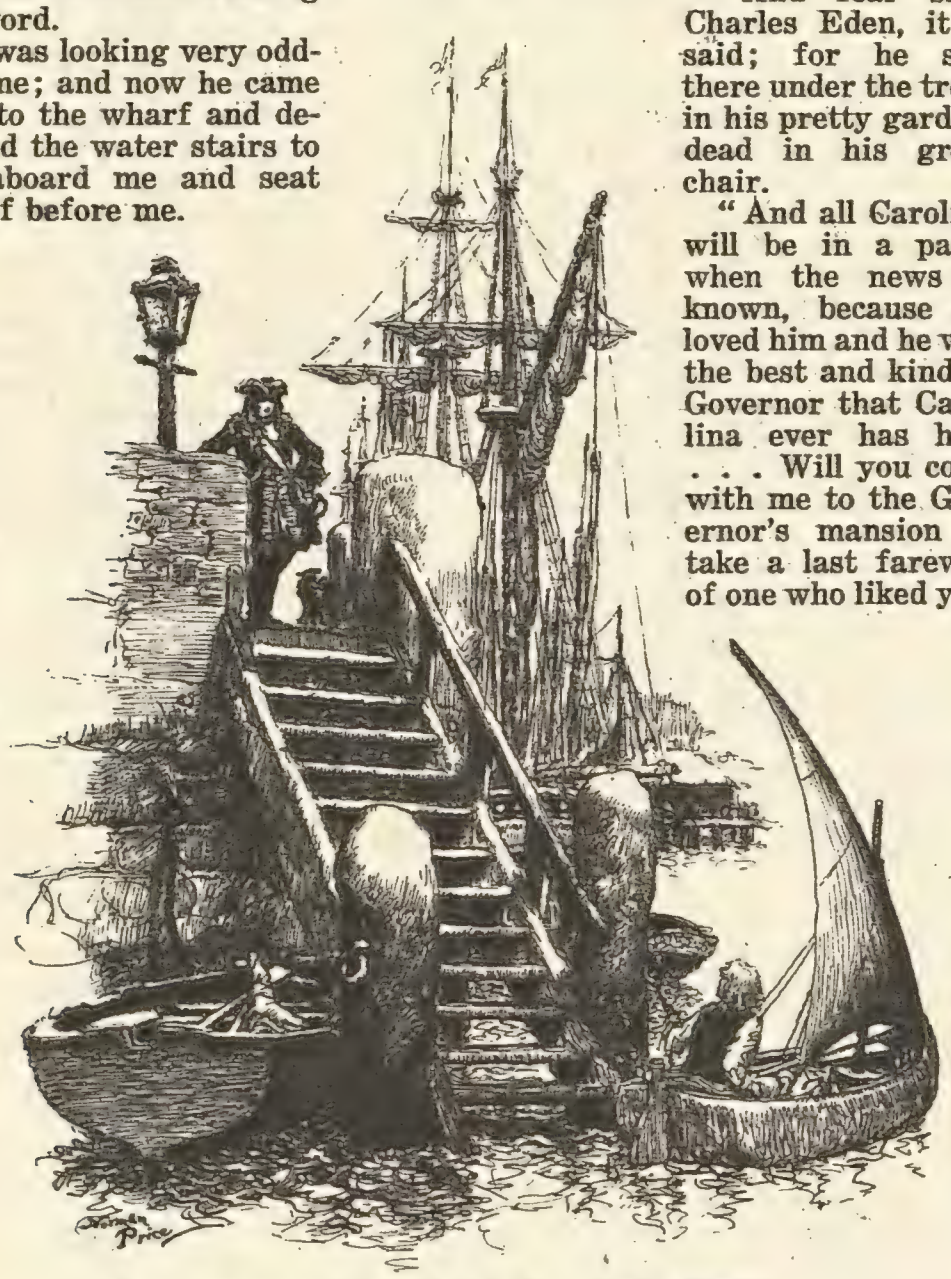
So all night long, sailed southward before the same and steady wind which had not yet failed me. And, as I sailed, still raw and bleeding from my battle, torn, bitten, scratched, and all a-tremble still, I thought of this strange youngster—so violent, so depraved, so youthful in years and so ancient in wickedness—Anne Bonny! The Bonnie Anne of ballad and broadside. The most notorious female pirate upon this earth!

And that I should lay my proper eyes on her whose lover and whose lover's ship were accustomed to keep the Caribbean, and upon whom I never dreamed I should gaze!

THE sun of noon flooded the river as I carried my canoe in and hove to by the water stairs at Edenton, where, between the tavern and the docks, was a great crowd of people standing; and I saw militia in line, leaning upon their muskets; and a troop of horse riding slowly along the street. And heard an iron bell tolling.

Then, of a sudden, looking up at the wharf where I still was seated in my small craft, I saw Mr. Rhett, in his uniform and wearing his sword.

He was looking very oddly at me; and now he came down to the wharf and descended the water stairs to step aboard me and seat himself before me.



Looking up at the wharf, I saw Mr. Rhett.

"Nancy," says he very gravely, "what are you doing here in Edenton?"

"Sir," said I, awed by his solemn speech and features, "I am come from Virginia with a message for Governor Eden. . . . Why do you regard me so strangely, Mr. Rhett?"

He took my hand; held, stroked it.

"Yours is a kind heart," said he, "both gentle and valiant. I know why you have come to Edenton; and how you came. . . . But two messengers have outstripped you, my child."

"Two—"

"Two messengers seeking Charles Eden. One was Mr. Maynard, who outsailed you—"

"Oh, God!" I whispered.

"The other was a messenger more dreadful yet. . . . And that messenger was—Death."

I stared.

"Nancy, Charles Eden was discovered dead in his garden this morning, where he sat with a book upon his knees. . . . The doctors say he died of fright."

Tears rushed to my eyes, blinding me.

"Yes," said Mr. Rhett; "the papers discovered in Black-Beard's cabin were fetched here by Lieutenant Maynard last night, who instantly waited upon Governor Eden and laid them before him for explanation.

"The Governor smiled and said that he could solve that mystery very easily, and would do so in the morning after he had seen his secretary, Mr. Knight.

"But this morning Mr. Knight took poison in his own home, and lies there dead of it at this hour.

"And fear slew Charles Eden, it is said; for he sits there under the trees in his pretty garden, dead in his great chair.

"And all Carolina will be in a panic when the news is known, because all loved him and he was the best and kindest Governor that Carolina ever has had. . . . Will you come with me to the Governor's mansion to take a last farewell of one who liked you, Nancy, and had been kind to you?"

So we rose, and I took hold of Mr. Rhett's hand, who walked very swiftly along the sunny street, so that I had to run a little beside him and clasp his hand tightly, so dazed and blind was I with grief and tears.

Stede Bonnet, an enigma to historians, had, apparently, all a man could wish for, yet turned searogue. Follow Nancy's strange encounter with him, in next week's Liberty.

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CATSUP has been good before. But never *quite* so good as Snider's, many folks tell us.

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There's that wonder-working Snider method, called "mulling," which adds sparkle and tone to the natural rich flavor of the tomato.

The next time your marketing list calls for catsup, say Snider's—for a condiment blended to the queen's taste!

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CHILI SAUCE ~ ~ ~ COCKTAIL SAUCE
FRESH-KEPT VEGETABLES & FRUITS IN GLASS & TIN

The Prisoner's Song

What Lil Thinks of Babies

A May Chapter in LIBERTY'S Popular Cover Continuity

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

"YES, the scales did come," Lil was telephoning to somebody in the hardware department of Flynn's Main Street store. "But they're not what I ordered; they have a hook for weighing meats. What I want is one of those light-blue ones for weighing a baby. You had one on sale yesterday and I ordered it."

Poor Lil rang off. What with all of Ma's friends calling at the house, reminiscing about "When my baby came," hunting for bargains in infants' wear, and worrying about her own child—she felt like a wreck.

And the spring days, with a breeze that seemed to say, "Come on out in the country and be a gypsy," didn't help matters. Lil's gypsy days were over forever, she thought. What with a husband, housekeeping chores, dreadful what-shall-we-eat-tonight worries, and now a baby—life didn't look rosy. It was just a year ago that she was engaged to Sandy and looking forward to her honeymoon. She hadn't looked forward a year! Did other girls, she wondered?

"I've been looking through all the baby's things," Ma suddenly announced, bustling into the room with a blanket and her sewing box. "You still need a bathrobe, bibs, large pins, another nightgown, and a hot-water bag."

Lil didn't reply. The only other time so many things had come into the house was just before her wedding. Only, those were complimentary presents—these she was paying for out of her savings account.

Ma Morse's energy and good spirits were wearing. Babies had always been all-important to Ma. When her own grew up, she started in on the neighbors', and now she would expend her vitality on her grandchild—or grandchildren. Having babies, and going to the movies between times, was her idea of any sensible young woman's favorite sport.

"There goes poor Mrs. Horan," she always said when she saw the only young married woman on the block who could go to market without pushing a go-cart. "How much happier she'd be with children!"

Lil had given up arguing on Ma's pet topic.

Pop Morse wasn't quite so lit up about having grandchildren. The high-cost-of-living pall seemed to hang low these days. He'd brought up one family, and was counting upon taking his wife to Europe in 1929. Would he now have to help his son-in-law support *his* family?

As for reading: Every time the Reading Club's books were delivered, Lil got a little lump in her throat. All she had time for these days was baby books, with their Hints to Mothers, Feeding Rules, the Ten Terrible Don'ts, the Celebration of the First Tooth, the Two-Weeks-Old Nerves, and Why Baby Cries.

Somehow the spring books had never looked so jazzy and thrilling; the covers never so wild. And here she was on the sun porch, with an iced chocolate and a chapter called Baby's Sleeping Quarters. She would have become a Rabid Red for two cents!

"Now, I have the ribbon all sewed on the blanket," Ma was saying. "I'll fix the other one tonight when we listen in on Current Events." And she hustled out to the kitchen.

"Peep-peep-peep-peep!" Ma's canary squeaked sadly. "Peep-peep-peep-peep! I'm caged up too!"

"Poor Timmy," Lil sighed, staring as it hopped from perch to perch, snatching a kernel of seed en route. "We both seem to be prisoners, you and I!"

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Only a Sheep in Wolf's Clothes

The neighborhood children were intent upon their annual Hallowe'en pranks. Presently our bell rang furiously and in they paraded—a pirate, hobo, farmer, and a clown. Instantly I recognized a little seven-year-old, disguised in a nose both comical and hideous. Pretending fear, I said, "Oh, who can this horrid person be?"

Frantically jerking his offending false nose from his face he shouted, "Listen, I'm not anybody. It's me!"—Mrs. Thos. B. McArthur, 2423 Lysle Lane, Norwood, Ohio.

* * *

The Leisured Class

Willie was spending his summer vacation down on the farm. One day his Aunt Mary asked him if he found any eggs in the nest.

He answered: "No, auntie. The hens were all standing around doing nothing."—Miss Theresa Coyle, 159A Pleasant St., Northampton, Mass.

U. S. Official

A sign indicating the neutral zone and the farthest outpost of the American Army of Occupation in Germany.

Leaves *from my* War Diary

By
General William Mitchell

The Occupation—Christmas on the Rhine—The End of a Great Year

(Reading time: 15 minutes 39 seconds.)

THIS is the concluding installment of the author's personal record of his experiences in the World War. In previous articles he dealt with the happenings following the German drive of March, 1918, the Chemin des Dames push, St. Mihiel, and the Argonne.

PART EIGHT

November, 1918 (continued).

MARSHAL FOCH had assembled a great force behind our Second Army just before the Armistice, consisting of the Moroccan Division and other French assault troops under General Mangin, for the purpose of delivering a great blow against Metz. The attack of our Second Army was a part of this general plan, which would have been driven through about November 12 had the Armistice not come.

On November 17 I went to Longuyon, which formerly had been on the German side, with our leading troops. The enemy began to withdraw from our front immediately. They had left a great deal of artillery and many other things along the road. The country, however, looked very well policed by the Germans.

General von Gallwitz was in command of the group of German armies on our front. He was given only a week to withdraw his forces to the Rhine. This was a difficult thing to do under the conditions, because the whole organization of German territory had broken down behind him. A committee of soldiers, sailors, and workmen had taken charge of the various municipalities and local governments, displacing the regular constituted authorities.

Everywhere that we went there was constant evidence of how thoroughly the German Army had attempted to carry out its part of the Armistice agreement. Of course, everyone was short of food and our supply departments gave the people food wherever they needed it.

Great streams of prisoners were returning—British, French, and Russians—and they had many stories to tell. When the Armistice came, their prison camps were closed and they were told to shift for themselves. They sought assistance from the German Soldiers' Councils in the towns through which they passed, and were directed through Luxembourg and on toward Verdun. As a rule the people were kind to them.

December, 1918.

THE weather is entirely different from that of a year ago. Then we were having heavy frost and snow, and great numbers of our men were sick and having a pretty sorry time of it. Now the weather is excellent. The men are stepping out along the roads into Germany, well equipped, gay and healthy. Our troops have

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Getting on Top of your JOB

All of us can do it, according to this star SALESMAN

THIS man's commission check is always bigger than any other salesman's on the staff. He's a wonder! When he breezes into town after a gruelling business trip—with a bunch of orders in his pocket for the boss—he's always as fit as a fiddle. And just rarin' to go off again.

How does he do it—living on trains—snatching hasty meals at railway counters and small town restaurants? Forever on the jump.

If you could see him pack his bag for a trip, you'd know. A bottle of Nujol always goes in. Nujol keeps body functions normal, even under abnormal regime. Keeps hasty meals and indifferent food from upsetting you. Wards off the bad effects of change of water and climate. For Nujol not only prevents any excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming, but also aids in their removal. Whatever your job is—you need health and energy to ride it. Take a tip from this star salesman and take Nujol regularly. You'll be amazed to find how much more clear-headed and all 'round efficient you feel. Keep up this treatment faithfully for 3 months and you'll feel like a million dollars. And you will have taken the first step toward getting it.

Isn't Nujol worth trying? It was perfected by the Nujol Laboratories of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). It couldn't possibly hurt you, anyway. (Nujol contains no drugs or medicine.) And if you're like other people, it will do you a world of good.

Be sure you get the genuine.

Please, John Lose 20 lbs. as I Did

Why should not men as well as women keep their figures, their health, their vitality? Excess fat blights both alike. And normal conditions are as easy for one sex as the other.

About thirty years ago science discovered a great cause for excess fat. It lies in a gland deficiency which science can supply. Physicians the world over now treat obesity in this modern way.

That method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. Note the results in every circle. Ask your friends about them. Slender figures are many times as common as they were.

Abnormal exercise or diet is neither required nor advised, but moderation helps. Correct the cause. Simply take four Marmola tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

A pamphlet in every package gives the formula complete. Also the reasons for the many good results. This is done to ward off any fear of harm.

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The cost is a trifle. You would gladly give many times as much for what a normal figure means. Then learn how easily people get it.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY] Continued from page seventy-five

continued the move to Coblenz and the Rhine by the way of Treves with great regularity and without hardships.

On December 2 I received a telegram announcing the death of Willard Straight in Paris. He was one of my lifelong friends and, had the war continued, was to join my staff.

On December 5, taking Colonel Paegelow with me, I went to Treves and looked over the airdrome. There is a large Zeppelin hangar at this place and in it the Germans had left 121 airplanes of all kinds. The German air officers were still there in command, and I arranged with them about sending our own officers up to take over the equipment.

I was driving my own machine, which was a German racing car. I had the chauffeur in a little rumble seat behind. The German officers asked if all the American generals drove their own cars. Paegelow answered that they did not, but as we had only one General in the Air Service, he had to get around very fast from place to place and that therefore I drove myself in order to do so.

A COUPLE of days after this, while passing through Luxembourg, I met Senator "Jim" Wadsworth of New York and Arthur Page, who had come up on a rubbernecking expedition. I certainly was glad to see them. Page was getting data together for a book on the war, and Wadsworth was watching the political side of it as well as the military.

One would think that the commander of a victorious army such as this is would naturally be a candidate for the Presidency of one party or another after the war. I doubt very much, however, if General Pershing ever is.

I do not know that he wants to be, because the Commander of the American Expeditionary Forces is as high a position as any individual should ever desire.

The average man who has participated in this war thinks of the regular army professional soldier, and particularly a graduate of West Point, as being a "hard-boiled," heartless, and relentless disciplinarian, and practically nothing else. There is a good deal to this, because the average regular army officer knows very little about the psychology of the masses, nor how the great body of his fellow men think and feel. He is brought up in a more or less narrow, machinelike atmosphere, which does not lead to the confidence of a great citizen army.

On December 8 I moved my headquarters to Treves and occupied the house of the Superintendent of Railways. He came in to call on me that evening. His principal conversation hinged around the fact that the Germans had been called Huns. He explained that they were accused of all sorts of atrocities merely for propaganda purposes.

Treves is an interesting old city. It was a garrison town of the Romans and contains many of the old Roman ruins, including an

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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of Serving
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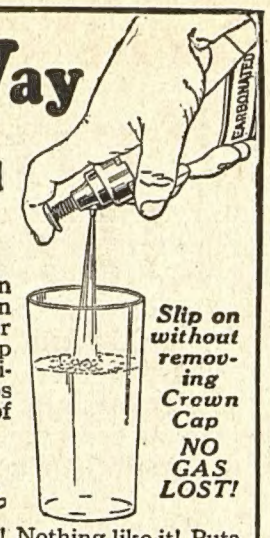

Slip the Perfo-Siphon right on over the crown cap. Press the plunger to puncture cap. Tip up the bottle, using as a siphon. No gas lost. Keeps unused portion full of sparkle until used.

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MARSHALL FLYING SCHOOL, INC. MARSHALL, MO.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

amphitheater. It is the headquarters for the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church in this part of the country and an archbishop resides here.

The Germans are very short of butter fats, lard, meat, soaps, and things of that kind. A great deal of their cloth has paper fiber woven into it.

From Treves I went to Coblenz. The last German troops had left. The crossing of the Rhine by these veterans was a serious occasion. The German soldiers formed in the street, with banners flying and their arms burnished. The muzzles of their rifles and the mouths of their cannons were decorated with flowers by the populace. They marched across the Rhine to the strains of their great national hymn, Die Wacht am Rhein, while the people wept.

Not for over a century has a hostile foot touched the soil of Germany north of the Rhine. During that time the German people have grown from a lot of little kingdoms and principalities to one of the mightiest nations that the world has ever seen.

One cannot help but think that Germany threw up the sponge pretty quickly during this war, compared to what she did in the past.

During the Thirty Years' War her people were reduced to nothing. They ate rats and anything they could get hold of. But during the last thirty or forty years the Germans have grown fat, rich, opulent, and pleasure loving.

The shaded portion of the map shows the section of Germany held by the American Army of Occupation.

It looks as if the moral fiber of this great people has been impaired to some extent by luxury and ease. The war has not yet been brought home to the masses of the German people, except to a small extent through the air. Of course they knew it was coming, but they hesitated to carry the war to a finish. Our President's Fourteen Points may have had a great deal to do with the Kaiser fleeing out of Germany, because he believed that if he stayed in Germany good terms in the treaty of peace could not possibly be obtained.

MY old friend Colonel Jim Rhea is at Coblenz as the head of our Bridgehead Commission. He is to take over the bridges from the Germans. On the German side, Major von Sigel is in charge. He has with him his assistant, Lieutenant Schultze. Schultze was for many years a resident of Seattle, Washington; but, being a reserve officer, when Germany entered the war he immediately went home to serve with the colors.

Schultze was the information officer of this division when they were opposite the Seventy-seventh New York Division when Whittlesey's battalion was lost. It was under Schultze's direction that the Germans put out the panels which were mistaken by our aviators for those of the lost battalion and caused them to drop so much food, chocolate, and cigarettes which the Germans immediately took and converted to their own uses.

Both von Sigel and Schultze said they knew when their attack at Château-Thierry was unsuccessful that the whole power of ending the war lay in the hands of the Americans. Up to that time they were certain that they would win. But the coming of the countless thousands of our men and the ever increasing number of aircraft and artillery on the front made them certain that, unless the great losses suffered by our armies caused the American people to pull our troops out of Europe, the Germans were surely gone.

VON SIGEL helped me out very much in looking up airdromes for our squadrons. I mentioned to him that I wanted to get a comfortable place to stay during the time I was on the Rhine. He said he knew exactly how I felt and that he thought he could get a very nice and at the same time interesting place for me. On the following day he took me to look at a little house directly on the Rhine which belonged to the von Oswald family.

This family are the great steel and iron people in that part of the country and are very wealthy. The little house in question was owned by them and was said to have been built by Napoleon for Josephine when she came up to the Rhine. It exactly suited me and was a delightful place. I immediately took steps to have this house requisitioned for my occupancy.

On December 15 we had a beautiful sunshiny day. I took the opportunity of flying around the country. The banks of the Moselle are covered with vineyards. Many of the hills are surmounted by castles, most of them in a ruined and dilapidated state. It was in this area that the robber knights and barons maintained their sway in the Middle Ages. The old castle at Cochem has been entirely restored by some rich German, who, in addition, has built an automobile road up the precipitous sides of the cliff.

General Pershing has established advanced American headquarters of the A. E. F. at Treves. This has been done in case anything happens in Germany which requires the presence of the commanding general, and also as a means of having a representative of General Headquarters in that area to look after the line of communications of the Third American Army on the Rhine.

A number of us general officers were ordered to take our annual

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY
Continued from page seventy-seven]

physical examination there on December 17. A peculiar thing that struck me about this was the tremendously high blood pressure that everybody had. Although I am in splendid physical condition, my blood pressure is above normal. General Preston Brown had the highest, although I do not remember what it was. General Pershing's blood pressure was up also. This, the doctor told us, is the result of the severe mental strain which we have been through. It will gradually go down as our duties and responsibilities decrease.

My new headquarters at Coblenz is delightful and my office in one of the municipal buildings is very good. The windows from this look out over the Rhine toward the castle of Ehrenbreitstein on the other side. Opposite my desk is a bust of Julius Cæsar.

It was only a little way below here that Cæsar crossed the Rhine, and as a result I had to spend many hours of toil in translating his account of how he placed the bridge and whipped the Germans. I have selected a place for an airdrome very near the place where he crossed it.

My staff are all busy writing up their views of various phases of aëronautical activities, and I am giving them every opportunity to enjoy themselves and relax from the work which they have been through. We visit the armies adjoining us from time to time. Colonel Rhea, Colonel McCabe, and I ran down to see the British Second Army, which has headquarters at Cologne. Everyone was taking it easy there and pretty much satisfied with things.

The roads are in pretty good shape, but the rolling equipment of the railroads did not look well at all. The French are trying to get all the coal from Germany into France that they can. The coal trains, with the locomotives and railway equipment that are being delivered to the French in accordance with the terms of the Armistice, pass continually.

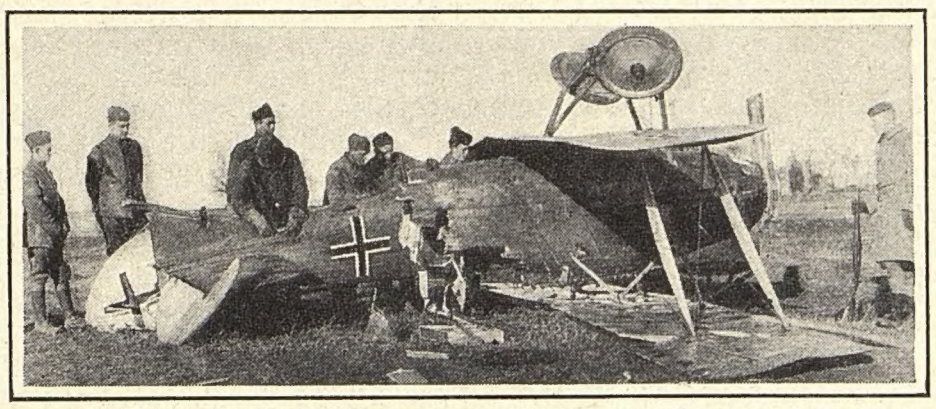
A day or two afterward we visited the French Tenth Army headquarters at Mainz. There is a good deal of friction everywhere between the German inhabitants and the French. They hate each other, but on the other hand understand each other perfectly, because they have been fighting each other for the last 2,000 years that we know of and probably before that.

We compared our plans of operations with the French, because, of course, if we have trouble with the Germans we shall be under the supreme command of Marshal Foch. When we went to Cologne, the British headquarters, everyone had gone home for Christmas and we found that they had no plans of operation whatever. The French headquarters at Mainz, however, had complete plans in great detail for anything that might come up.

WE in the Air Service have worked out our plans of operation just as carefully as it is possible to make them in case of a resumption of hostilities. No matter what happens, the Germans cannot possibly have an air service, as we are taking all of their airplanes. The treaty provided that their new airplanes be delivered to the French, English, and ourselves, and I am accepting several hundred of them at Coblenz. We require certain ones in each lot to be flown by the German pilots. These fliers came down to Coblenz and we have begun the work of accepting the airplanes.

Among the German pilots is Sergeant Donhauser, who is said to be credited with shooting down Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt during the Château-Thierry operations. He is a little bit of a fellow and has to be lifted into his ship by the mechanics. He is an excellent pilot, however. While trying out one of the airplanes he flattened out too soon, hit a hangar, and had a very bad crash. We sent him to the hospital and I told Paegelow to look after him.

The German airplanes delivered are in very good condition. The Fokkers impress us all very greatly. They can be shipped on the train with their wings off, laid back against the sides of the fuselage. The gas tank remains full of fuel. They can be wheeled off the flat cars, have their wings put on in about fifteen minutes, have the engine cranked up, and they are ready for combat. Even their ammunition belts are full of ammunition. There is no airplane on the Allied side which can be handled



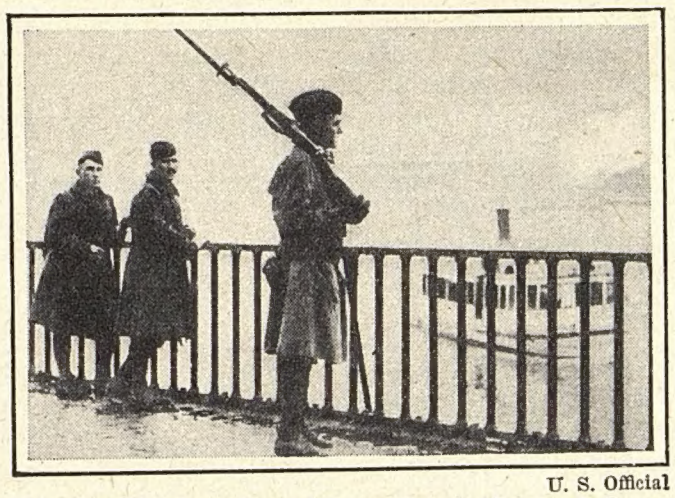
The wreck of a Roland plane Sergeant Donhauser was testing before turning it over to the Allies. Donhauser, who was credited with shooting down Quentin Roosevelt, was severely hurt in the crash.

in this way. The Fokker fuselage of steel tubing—gas pipes, as our men call them—can be fixed by an ordinary plumber. There is nothing complicated in any way about these splendid airplanes.

Jim Rhea proposed that we take a trip to Wiesbaden the day before Christmas. Pete Bowditch of General Pershing's staff happened to be there with his chief, and we persuaded him to go with us. We had a fine dinner with some friends of Colonel Rhea's and then started back.

IT had begun to snow very hard. The windshield of the car was completely covered and it was difficult to find the way along the road. As my chauffeur was very tired, I took the car myself. The road back to Coblenz passes across the Rhine by way of Mainz; that is, it turns to the right after leaving Wiesbaden a few miles. I kept looking for the turn without success, when suddenly we came on a military barracks with a light at the gate and a man with a lance standing guard out in front.

I stopped the car and went over to him. He appeared to be asleep standing up. I asked him in German where the officer of the guard was. This perturbed him very much. He apparently was a recruit. The sergeant of the guard heard the commotion and came out. I told him who we were and where we wanted to go. He told us that we were nearly into Frankfurt am



U. S. Official

First Division doughboys keep the watch on Rhine at Coblenz, December 12, 1918.

Main, and was very apologetic for the way in which the sentinel had acted.

Of course we were accidentally out of our area and the sergeant could just as well have arrested us if he wanted to. We thanked him very much, turned around, and after driving nearly all night reached Coblenz.

The Christmas season had now arrived. Everybody was preparing for it. We had a little Christmas tree in my quarters and asked many of our friends to come in and partake of cheer of various kinds. Captain Miller of my staff had seen to it that everything that the country produced was provided.

Hazlett, who had been shot down in the Argonne and taken a prisoner, has now rejoined us. He came in as thin as a hungry wolf. He had tried to escape three times, and the last time, when he was climbing under the wire fence, the German sentinel called on him to halt, and when he refused to do so and tried to wiggle through the fence quickly, the sentry stuck him with his bayonet. Hazlett could not sit down for a while after that, and now, if anybody asks him where he was wounded, he hesitates to tell them. I told Hazlett I would appoint him my aide some future day.

I hear that Allan Winslow, who we thought was killed at Château-Thierry, has also come back. I shall appoint him my other aide. Winslow is now minus his left arm, which had to be amputated on account of the wound he received when he was shot down on July 31.

Christmas week of 1918 was a happy one on the Rhine. The troops were all well quartered, well supplied, and were given every privilege commensurate with good discipline. It must be said that the discipline of the American troops cannot be surpassed. Of course there is a great deal of fraternizing with the Germans, as many of our men speak German. There are many orders published that our men should not associate with the citizens, but this does little good.

The English fraternize with the Germans even more than we do. It is funny. A hundred years ago, when Napoleon was the master of Europe and the British and the Germans were fighting together against France, the French were the terrible people committing all sorts of atrocities and menacing the peace of the world. Now the Germans are the terrible people, and the French and the British are fighting them merely because they are the strongest and upsetting the established order of things.

THESE same conditions are going to apply in the future as long as the Germans speak German, the French speak French, and the English speak English; and the more we can stay out of their international fights the better it will be for the United States. Our forefathers came from all of these countries to America to escape these very conditions. We must be very careful not to be led back into them on account of the caprices and desire for gain on the part of the financial interests that derive great profit from participation in the affairs of Europe.

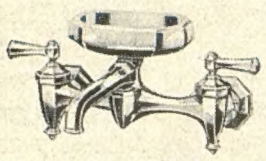
We ended up the old year and saw the new year in by having a formal opening of the American Officers' Club in the old German Casino. We had a grand ball and party in which all officers participated, from General Dickman down. This club had been the headquarters for the proprietors of the vineyards and the wine growers of the Moselle and Rhine rivers in this vicinity, and the cellar held the choicest vintages of Germany. These were taken as spoils of war by our victorious army. I think they are the only things we actually captured in Coblenz.

I do not think the wine growers were ever paid for them; at least, they were not up to the time we left, and I was vice president of the club and should know something about it.

Thus ended one of the great years in American history, and with us on the Rhine remained the point of the American spearhead, thrust deeply into the body of Europe. I wonder how soon we shall have to come back to Europe in arms again. I hope never. It is not our place unless we intend to take charge of the destinies of the world, which at this time seems a little premature. I think it is perfectly suitable for us to take over the white man's fight in Asia whenever necessity arises; but to precipitate ourselves into European politics will unquestionably lead to serious political dissensions, if not the breaking up of our principles of government and even of our republic.

THE END

"THE SINK IN THE SUNLIGHT"



This swinging-spout faucet of beautiful octagonal design is finished in Chromard. It has the sheen of polished silver and will never tarnish or corrode.

The directly attached garbage container of genuine vitreous china with removable aluminum receptacle may be pushed back under the sink on a folding bracket.

Spring! Install the sink that brings you a new outlook

Some day you will turn your kitchen over to your Plumber. When you return what a transformation will delight you! In place of the stained and dingy sink there will be the glistening whiteness of the "Standard" "Three 8's" sink under the window.

Fruit and vegetable juices, or even the strongest cleansers cannot mar *this* sink. It is made with the new "Standard" Acid-Resisting Enamel.

This sink has an 8-inch back that fits snugly under a deep kitchen window leaving the light, air and view unobstructed. It has an extra two inches of depth in the sink compartment, permitting high pans, buckets or pitchers to go under the swinging-spout faucet. The faucet is in the new styled octagonal form, with the soft lustre of non-tarnishing Chromard finish! You will like the new garbage container, which can be pushed back under the sink. What miles of steps it will save you! See this sink at one of the "Standard" Showrooms in principal cities. It is made in many styles and sizes and in several beautiful color shades as well as white.

The price of the "Brentwood" 60-inch double drain-board model, illustrated above, with fitting, trap and vitreous china garbage container, is $155.00, not including cost of installation.

Other "Standard" sinks as low as $40.85. An interesting book "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home, will be sent on request. Be sure to specify *Acid-Resisting Enamel* as many other "Standard" models are also made in regular enamel. The trademark "Standard" A-R is impressed in every "Three 8's" sink.

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
PITTSBURGH

THE CHALLENGE

Longfellow, in "The Courtship of Miles Standish," tells of the rebuke given the Indian messenger who had carried to the Puritan settlement, the challenge of the warriors—a snake-skin filled with arrows. The undaunted Standish, jerking the arrows from their sheaf, filled it with powder and bullets—

"Full to the very jaws, and handed
it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones:
'Here, take it! This is your answer!'"

(A copy of this picture will be mailed free upon request to Dept. C, The Cudahy Packing Co., Chicago.)

Cudahy's

Puritan Ham

"First in the Land"

THE TASTE TELLS

Cudahy's Puritan Ham is produced from carefully selected, tender young meats, cured slowly, ripened naturally in choice ingredients and smoked over a gentle, fragrant, hickory-wood fire. The Puritan method of selection and preparation requires 100 days—a slow, painstaking process which assures a mild, delicious flavor, and a greater tenderness that have won for Puritan the preference of discerning housewives everywhere. Specify Cudahy's Puritan Ham. Your dealer will supply you.

The Cudahy Packing Company, U.S.A.

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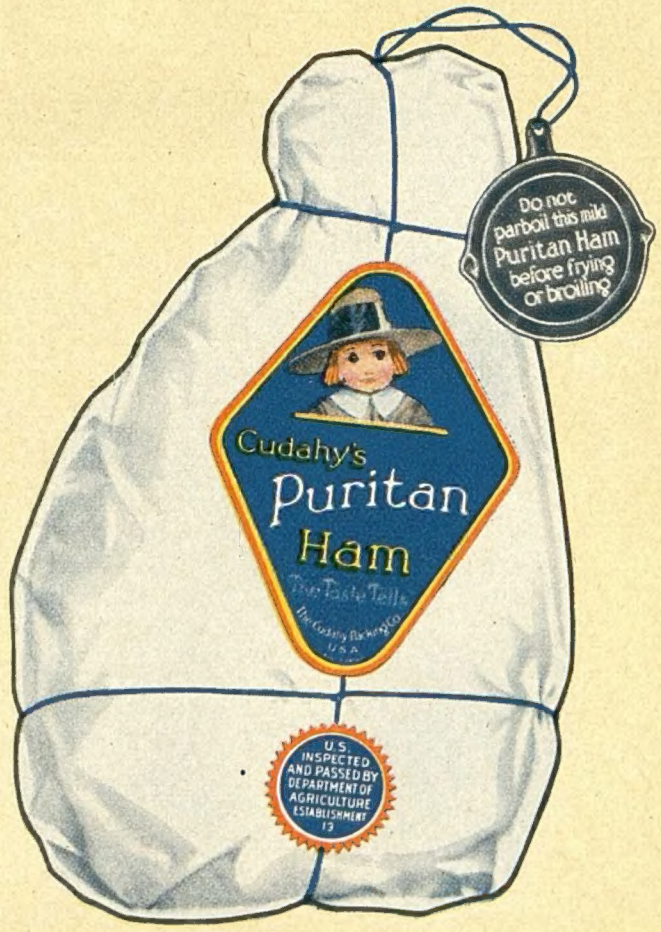
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